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THE REV.d WILLIAM MASON, A.M.

*Engraved by R. Cooper, from an original Picture by* SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, *at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.*

*Published Jan.y 28.1811, by Cadell and Davies, Strand.*

THE

# WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

PRECENTOR OF YORK, AND RECTOR OF ASTON.

---

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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THE

# WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

MUSÆUS, ODES, ELEGIES, SONNETS, EPITAPHS, MISCELLANIES, THE ENGLISH GARDEN WITH COMMENTARY AND NOTES, RELIGIO CLERICI, HYMNS, AND SELECT PSALMS VERSIFIED.

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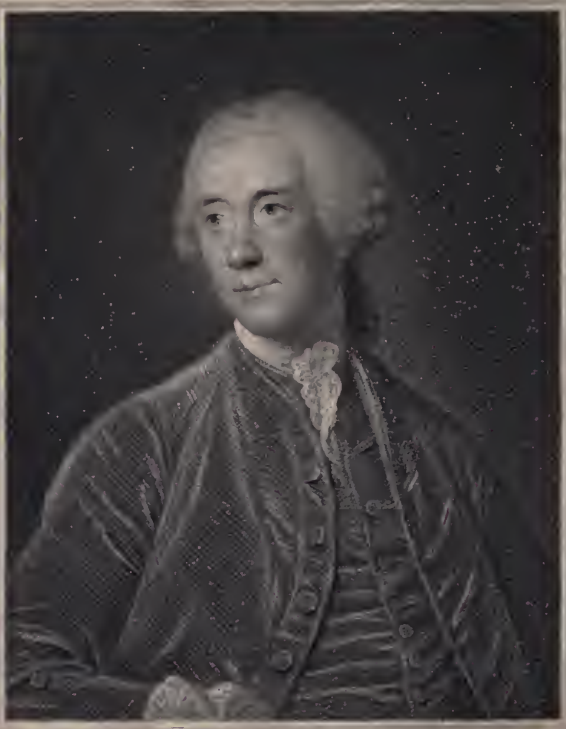

ROBERT EARL of HOLDERNESSE.

Rob.t Cooper Jr.

*Engraved by R. Cooper from an original Picture by* SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS,
*in the Possession of the* REV.D C. ALDERSON.

*Published Jan.y 28.1811, by Cadell and Davies, Strand.*

TO

## ROBERT EARL OF HOLDERNESSE,

BARON D'ARCY, MENIL AND CONYERS,

LORD WARDEN OF HIS MAJESTY'S CINQUE PORTS, AND GOVERNOR OF DOVER CASTLE.

### SONNET.

D'ARCY, to thee, whate'er of happier vein,
Smit with the love of Song, my youth essay'd,
This verse devotes from ASTON's secret shade,
Where letter'd Ease, thy gift, endears the scene.
Here, as the light-wing'd moments glide serene,
I weave the bower, around the tufted mead
In careless flow the simple pathway lead,
And strew with many a rose the shaven green.
So, to deceive my solitary days,
With rural toils ingenuous arts I blend,
Secure from envy, negligent of praise,
Yet not unknown to fame, if D'ARCY lend
His wonted smile to dignify my lays,
The Muse's Patron, but the Poet's Friend.

W. MASON.

*May* 12, 1763.

Πᾶσι μὲν τοῖς ἀρχετύποις αὐτοφύης τὶς ἐπιπρέπει χάρις, καὶ ὥρα. Τοῖς δ' ἀπὸ τούτων κατεσκευασμένοις, κὰν ἐπ' ἄκροι μιμήσεως ἔλθωσι, πρόσεςι τι ὅμως τὸ ἐπιτετηδευμένον, καὶ οὐκ ἐκ φύσεως ὑπάρχον.

DIONYS. HALICARN. in Dinarcho.

# MUSÆUS: *

A

## MONODY.

Sorrowing I catch the reed, and call the Muse;
If yet a Muse on Britain's plain abide,
Since rapt Musæus tun'd his parting strain:
With him they liv'd, with him, perchance, they dy'd.
For who e'er since their virgin charms espy'd,
Or on the banks of Thames, or met their train,
Where Isis sparkles to the sunny ray?
Or have they deign'd to play,
Where Camus winds along his broider'd vale,
Feeding each blue-bell pale, and daisie pied,
That fling their fragrance round his rushy side?

Yet ah! ye are not dead, Celestial Maids;
Immortal as ye are, ye may not die:
Nor is it meet ye fly these pensive glades,
Ere round his laureat herse ye heave the sigh.

NOTE.

* Mr. Pope died in the year 1744; this Poem was then written, and published first in the year 1747.

Stay then awhile, oh stay, ye fleeting fair;
Revisit yet, nor hallow'd Hippocrene,
Nor Thespiæ's grove; till with harmonious teen
Ye sooth his shade, and slowly-dittied air.
Such tribute pour'd, again ye may repair
To what lov'd haunt ye whilom did elect;
Whether Lycæus, or that mountain fair,
Trim Mænalus, with piny verdure deckt.
But now it boots ye not in these to stray,
Or yet Cyllene's hoary shade to chuse,
Or where mild Ladon's welling waters play.
Forego each vain excuse,
And haste to Thames's shores; for Thames shall join
Our sad society, and passing mourn,
The tears fast-trickling o'er his silver urn.
And, when the Poet's widow'd grot he laves,
His reed-crown'd locks shall shake, his head shall bow,
His tide no more in eddies blithe shall rove,
But creep soft by with long-drawn murmurs slow.
For oft the mighty Master rous'd his waves
With martial notes, or lull'd with strain of love:
He must not now in brisk meanders flow
Gamesome, and kiss the sadly-silent shore,
Without the loan of some poetic woe.

Say first, Sicilian Muse,
For, with thy sisters, thou didst weeping stand
In silent circle at the solemn scene,
When Death approach'd, and wav'd his ebon wand,

Say how each laurel droopt its with'ring green?
How, in yon grot, each silver-trickling spring
Wander'd the shelly channels all among;
While as the coral roof did softly ring
Responsive to their sweetly-doleful song.
Meanwhile all pale th' expiring Poet laid,
And sunk his awful head,
While vocal shadows pleasing dreams prolong;
For so, his sick'ning spirits to release,
They pour'd the balm of visionary peace.

First, sent from Cam's fair banks, like Palmer old,
Came TITYRUS * slow, with head all silver'd o'er,
And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,
And thus in antique guise short talk did hold:
" Grete clerk of Fame' is house, whose excellence
" Maie wele befitt thilk place of eminence,
" Mickle of wele betide thy houres last,
" For mich gode wirkè to me don and past.
" For syn the days whereas my lyre ben strongen,
" And deftly many a mery laie I songen,
" Old Time, which alle things don maliciously
" Gnawen with rusty tooth continually,
" Gnattrid my lines, that they all cancrid ben,
" Till at the last thou smoothen 'hem hast again;

NOTE.

* *Tityrus*, &c.] *i. e.* CHAUCER, a name frequently given him by Spenser. See *Shep. Cal.* Ec. 2, 6, 12, and elsewhere.

" Sithence full semely gliden my rimes rude,
" As, (if fitteth thilk similitude)
" Whannè shallow brook yrenneth hobling on,
" Ovir rough stones it makith full rough song;
" But, them stones removen, this lite rivere
" Stealith forth by, making plesaunt murmere:
" So my sely rymes, whoso may them note,
" Thou makist everichone to ren right sote;
" And in thy verse entunist so fetisely,
" That men sayen I make trewe melody,
" And speaken every dele to myne honoure.
" Mich wele, grete clerk, betide thy parting houre!"

He ceas'd his homely rhyme.
When COLIN CLOUT, * Eliza's shepherd swain,
The blithest lad that ever pip'd on plain,
Came with his reed soft warbling on the way,
And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,
And thus his gliding numbers gan essay.

I.

" † Ah! luckless swain, alas! how art thou lorn,
" Who once like me could'st frame thy pipe to play

NOTES.

* *Colin Clout,*] *i. e.* SPENSER, which name he gives himself throughout his works.

† The two first stanzas of this speech, as they relate to Pastoral, are written in the measure which Spenser uses in the first eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar:* the rest, where he speaks of fable, are in the stanza of the *Faery Queen.*

" Shepherds devise, and chear the ling'ring morn:
" Ne bush, ne breere, but learnt thy roundelay,
" Ah plight too sore such worth to equal right!
" Ah worth too high to meet such piteous plight!

II.

" But I nought strive, poor Colin, to compare
" My Hobbin's or my Thenot's rustic skill
" To thy deft swains, whose dapper ditties rare
" Surpass ought else of quaintest shepherd's quill.
" Ev'n Roman Tityrus, that peerless wight,
" Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

III.

" Eke when in Fable's flow'ry paths you stray'd,
" Masking in cunning feints truth's splendent face;
" Ne Sylph, ne Sylphid, but due tendance paid,
" To shield Belinda's lock from felon base,
" But all mote nought avail such harm to chace.
" Then Una fair 'gan droop her princely mien,
" Eke Florimel, and all my faery race:
" Belinda far surpast my beauties sheen,
" Belinda, subject meet for such soft lay, I ween.

IV

" Like as in village troop of birdlings trim,
" Where Chanticleer his red crest high doth hold,

" And quacking ducks, that wont in lake to swim,
" And turkeys proud, and pigeons nothing bold;
" If chance the peacock doth his plumes unfold,
" Eftsoons their meaner beauties all decaying,
" He glist'neth purple and he glist'neth gold,
" Now with bright green, now blue himself arraying.
" Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties swaying.

V.

" But why do I descant this toyish rhyme,
" And fancies light in simple guise pourtray,
" Listing to chear thee at this rueful time,
" While as black Death doth on thy heartstrings prey?
" Yet rede aright, and if this friendly lay
" Thou nathless judgest all too slight and vain,
" Let my well-meaning mend my ill essay:
" So may I greet thee with a nobler strain,
" When soon we meet for aye, in yon star-sprinkled
" plain."

Last came a bard of more majestic tread,
And Thyrsis* hight by Dryad, Fawn, or Swain,

NOTE.

* *Thyrsis hight*] *i. e.* Milton. *Lycidas* and the *Epitaphium Damonis* are the only Pastorals we have of Milton's; in the latter of which, where he laments *Car. Deodatus* under the name of *Damon*, he calls himself *Thyrsis*.

Whene'er he mingled with the shepherd train;
But seldom that; for higher thoughts he fed;
For him full oft the heav'nly Muses led
To clear Euphrates, and the secret mount,
To Araby, and Eden, fragrant climes,
All which the sacred bard would oft recount:
And thus in strain, unus'd in sylvan shade,
To sad Musæus rightful homage paid.

" Thrice hail, thou heav'n-taught warbler! last and best
" Of all the train! Poet, in whom conjoin'd
" All that to ear, or heart, or head, could yield
" Rapture; harmonious, manly, clear, sublime.
" Accept this gratulation: may it chear
" Thy sinking soul; nor these corporeal ills
" Aught daunt thee, or appal. Know, in high heav'n
" Fame blooms eternal o'er that spirit divine,
" Who builds immortal verse. There thy bold Muse,
" Which while on earth could breathe Mæonian fire,
" Shall soar seraphic heights; while to her voice
" Ten thousand hierarchies of angels harp
" Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies
" Usher the song rejoicing. I, meanwhile,
" To sooth thee in these irksome hours of pain,
" Approach, thy visitant, with mortal praise
" To praise thee mortal. First, for Rhyme subdued;
" Rhyme, erst the minstrel of primæval Night,
" And Chaos, Anarch old: She near their throne

" Oft taught the rattling elements to chime
" With tenfold din; till late to earth upborn
" On strident plume, what time fair Poesie
" Emerg'd from Gothic cloud, and faintly shot
" Rekindling gleams of lustre. Her the fiend
" Opprest; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,
" Runic, or Leonine; and with dire chains
" Fetter'd her scarce-fledg'd pinion. I such bonds
" Aim'd to destroy, hopeless that Art could ease
" Their thraldom, and to liberal use convert.
" This wonder to atchieve MUSÆUS came;
" Thou cam'st, and at thy magic touch the chains
" Off dropt, and (passing strange!) soft-wreathed bands
" Of flow'rs their place supply'd: which well the Muse
" Might wear for choice, not force; obstruction none,
" But loveliest ornament. Wond'rous this, yet here
" The wonder rests not; various argument
" Remains for me, uncertain, where to cull
" The leading grace, where countless graces charm.
" Various this peaceful cave; this mineral roof;
" This 'semblage meet of coral, ore, and shell;
" These pointed crystals through the shadowy clefts
" Bright glist'ring; all these slowly-dripping rills,
" That tinkling wander o'er the pebbled floor:
" Yet not this various peaceful cave, with this
" Its mineral roof; nor this assemblage meet
" Of coral, ore, and shell; nor mid the shade

" These pointed crystals, glist'ring fair; nor rills,
" That wander tinkling o'er the pebbled floor,
" Deal charms more various to each raptured sense,
" Than thy mellifluous lay———"
" Cease, friendly swain;
" (Musæus cried, and raised his aching head)
" All praise is foreign, but of true desert;
" Plays round the head, but comes not to the
" heart.
" Ah! why recall the toys of thoughtless youth?
" When flowery fiction held the place of truth?
" Ere sound to sense resign'd the silken rein,
' And the light lay ran musically vain.
" Oh! in that lay had richest fancy flow'd,
" The Syrens warbled, and the Graces glow'd;
" Had liveliest nature, happiest art combin'd;
" That lent each charm, and this each charm refined,
" Alas! how little were my proudest boast!
" The sweetest trifler of my tribe at most.

" To sway the judgment, while he soothes the ear;
" To curb mad passion in its wild career;
" To wake by sober touch the useful lyre,
" And rule, with reason's rigour, fancy's fire:
" Be this the poet's praise. And this possest,
" Take, Dulness and thy dunces! take the rest.

" Come then that honest fame; whose temp'rate ray
" Or gilds the satire, or the moral lay;

" Which dawns, though thou, rough DONNE! hew out
" the line:
" But beams, sage HORACE! from each strain of thine.
" Oh, if like these, with conscious freedom bold,
" One Poet more his manly measures roll'd,
" Like these led forth the indignant Muse to brave
" The venal statesman, and the titled slave;
" To strip from frontless Vice her stars and strings,
" Nor spare her basking in the smile of kings:
" If grave, yet lively; rational, yet warm;
" Clear to convince, and eloquent to charm;
" He pour'd, for Virtue's cause, serene along
" The purest precept, in the sweetest song:
" If, for her cause, his heav'n-directed plan
" Mark'd each meander in the maze of man;
" Unmoved by sophistry, unawed by name,
" No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame;
" Led by no system's devious glare astray,
" That meteor-like, but glitters to betray.
" Yes, if his soul to reason's rule resign'd,
" And heaven's own views fair-opening on his mind,
" Caught from bright nature's flame the living ray,
" Through passion's cloud pour'd in resistless day;
" And taught mankind in reas'ning Pride's despite,
" That God IS WISE, and ALL THAT IS IS RIGHT:
" If this his boast, pour here the welcome lays;
" Praise less than this is mockery of praise."

" To pour that praise be mine," fair VIRTUE cry'd;

And shot, all radiant, through an opening cloud.
But ah! my Muse, how will thy voice express
The immortal strain, harmonious, as it flow'd?
Ill suits immortal strain a Doric dress:
And far too high already hast thou soar'd.
Enough for thee, that, when the lay was o'er,
The goddess clasp'd him to her throbbing breast.
But what might that avail? Blind Fate before
Had op'd her shears, to cut his vital thread!
And who may dare gainsay her stern behest?
Now thrice he waved the hand, thrice bow'd the head,
And sigh'd his soul to rest.

Now wept the Nymphs; witness, ye waving shades!
Witness, ye winding streams! the Nymphs did weep:
The heavenly Goddess too with tears did steep
Her plaintive voice, that echo'd through the glades;
And, "cruel gods," and "cruel stars," she cried:
Nor did the shepherds, through the woodlands wide,

IMITATION.

*Now wept the Nymphs*, &c.]
Extinctum Nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnim
Flebant: vos coryli testes et flumina Nymphis.
Cum, complexa sui corpus miserabile nati,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia Mater.
Non ulli pastos illis egêre diebus
Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina; nulla neque amnem
Libavit quadrupes, nec graminis attigit herbam.
VIRG. Ecl. 5.

On that sad day, or to the pensive brook,
Or silent river, drive their thirsty flocks:
Nor did the wild-goat brouze the shrubby rocks:
And Philomel her custom'd oak forsook:
And roses wan were waved by zephyrs weak,
As Nature's self was sick:
And every lily droop'd its silver head.
Sad sympathy! yet sure his rightful meed,
Who charm'd all nature: well might Nature mourn
Through all her choicest sweets MUSÆUS dead.

Here end we, Goddess! this your shepherd sang,
All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.
Oh! make it worthy of the sacred Bard;
And make it equal to the shepherd's love.
Thou too accept the strain with meet regard:
For sure, blest Shade, thou hear'st my doleful song;
Whether with angel troops, the stars among,
From golden harp thou call'st seraphic lays;
Or, for fair Virtue's cause, now doubly dear,
Thou still art hov'ring o'er our tuneless sphere;
And mov'st some hidden spring her weal to raise.

IMITATION.

*Here end we, Goddess!* &c.]
Hæc sat erit, Divæ, vestrum cecinisse poetam,
Dum sedet, et gracili fiscellam texit hibisco,
Pierides: vos hæc facietis maxima Gallo:
Gallo, cujus amor, &c. VIRG. Ecl. 10.

Thus the fond swain his Doric oate essay'd,
Manhood's prime honours rising on his cheek:
Trembling he strove to court the tuneful Maid
With stripling arts, and dalliance all too weak,
Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade.
But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to streak;
And now down-dropt the larks, and ceased their strain:
They ceased, and with them ceased the shepherd swain.

# ODES.

# ODE I.

## TO MEMORY.

### I.

MOTHER OF WISDOM !* thou, whose sway
The throng'd ideal hosts obey;
Who bid'st their ranks, now vanish, now appear,
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear;
Accept this votive verse. Thy reign
Nor place can fix, nor power restrain.
All, all is thine. For thee, the ear and eye
Rove through the realms of grace and harmony:
The senses thee spontaneous serve,
That wake, and thrill through every nerve.
Else vainly soft, loved Philomel! would flow
The soothing sadness of thy warbled woe:
Else vainly sweet yon woodbine shade
With clouds of fragrance fill the glade;

NOTE.

* According to a fragment of Afranius, who makes Experience and Memory the parents of Wisdom.

Usus *me genuit*, *Mater peperit* MEMORIA
ΣΟΦΙΑΝ *vocant me Graii*, *vos* SAPIENTIAM.

This passage is preserved by Aulus Gellius, lib. xiii. cap. 8.

Vainly the cygnet spread her downy plume,
The vine gush nectar, and the virgin bloom.
But swift to thee, alive, and warm,
Devolves each tributary charm:
See modest Nature bring her simple stores,
Luxuriant Art exhaust her plastic powers;
While every flower in Fancy's clime,
Each gem of old heroic Time,
Cull'd by the hand of the industrious Muse,
Around thy shrine their blended beams diffuse.

II.

Hail, MEMORY! hail. Behold, I lead
To that high shrine the sacred Maid:
Thy daughter she, the empress of the lyre,
The first, the fairest of Aonia's quire.
She comes, and lo, thy realms expand:
She takes her delegated stand
Full in the midst, and o'er thy numerous train
Displays the awful wonders of her reign.
There throned supreme in native state
If Sirius flame with fainting heat,
She calls; ideal groves their shade extend,
The cool gale breathes, the silent showers descend.
Or, if bleak winter, frowning round,
Disrobe the trees, and chill the ground,
She, mild magician, waves her potent wand,
And ready summers wake at her command.

See, visionary suns arise,
Through silver clouds, and azure skies;
See sportive zephyrs fan the crisped streams;
Thro' shadowy brakes light glance the sparkling beams:
While, near the secret moss-grown cave,
That stands beside the crystal wave,
Sweet Echo, rising from her rocky bed,
Mimics the feather'd chorus o'er her head.

III.

Rise, hallow'd MILTON! rise, and say,
How, at thy gloomy close of day;
How, when "depress'd by age, beset with wrongs:"
When "fall'n on evil days and evil tongues;"
When darkness, brooding on thy sight,
Exiled the sov'reign lamp of light;
Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuse?
What friends were thine, save Mem'ry and the Muse?
Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
Caught from the stores of ancient truth:
Hence all thy classic wand'rings could explore,
When rapture led thee to the Latian shore;
Each scene, that Tiber's bank supplied;
Each grace, that play'd on Arno's side;
The tepid gales, through Tuscan glades that fly;
The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky;
Were still thy own: thy ample mind
Each charm received, retain'd, combined.

And thence " the nightly visitant," that came
To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
Recall'd the long-lost beams of grace,
That whilom shot from Nature's face,
When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful breast
Spread with his own right hand perfection's gorgeous vest.

# ODE II.

## TO A WATER-NYMPH.*

Ye green hair'd Nymphs, whom Pan's decrees
Have given to guard this solemn wood,†
To speed the shooting scions into trees,
And call the roseate blossom from the bud,
Attend. But chief, thou Naiad, wont to lead
This fluid crystal sparkling as it flows,
Whither, ah, whither art thou fled?
What shade is conscious to thy woes?
Ah, 'tis yon poplars' awful gloom:
Poetic eyes can pierce the scene;
Can see thy drooping head, thy withering bloom;
See grief diffused o'er all thy languid mien.
Well may'st thou wear misfortune's fainting air
Well rend those flow'ry honours from thy brow;

NOTES.

* This Ode was written in the year 1747, and published in the first volume of Mr. Dodsley's Miscellany. It is here revised throughout, and concluded according to the Author's original idea.

† A seat near * * finely situated, with a great command of water; but disposed in a very false taste.

Devolve that length of careless hair;
And give thine azure veil to flow
Loose to the wind: for, oh, thy pain
The pitying Muse can well relate:
That pitying Muse shall breathe her tend'rest strain,
To teach the echoes thy disastrous fate.
'Twas, where yon beeches' crowding branches closed,
What time the dog-star's flames intensely burn,
In gentle indolence composed,
Reclined upon thy trickling urn,
Slumb'ring thou lay'st, all free from fears;
No friendly dream foretold thine harm;
When sudden, see, the tyrant Art appears,
To snatch the liquid treasures from thine arm.
Art, Gothic Art, has seized thy darling vase:
That vase which silver-slipper'd Thetis gave,
For some soft story told with grace,
Among the associates of the wave;
When, in sequester'd coral vales,
While worlds of waters roll'd above,
The circling sea-nymphs told alternate tales
Of fabled changes, and of slighted love.
Ah! loss too justly mourn'd: for now the fiend
Has on yon shell-wrought terrace pois'd it high;
And thence he bids its streams descend,
With torturing regularity.
From step to step, with sullen sound,
The forc'd cascades indignant leap;

Now sinking fill the bason's measur'd round;
There in a dull stagnation doom'd to sleep.
Where now the vocal pebbles' gurgling song?
The rill slow-dripping from its rocky spring?
What free meander winds along,
Or curls when Zephyr waves his wing?
Alas, these glories are no more:
Fortune, oh, give me to redeem
The ravish'd vase; oh, give me to restore
Its ancient honours to this hapless stream.
Then, Nymph, again, with all their wonted ease,
Thy wanton waters, volatile and free,
Shall wildly warble, as they please,
Their soft, loquacious harmony.
Where Thou and Nature bid them rove,
There will I gently aid their way;
Whether to darken in the shadowy grove,
Or, in the mead, reflect the dancing ray.
For thee too, Goddess, o'er that hallow'd spot,
Where first thy fount of chrystal bubbles bright,
These hands shall arch a rustic grot,
Impervious to the garish light.
I'll not demand of Ocean's pride
To bring his coral spoils from far:
Nor will I delve yon yawning mountain's side,
For latent minerals rough, or polish'd spar:
But antique roots, with ivy dark o'ergrown,
Steep'd in the bosom of thy chilly lake,

Thy touch shall turn to living stone;
And these the simple roof shall deck.
Yet grant one melancholy boon:
Grant that, at evening's sober hour,
Led by the lustre of the rising moon,
My step may frequent tread thy pebbled floor.
There, if perchance I wake the love lorn theme,
In melting accents querulously slow,
Kind Naiad, let thy pitying stream
With wailing notes accordant flow:
So shalt thou sooth this heaving heart,
That mourns a faithful virgin lost;
So shall thy murmurs, and my sighs impart
Some share of pensive pleasure to her ghost.

# ODE III.

## ON LEAVING ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, 1746.

GRANTA farewell! thy time-ennobled shade
No more must glimmer o'er my musing head,
Where waking dreams, of Fancy born,
Around me floated eve and morn.
I go—Yet, mindful of the charms I leave,
Mem'ry shall oft their pleasing portrait give;
Shall teach th'ideal stream to flow
Like gentle Camus, soft and slow;
Recall each antique spire, each cloister's gloom,
And bid this vernal noon of life re-bloom.
Ev'n if old age, in northern clime,
Shower on my head the snows of time,
There still shall Gratitude her tribute pay
To him who first approv'd my infant lay;*
And fair to Recollection's eyes
Shall POWELL'S various virtues rise.

NOTE.

* It was by the advice of Dr. POWELL, the author's tutor at St. John's College, that MUSÆUS was published. This Ode was for the first time printed from a corrected copy 1797.

See the bright train around their fav'rite throng:
See Judgment lead meek Diffidence along,
Impartial Reason following slow,
Disdain at Error's shrine to bow,
And Science, free from hypothetic pride,
Proceed where sage Experience deigns to guide.
Such were the guests from Jove that came,
Genius of Greece! to fix thy fame:
These wak'd the bold Socratic thought, and drest
Its simple beauties in the splendid vest
Of Plato's diction: These were seen
Full oft on academic green;
Full oft where clear Ilissis warbling stream'd;
Bright o'er each master of the mind they beam'd,
Inspiring that preceptive art
Which, while it charm'd, refin'd the heart,
And with spontaneous ease, not pedant toil,
Bade Fancy's roses bloom in Reason's soil.
The fane of Science then was hung
With wreathes that on Parnassus sprung;
And in that fane to his encircling youth
The Sage dispens'd th'ambrosial food of Truth,*
And mingled in the social bowl
Friendship, the nectar of the soul.

NOTE.

* Alluding to the ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΑ, particularly Zenophon's respecting the moral songs of the Greeks.—See Dr. Hurd's note on the 219th verse of Horace's Art of Poetry, *Vol. i. p.* 173, *4th edit.*

Meanwhile accordant to the Dorian lyre,
The moral Muses join'd the vocal choir,
And Freedom dancing to the sound
Mov'd in chaste Order's graceful round.
Thus, Athens, were thy freeborn offspring train'd
To act each patriot part by laws ordain'd;
Thus void of magisterial awe,
Each youth in his instructor saw
Those manners mild, unknown in modern school,
Which form'd him by example more than rule;
And felt that, varying but in name,
The Friend and Master were the same.

# ODE IV.

## ON EXPECTING TO RETURN TO CAMBRIDGE, 1747.*

### I. 1.

While Commerce, riding on thy refluent tide,
Impetuous Humber! wafts her stores
From Belgian or Norwegian shores
And spreads her countless sails from side to side;
While, from yon crowded strand,
Thy genuine sons the pinnace light unmoor,
Break the white surge with many a sparkling oar,
To pilot the rich freight o'er each insidious sand;

### I. 2.

At distance here my alien footsteps stray,
O'er this bleak plain unblest with shade,
Imploring Fancy's willing aid
To bear me from thy banks of sordid clay:

NOTE.

* This was also for the first time printed 1797. In the interval between the dates of the preceding Ode and of this, the author had been unexpectedly nominated by the Fellows of Pembroke Hall to a vacant Fellowship. *See Memoirs of Mr. Gray, vol. iii, p. 70, edit.* 1778.

Her barque the fairy lends,
With rainbow pennants deck'd, and cordage fine
As the wan silkworm spins her golden twine,
And, ere I seize the helm, the magic voyage ends.

I. 3.

Lo, where peaceful CAMUS glides
Through his ozier-fringed vale,
Sacred Leisure there resides
Musing in his cloyster pale.
Wrapt in a deep solemnity of shade,
Again I view fair Learning's spiry seats,
Again her ancient elms o'erhang my head,
Again her votary Contemplation meets,
Again I listen to Æolian lays,
Or on those bright heroic portraits gaze,
That, to my raptur'd eye, the classic page displays.

II. 1.

Here, though from childhood to the Muses known,
The Lyric Queen her charms reveal'd;
Here, by superior influence held
My soul enchain'd, and made me all her own.
Re-echo every plain!
While, from the chords she tun'd, the silver voice
Of heav'n-born harmony proclaims the choice
My youthful heart has made to all Aonia's train.

II. 2.

Here too each social charm that most endears :
Sincerity with open eye,
And frolic Wit, and Humour sly,
Sat sweetly mix'd among my young compeers.
When, o'er the sober bowl,
That but dispell'd the mind's severer gloom,
And gave the budding thought its perfect bloom,
Truth took its circling course and flow'd from soul to soul.

II. 3.

Hail ye friendly faithful few !
All the streams that Science pours,
Ever pleasing, ever new,
From her ample urn be yours.
When, when shall I amid your train appear,
O when be number'd with your constant guests,
When join your converse, when applauding hear
The mental music of accordant breasts ?
Till then, fair Fancy ! wake these favourite themes,
Still kindly shed these visionary gleams,
Till suns autumnal rise, and realize my dreams.

# ODE V.

## FOR MUSIC.*

IRREGULAR.

I.

HERE all thy active fires diffuse,
Thou genuine *British* Muse;
Hither descend from yonder orient sky,
Cloath'd in thy heav'n-wove robe of harmony.
Come, imperial Queen of Song;
Come with all that free-born grace
Which lifts thee from the servile throng,
Who meanly mimic thy majestic pace;
That glance of dignity divine,
Which speaks thee of celestial line;
Proclaims thee inmate of the sky,
Daughter of Jove and Liberty.

NOTE.

* This Ode was written at the request of the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, set to music by the late Dr. BOYCE, and performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1st, 1749, at the Installation of his Grace THOMAS HOLLIS, Duke of Newcastle, Chancellor of the University; it has since appeared in some Miscellaneous Collections of Poetry, and was therefore inserted 1797.

II.

The elevated soul, that feels
Thy awful impulse, walks the fragrant ways
Of honest unpolluted praise:
He with impartial justice deals
The blooming chaplets of immortal lays:
He flies above ambition's low career;
And thron'd in Truth's meridian sphere,
Thence, with a bold and heav'n-directed aim,
Full on fair Virtue's shrine he pours the rays of Fame.

III.

Goddess! thy piercing eye explores
The radiant range of Beauty's stores,
The steep ascent of pine-clad hills,
The silver slope of falling rills;
Catches each lively-coloured grace,
The crimson of the Wood-Nymph's face,
The verdure of the velvet lawn,
The purple of the eastern dawn,
And all the tints that, rang'd in vivid glow,
Mark the bold sweep of the celestial bow.

IV.

But loftier far her tuneful transports rise,
When all the moral beauties meet her eyes:
The sacred zeal for Freedom's cause,
That fires the glowing Patriot's breast;

The honest pride that plumes the Hero's crest,
When for his country's aid the steel he draws:
Or that, the calm yet active heat,
With which mild Genius warms the Sage's heart,
To lift fair Science to a loftier seat,
Or stretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of art.
These, the best blossoms of the virtuous mind,
She culls with taste refin'd;
From their ambrosial bloom
With bee-like skill she draws the rich perfume,
And blends the sweets they all convey
In the soft balm of her mellifluous lay.

V.

Is there a clime, in one collected beam
Where charms like these their varied radiance stream?
Is there a plain, whose genial soil inhales
Glory's invigorating gales,
Her brightest beams where Emulation spreads,
Her kindliest dews where Science sheds,
Where ev'ry stream of Genius flows,
Where ev'ry flow'r of Virtue glows?
Thither the Muse exulting flies,
There loudly cries———
Majestic GRANTA! hail thy awful name,
Dear to the Muse, to Liberty, to Fame.

VI.

You too, illustrious Train, she greets,
Who first in these inspiring seats
Caught that ætherial fire
That prompts you to aspire
To deeds of civic note: whether to shield
From base chicane your country's laws;
To pale Disease the bloom of health to yield;
Or in Religion's hallow'd cause
Those heavenly-temper'd arms to wield,
That drive the foes of Faith indignant from the field.

VII.

And now she tunes her plausive song
To you her sage domestic throng;
Who here at Learning's richest shrine,
Dispense to each ingenuous youth
The treasures of immortal Truth,
And open Wisdom's golden mine.
Each youth, inspir'd by your persuasive art,
Clasps the dear form of Virtue to his heart;
And feels in his transported soul
Enthusiastic raptures roll,
Gen'rous as those the Sons of Cecrops caught
In hoar Lycæum's shades from Plato's fire-clad thought.

VIII.

O GRANTA! on thy happy plain
Still may these Attic glories reign:
Still may'st thou keep thy wonted state
In unaffected grandeur great;
Great as at this illustrious hour,
When HE, whom GEORGE's well-weigh'd choice,
And ALBION's gen'ral voice
Have lifted to the fairest heights of pow'r,
When He appears, and deigns to shine
The leader of thy learned line;
And bids the verdure of thy olive bough
Mid all his civic chaplets twine,
And add fresh glories to his honour'd brow.

IX.

Haste then, and amply o'er his head
The graceful foliage spread.
Meanwhile the Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,
And lift her swelling accents high,
To tell the world that PELHAM's name
Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

# ODE VI.

## TO INDEPENDENCY.

I.

HERE, on my native shore reclin'd,
While Silence rules this midnight hour,
I woo thee, GODDESS. On my musing mind
Descend, propitious Power!
And bid these ruffling gales of grief subside:
Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence shine;
As yon chaste orb along this ample tide
Draws the long lustre of her silver line,
While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,
And lulls old HUMBER to his deep repose.

II.

Come to thy vot'ry's ardent prayer,
In all thy graceful plainness drest:
No knot confines thy waving hair,
No zone, thy floating vest;
Unsullied Honour decks thine open brow,
And Candour brightens in thy modest eye:
Thy blush is warm Content's ethereal glow;
Thy smile is Peace; thy step is Liberty:
Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,
As Spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

III.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray,
Thy fav'rite swain * oft stole along,
And artless wove his Dorian lay,
Far from the busy throng.
Thou heard'st him, Goddess, strike the tender string,
And bad'st his soul with bolder passions move:
Soon these responsive shores forgot to ring,
With Beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted Love;
To loftier flights his daring genius rose,
And led the war, 'gainst thine, and Freedom's foes.

IV.

Pointed with Satire's keenest steel,
The shafts of Wit he darts around;
Ev'n mitred Dulness † learns to feel,
And shrinks beneath the wound.
In awful poverty his honest Muse
Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land:
In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews,
In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand;
He scorns them both, and, arm'd with Truth alone,
Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.

NOTES.

* Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston upon Hull in the year 1620.

† See *The Rehearsal transprosed*, and an account of the effect of that satire, in the Biographia Britannica, *art. Marvell.*

V.

Behold, like him, immortal Maid,
The Muses' vestal fires I bring:
Here, at thy feet, the sparks I spread:
Propitious wave thy wing,
And fan them to that dazzling blaze of song,
Which glares tremendous on the sons of Pride.
But, hark! methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue!
In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;
Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
As swells the lark's meridian extasy.

VI.

" Fond youth! to MARVELL's patriot fame,
" Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire.
" Yet nourish still the lambent flame;
" Still strike thy blameless lyre:
" Led by the moral Muse, securely rove;
" And all the vernal sweets thy vacant youth
" Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,
" Oh hang their foliage round the fane of Truth:
" To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,
" And meet its fair reward in D'ARCY's smile.

VII.

' 'Tis he, my Son, alone shall chear
" Thy sick'ning soul; at that sad hour,
" When o'er a much-lov'd parent's bier,
" Thy duteous sorrows shower:

" At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline;
" When pining Care leads on her pallid train,
" And sees thee, like the weak, and widow'd vine,
" Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the plain:
" At that sad hour shall D'Arcy lend his aid,
" And raise with Friendship's arm thy drooping head.

VIII.

" This fragrant wreath, the Muse's meed,
" That bloom'd those vocal shades among,
" Where never Flatt'ry dar'd to tread,
" Or Interest's servile throng;
" Receive, thou favour'd Son, at my command,
" And keep, with sacred care, for D'Arcy's brow:
" Tell him, 'twas wove by my immortal hand,
" I breath'd on every flower a purer glow;
" Say, for thy sake I send the gift divine
" To him, who calls thee HIS, yet makes thee MINE."

# ODE VII.

## TO A FRIEND.

### I.

Ah! cease this kind persuasive strain,
Which, when it flows from Friendship's tongue,
However weak, however vain,
O'erpowers beyond the Siren's song:
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
And let me muse upon my woe.
Why lure me from these pale retreats?
Why rob me of these pensive sweets?
Can Music's voice, can Beauty's eye,
Can Painting's glowing hand supply
A charm so suited to my mind,
As blows this hollow gust of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill
Soft tinkling down the moss-grown hill,
While thro' the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek Twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray?

II.

Say, from Affliction's various source
Do none but turbid waters flow?
And cannot Fancy clear their course?
For Fancy is the friend of Woe.
Say, mid that grove, in love-lorn state,
While yon poor ringdove mourns her mate,
Is all, that meets the shepherd's ear,
Inspir'd by anguish, and despair?
Ah! no; fair Fancy rules the song:
She swells her throat; she guides her tongue;
She bids the waving aspin spray
Quiver in cadence to her lay;
She bids the fringed osiers bow,
And rustle round the lake below,
To suit the tenor of her gurgling sighs,
And sooth her throbbing breast with solemn sympathies.

III.

To thee, whose young and polish'd brow
The wrinkling hand of Sorrow spares;
Whose cheeks, bestrew'd with roses, know
No channel for the tide of tears;
To thee yon abbey dank, and lone,
Where ivy chains each mould'ring stone
That nods o'er many a martyr's tomb,
May cast a formidable gloom.

Yet some there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander through the cloisters drear,
Could rove each desolated isle,
Though midnight thunders shook the pile;
And dauntless view, or seem to view,
(As faintly flash the lightnings blue)
Thin shiv'ring ghosts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance with silent sweep the shaggy vaults along.

IV.

But such terrific charms as these,
I ask not yet: My sober mind
The fainter forms of sadness please;
My sorrows are of softer kind.
Through this still valley let me stray,
Rapt in some strain of pensive GRAY:
Whose lofty genius bears along
The conscious dignity of Song;
And, scorning from the sacred store
To waste a note on Pride or Power,
Roves through the glimmering twilight gloom,
And warbles round each rustic tomb:
He, too, perchance (for well I know,
His heart can melt with friendly woe)
He, too, perchance, when these poor limbs are laid,
Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my hov'ring shade.

# ODE VIII.

## ON THE FATE OF TYRANNY.*

I. 1.

OPPRESSION dies: the tyrant falls:
The golden city bows her walls!
JEHOVAH breaks the avenger's rod.
The Son of Wrath, whose ruthless hand
Hurl'd desolation o'er the land,
Has run his raging race, has closed the scene of blood.
Chiefs arm'd around behold their vanquish'd lord;
Nor spread the guardian shield, nor lift the loyal sword.

NOTE.

* This Ode is a free paraphrase of part of the 14th chapter of Isaiah, where the Prophet, after he has foretold the destruction of Babylon, subjoins a Song of Triumph, which, he supposes, the Jews will sing when his prediction is fulfilled. *And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve, that thou shalt take up this proverb against the King of Babylon, and say,* "How *hath the oppressor ceased,*" &c.

1st Strophe, ver. 4, 5, 6.

I. 2.

He falls; and earth again is free.
Hark! at the call of Liberty,
All Nature lifts the choral song.
The fir-trees, on the mountain's head,
Rejoice through all their pomp of shade;
The lordly cedars nod on sacred Lebanon:
Tyrant! they cry, since thy fell force is broke,
Our proud heads pierce the skies, nor fear the woodman's stroke.

I. 3.

Hell, from her gulf profound,
Rouses at thine approach; and, all around,
Her dreadful notes of preparation sound.
See, at the awful call,
Her shadowy heroes all,
Even mighty kings, the heirs of empire wide,
Rising, with solemn state, and slow,
From their sable thrones below,
Meet, and insult thy pride.
What, dost thou join our ghostly train,
A flitting shadow light, and vain?

REFERENCES.

1st Antistrophe, *The whole earth is at rest*, &c. ver. 7, 8.
1st Epode, *Hell from beneath is moved for thee*, &c. ver. 9, 10, 11.

Where is thy pomp, thy festive throng,
Thy revel dance, and wanton song?
Proud king! Corruption fastens on thy breast;
And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast.

II. 1.

Oh Lucifer! thou radiant star;
Son of the Morn; whose rosy car
Flamed foremost in the van of day:
How art thou fall'n, thou King of Light!
How fall'n from thy meridian height!
Who said'st the distant poles shall hear me, and obey.
High, o'er the stars, my sapphire throne shall glow,
And, as JEHOVAH'S self, my voice the heav'ns shall bow.

II 2.

He spake, he died. Distain'd with gore,
Beside yon yawning cavern hoar,
See, where his livid corse is laid.
The aged pilgrim passing by,
Surveys him long with dubious eye;
And muses on his fate, and shakes his reverend head.

REFERENCES.

2d Strophe, *How art thou fallen from Heaven*, &c. ver. 12, 13, 14.
2d Antistrophe, *Yet thou shalt be brought down to Hell*, &c. ver. 15, 16.

Just heavens! is thus thy pride imperial gone?
Is this poor heap of dust the King of Babylon?

II. 3.

Is this the man, whose nod
Made the earth tremble: whose terrific rod
Levell'd her loftiest cities? Where he trod,
Famine pursued, and frown'd;
'Till Nature groaning round,
Saw her rich realms transform'd to deserts dry;
While at his crowded prison's gate,
Grasping the keys of fate,
Stood stern Captivity.
Vain man! behold thy righteous doom;
Behold each neighb'ring monarch's tomb;
The trophied arch, the breathing bust,
The laurel shades their sacred dust:
While thou, vile out-cast, on this hostile plain,
Moulder'st a vulgar corse, among the vulgar slain.

III. 1.

No trophied arch, no breathing bust,
Shall dignify thy trampled dust:

REFERENCES.

2d Epode, *Is this the man that made the earth to tremble*, &c. ver. 16, 17, 18, 19.

3d Strophe, *Thou shalt not be joined to them in burial*, &c. ver. 20.

No laurel flourish o'er thy grave.
For why, proud king, thy ruthless hand
Hurl'd desolation o'er the land,
And crush'd the subject race, whom kings are born to save:
Eternal infamy shall blast thy name,
And all thy sons shall share their impious father's shame.

III. 2.

Rise, purple slaughter! furious rise;
Unfold the terror of thine eyes;
Dart thy vindictive shafts around:
Let no strange land a shade afford,
No conquer'd nations call them lord;
Nor let their cities rise to curse the goodly ground.
For thus JEHOVAH swears; no name, no son,
No remnant shall remain of haughty Babylon.

III. 3.

Thus saith the righteous Lord:
My vengeance shall unsheath the flaming sword;
O'er all thy realms my fury shall be pour'd.
Where yon proud city stood,
I'll spread the stagnant flood;
And there the bittern in the sedge shall lurk,

REFERENCES.

3d Antistrophe, *Prepare slaughter for his children*, ver. 21, 22.
3d Epode, *Saith the Lord, I will also make it a possession for the bittern*, &c. ver. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.

Moaning with sullen strain:
While, sweeping o'er the plain,
Destruction ends her work.
Yes, on mine holy mountain's brow,
I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe.
The irrevocable word is spoke.
From Judah's neck the galling yoke
Spontaneous falls, she shines with wonted state;
Thus by MYSELF I swear, and what I swear is fate.

# ODE IX.

## TO AN ÆOLUS'S HARP*

SENT TO MISS SHEPHEARD.

YES, magic Lyre! now all complete
Thy slender frame responsive rings;
While kindred notes, with undulation sweet,
Accordant wake from all thy vocal strings.
Go then to her, whose soft request
Bad my blest hands thy form prepare:
Ah go, and sweetly sooth her tender breast
With many a warble wild, and artless air.
For know, full oft, while o'er the mead
Bright June extends her fragrant reign,
The slumb'ring fair shall place thee near her head,
To court the gales that cool the sultry plain.
Then shall the sylphs, and sylphids bright,
Mild genii all, to whose high care

NOTE.

* This instrument was first invented by Kircher about the year 1649. See his *Musurgia Universalis, sive ars consoni et dissoni*, lib. ix. After having been neglected above a hundred years, it was again accidentally discovered by Mr. Oswald.

Her virgin charms are given, in circling flight
Skim sportive round thee in the fields of air.
Some, flutt'ring through thy trembling strings,
Shall catch the rich melodious spoil,
And lightly brush thee with their purple wings
To aid the Zephyrs in their tuneful toil;
While others check each ruder gale,
Expel rough Boreas from the sky,
Nor let a breeze its heaving breath exhale,
Save such as softly pant, and panting die.
Then, as thy swelling accents rise,
Fair Fancy, waking at the sound,
Shall paint bright visions on her raptur'd eyes,
And waft her spirits to enchanted ground;
To myrtle groves, Elysian greens,
In which some fav'rite youth shall rove,
And meet, and lead her through the glittering scenes,
And all be music, extasy, and love.

# ODE X.*

## FOR MUSIC.

IRREGULAR.

I.

Lo! where incumbent o'er the shade
Rome's rav'ning eagle bows his beaked head;
Yet, while a moment fate affords,
While yet a moment freedom stays,
That moment, which outweighs
Eternity's unmeasured hoards,
Shall Mona's grateful bards employ
To hymn their god-like hero to the sky.

II.

Radiant Ruler of the day,
Pause upon thy orb sublime,
Bid this awful moment stay,
Bind it on the brow of time;

NOTE.

* When the dramatic poem of Caractacus was altered for theatrical representation in 1776, this dirge was added to be sung over the body of Arviragus. Being of the lyrical cast, the author found himself inclined to preserve it in the series of his Odes, published in 1797.

While Mona's trembling echoes sigh
To strains, that thrill when heroes die.

III.

Hear our harps, in accents slow,
Breathe the dignity of woe,
Solemn notes that pant and pause,
While the last majestic close
In diapason deep is drown'd:
Notes that Mona's harps should sound.

IV.

See our tears in sober shower,
O'er this shrine of glory pour!
Holy tears by virtue shed,
That embalm the valiant dead;
In these our sacred song we steep:
Tears that Mona's bards should weep.

V.

Radiant Ruler, hear us call
  Blessings on the god-like youth,
Who dared to fight, who dared to fall,
  For Britain, freedom, and for truth.
His dying groan, his parting sigh
Was music for the gods on high;
'Twas Valour's hymn to Liberty.

VI.

Ring out, ye mortal strings
Answer, thou heavenly harp, instinct with spirit all,
That o'er Andrastes' throne self-warbling swings.
There where ten thousand spheres, in measured chime,
Roll their majestic melodies along,
Thou guidest the thundering song,
Poised on thy jasper arch sublime.
Yet shall thy heavenly accents deign
To mingle with our mortal strain,
And heaven and earth unite in chorus high,
While freedom wafts her champion to the sky.

## ODE XI.*

MAJESTIC pile! whose ample eye
Surveys the rich variety
Of azure hill, and verdant vale;
Say, will thy echoing towers return
The sighs, that, bending o'er her urn,
A Naiad heaves in yonder dale?

The pitying Muse, who hears her moan,
Smooths into song each gurgling groan,
And pleads the Nymph's and Nature's cause;
In vain, she cries, has simple taste
The pride of formal art defaced,
Where late yon height of terras rose;

Has vainly bad the lawn decline,
And waved the pathway's easy line
Around the circuit of the grove,
To catch, through every opening glade,
That glimmering play of sun and shade,
Which peace and contemplation love.

NOTE.

* Printed for the first time 1797.

Beauty in vain approved the toil,
And hail'd the sovereign of the soil,
Her own and fancy's favour'd friend;
For see, at this ill-omen'd hour,
Base art assumes his ancient power,
And bids yon distant mound ascend.

See, too, his tyrant grasp to fill,
In silence swells the pensive rill,
That caroll'd sweet the vale along;
So swells the throbbing female breast,
By wiles of faithless swain oppress'd,
When love forbids to speak her wrong.

Tell me, chaste Mistress of the Wave!
If e'er thy rills refused to lave
The plain where now entrench'd they sleep?
Would not thy stream at Fancy's call,
O'er crags she lifted, fret, and fall,
Through dells she shaded, purl, and creep?

Yes, thou wert ever fond and free,
To pour thy tinkling melody,
Sweet pratler, o'er thy pebbled floor;
Thy sisters, hid in neighb'ring caves,
Would bring their tributary waves,
If genuine taste demanded more.

Why then does yon clay barrier rise?
Behold, and weep, ye lowering skies!
Ah rather join in vengeful shower:
Hither your wat'ry phalanx lead,
And, deeply deluging the mead,
Burst through the bound with thunder's roar.

So shall the Nymph, still fond and free
To pour her tinkling melody,
Again her lucid charms diffuse:
No more shall mean mechanic skill
Dare to confine her liberal rill,
Foe to the Naiad and the Muse.

# ODE XII.

## TO THE NAVAL OFFICERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

FEBRUARY 11, 1779.*

I. 1.

HENCE to thy Hell! thou Fiend accurst,
Of Sin's incestuous brood, the worst
Whom to pale Death the spectre bore:†
DETRACTION hence! 'tis Truth's command;
She launches, from her seraph hand,
The shaft that strikes thee to th' infernal shore.
Old ENGLAND's Genius leads her on
To vindicate his darling Son,
Whose fair and veteran fame
Thy venom'd tongue had dar'd defile:
The Goddess comes, and all the isle
Feels the warm influence of her heav'nly flame.

NOTES.

* Written immediately after the trial of Admiral KEPPEL, and then printed.

† Alluding to the well-known allegory of SIN and DEATH, in the second Book of *Paradise Lost*.

I. 2.

But chief in those, their country's pride,
Ordain'd, with steady helm, to guide
The floating bulwarks of her reign,
It glows with unremitting ray,
Bright as the orb that gives the day;
Corruption spreads her murky mist in vain:
To virtue, valour, glory true,
They keep their radiant prize in view
Ambition's sterling aim;
They know that titles, stars, and strings,
Bestow'd by kings on slaves of kings,
Are light as air when weigh'd with honest fame.

I. 3.

Hireling courtiers, venal peers
View them with fastidious frown,
Yet the Muse's smile is theirs,
Theirs her amaranthine crown.
Yes, gallant Train, on your unsullied brows,
She sees the genuine English spirit shine,
Warm from a heart where ancient honour glows,
That scorns to bend the knee at Interest's shrine.
Lo! at your poet's call,
To give prophetic fervor to his strain,
Forth from the mighty bosom of the main
A giant Deity ascends:

Down his broad breast his hoary honours fall;
He wields the trident of th' Atlantic vast;
An awful calm around his pomp is cast,
O'er many a league the glassy sleep extends.
He speaks; and distant thunder, murmuring round,
In long-drawn volley rolls a symphony profound.

II. 1.

Ye thunders cease! the voice of Heav'n
Enough proclaims the terrors given
To me, the Spirit of the Deep;
Tempests are mine; from shore to shore
I bid my billows when to roar,
Mine the wild whirlwind's desolating sweep.
But meek and placable I come
To deprecate Britannia's doom,
And snatch her from her fate;
Ev'n from herself I mean to save
My sister sov'reign of the wave;
A voice immortal never warns too late.

II. 2.

Queen of the Isles! with empire crown'd,
Only to spread fair freedom round,
Wide as my waves could waft thy name;
Why did thy cold reluctant heart
Refuse that blessing to impart,
Deaf to great Nature's universal claim?

Why rush, through my indignant tide,
To stain thy hands with parricide?
—Ah, answer not the strain!
Thy wasted wealth, thy widow's sighs,
Thy half-repentant embassies
Bespeak thy cause unblest, thy councils vain.

II. 3.

Sister sov'reign of the wave!
Turn from this ill-omen'd war:
Turn to where the truly brave
Will not blush thy wrath to bear;
Swift on th' insulting Gaul, thy native foe,
For he is Freedom's, let that wrath be hurl'd;
To his perfidious ports direct thy prow,
Arm every bark, be every sail unfurl'd;
Seize this triumphant hour,
When, bright as gold from the refining flame,
Flows the clear current of thy KEPPEL's fame.
Give to the hero's full command
Th' imperial ensigns of thy naval power;
So shall his own bold auspices prevail,
Nor Fraud's insidious wiles, nor Envy pale
Arrest the force of his victorious band;
The Gaul subdued, fraternal strife shall cease,
And firm, on Freedom's base, be fixt an empire's peace.

## ODE XIII.*

WHILE scattering from her seraph wings
The heav'nly-tinctur'd dew
Whence ev'ry earthly blessing springs,
Fair HOPE o'er Albion flew,
She heard from that superb domain,
Where Art has dar'd to fix his reign,
Mid shaggy rocks, and mountains wild,
A female vot'ry breathe her prayer.
She clos'd her plumes, she hush'd the air,
And thus replied in accents mild:

"What tender warblings to my ear,
On zephyrs born, aspire,
To draw me from my sapphire sphere,
Charm'd by her magic lyre?
I come; she wakes the willing strings,
With careless grace her hand she flings
The soft symphonious chords among;
Nor ever on the list'ning plain,
Since the sweet Lesbian tun'd her strain,
Was heard a more melodious song.

NOTE.

* Printed 1797, from an enlarged and corrected copy.

" But why to me, fair Syren, wake
The supplicating lay?
Is it in HOPE's vain power to make
Thy gaiety more gay?
O rather bid me bear my balm
Some sable captive's woe to calm,
Who bows beneath Oppression's weight;
Or sooth those scorn'd, yet faithful few
(For much they need my lenient dew)
That tremble for Britannia's fate.*

" My mirror but reflects the gleam
Of distant happiness;
They scorn to court a flatt'ring dream,
Who present joy possess.
The feather'd sov'reign of the sky,
Who glories with undazzled eye
To meet the sun's meridian rays,
Say, will he quit his radiant height,
When floating in that sea of light,
To flutter in a meteor's blaze?

" Art thou not She whom fav'ring Fate
In all her splendor drest,
To shew in how supreme a state
A mortal might be blest?

NOTE.

* This marks the time when this Ode was written, viz. towards the conclusion of the American War.

Bade beauty, elegance, and health,
Patrician birth, patrician wealth,
Their blessings on her darling shed;
Bade Hymen of that generous race
Who Freedom's fairest annals grace
Give to thy love th' illustrious head.

" Is there a boon to mortals dear
Her fondness has not lent,
Ere I could whisper in thy ear
' The blessing will be sent?'
Obsequious have I e'er denied
To wait attendant at thy side,
Prepar'd each shade of fear to chace.
To antedate each coming joy,
And ere the transient bliss could cloy,
To bid a livelier take its place.

" Nay (blushing I confess the truth)
I've hover'd o'er thy head
Ev'n when thy too compliant youth,
By wayward fashion led,
Has left the Muses and thy lyre,
To mix in that tumultuous choir,
Of purblind Chance the vot'rys pale,
Who round his midnight altars stand,
And, as the glittering heaps expand,
His power with unblest orgies hail.

" There Cunning lours, there Envy pines,
There Avarice veils his face,
Ev'n Beauty's eager eye resigns
Its mildly-melting grace;
There, as his lots the dæmon throws,
Each breast with expectation glows,
While heedless Thou of loss or gain,
Seest from thy hand that treasure flown
That might have hush'd an orphan's moan,
Or smooth'd the rugged bed of pain.

" O then I spread my wings to fly
Back to my sapphire sphere,
Resolv'd to leave no ray to dry
Thy morn's repentant tear;
But when that bright atonement falls,
The sight my resolution palls,
I haste the liquid gem to save.
So still, fair Syren, shall my power
Console thee through life's varying hour,
Nor will I quit thee at the grave.

" O then may white-rob'd Faith appear,
With glowing Charity,
To spread with mine their wings, and bear
Their vot'ry to the sky.
Then mingling with our Seraph train,
Thy lyre may wake a loftier strain,

Where Rapture hymns th' eternal throne;
Where to desire is to possess,
No wish for more, no fear for less,
Where Certainty and I are one."

# ODE XIV.*

## TO THE HON. WILLIAM PITT.

1782.

Μὴ νὺν, ὅτι φθονεραὶ
Θνατῶν φρένας ἀμφικρέμανται ἐλπίδες,
Μήτ' ἀρετάν ποτε σιγάτω πατρῴαν,
Μηδὲ τόσδ' ὕμνες. PINDAR, Isthm. Ode II.

I.

'Tis May's meridian reign; yet EURUS cold
Forbids each shrinking thorn its leaves unfold,
Or hang with silver buds her rural throne;
No primrose shower from her green lap she throws,†
No daisy, violet, or cowslip blows,
And FLORA weeps her fragrant offspring gone.
Hoar frost arrests the genial dew;
To wake, to warble, and to woo,
No linnet calls his drooping love:
Shall then the Poet strike the lyre,
When mute are all the feather'd quire,
And Nature fails to warm the Syrens of the grove?

NOTES.

* Printed separately in May, 1782.

† This expression is taken from MILTON's song on May Morning, to which this stanza in general alludes, and the 4th verse in the next.

II.

He shall: for what the sullen spring denies
The orient beam of virtuous youth supplies;
That moral dawn be his inspiring flame.
Beyond the dancing radiance of the east
Thy glory, Son of CHATHAM! fires his breast,
And, proud to celebrate thy vernal fame,
Hark, from his lyre the strain ascends,
Which but to Freedom's fav'rite friends
That lyre disdains to sound.
Hark and approve as did thy Sire*
The lays which once with kindred fire
His Muse in Attic mood, made MONA's oaks rebound.

III.

Long silent since, save when, in KEPPEL's name,
Detraction, murd'ring Britain's naval fame,
Rous'd into sounds of scorn th' indignant string. †
But now, replenish'd with a richer theme,
The vase of Harmony shall pour its stream,
Fann'd by free Fancy's rainbow-tinctur'd wing.
Thy country too shall hail the song,
Her echoing heart the notes prolong,

NOTES.

* The Poem of CARACTACUS was read in MS. by the late Earl of CHATHAM, who honoured it with an approbation which the Author is here proud to record.

† See Ode to the NAVAL OFFICERS of Great Britain, written 1779.

While they alone with envy sigh,*
Whose rancour to thy parent dead
Aim'd, ere his funeral rites were paid,
With vain vindictive rage to starve his progeny.

IV.

From earth and these the Muse averts her view,
To meet in yonder sea of ether blue
A beam, to which the blaze of noon is pale;
In purpling circles now the glory spreads,
A host of angels now unveil their heads,
While Heav'n's own music triumphs on the gale.
Ah see, two white-rob'd Seraphs lead
Thy Father's venerable shade;
He bends from yonder cloud of gold,
While they, the ministers of light,
Bear from his breast a mantle bright,
And with the Heav'n-wove robe thy youthful limbs enfold.

V.

" Receive this mystic gift, my Son!" he cries,
" And, for so wills the Sov'reign of the Skies,
" With this receive, at ALBION's anxious hour,
" A double portion of my patriot zeal,
" Active to spread the fire it dar'd to feel
" Through raptur'd Senates, and with awful power

NOTE.

* See the Motto from PINDAR.

" From the full fountain of the tongue
" To roll the rapid tide along,
" Till a whole nation caught the flame.
" So on thy Sire shall Heav'n bestow
" A blessing TULLY fail'd to know,
" And redolent in thee diffuse thy Father's fame.

VI.

" Nor thou, ingenious Boy! that fame despise
" Which lives and spreads abroad in heav'n's pure eyes,
" The last best energy of noble mind,*
" Revere thy Father's shade; like him disdain
" The tame, the timid, temporizing train,
Awake to self, to social interest blind:
" Young as thou art, occasion calls,
" Thy country's scale or mounts or falls
" As thou and thy compatriots strive;
" Scarce is the fatal moment past
" That trembling ALBION deem'd her last:
" O knit the union firm, and bid an empire live.

VII.

" Proceed, and vindicate fair Freedom's claim,
" Give life, give strength, give substance to her name;

NOTE.

* In allusion to a fine and well-known passage in Milton's Lycidas.

" The legal Rights of Man with fraud contest,
" Yes, snatch them from Corruption's baleful power,
" Who dares, in day's broad eye, those rights devour,
" While prelates bow, and bless the harpy feast.
" If foil'd at first, resume thy course,
" Rise strengthen'd with Antæan force,
" So shall thy toil in conquest end.
" Let others doat on meaner things,
" On broider'd stars, and azure strings,
" To claim thy Sov'reign's love, be thou thy country's
" friend."*

VARIATION.

* The concluding line in this Ode, when first printed, ran thus:

" Be thine the Muse's wreath ; be thou the *people's friend*."

But when it was recollected, that very soon after its publication, a person, too well known in the political world, usurped the name of *friend of the people*, for no better reason than that of promoting his own success in an election contest at Westminster, it will not be wondered at, that the Author should now choose to alter that conclusion.

This he has done, not only on *moral* and *prudential*, but, he trusts, also on constitutional principles; as he firmly believes, that no Englishman will *now* (he writes at the conclusion of the year 1795) honour that person with such an appellation, except the very few, who think the people of England and an English mob, synonymous terms.

# ODE XV.*

SECULAR.

November the Fifth, MDCCLXXXVIII.

I.

It is not Age, creative Fancy's foe,
Foe to the finer feelings of the soul,
Shall dare forbid the lyric rapture flow:
Scorning its chill control,
He, at the vernal morn of youth,
Who breathed to liberty and truth,
Fresh incense from his votive lyre,
In life's autumnal eve, again
Shall, at their shrine, resume the strain,
And sweep the veteran chords with renovated fire.

II.

Warm to his own, and to his country's breast,
Twice fifty brilliant years the theme have borne,
And each, through all its varying seasons, blest
By that auspicious morn,

NOTE.

* First published on the day of its date.

Which gilding NASSAU's patriot prow,
Gave Britain's anxious eye to know
The source whence now her blessings spring;
She saw him from that prow descend,
And in the hero, hail'd the friend:
A name, when Britain speaks, that dignifies her KING.

III.

In solemn state she led him to the throne
Whence bigot zeal and lawless power had fled,
Where Justice fix'd the abdicated crown
On his victorious head.
Was there an angel in the sky,
That glow'd not with celestial joy,
When freedom in her native charms,
Descended from her throne of light,
On eagle plumes, to bless the rite,
Recall'd by Britain's voice, restored by NASSAU's arms.

IV.

Since then, triumphant on the car of time,
The sister years in gradual train have roll'd,
And seen the goddess from her sphere sublime,
The sacred page unfold,
Inscribed by her's and NASSAU's hands,
On which the hallow'd charter stands,
That bids Britannia's sons be free;
And, as they pass'd, each white-robed year

Has sung to her responsive sphere,
Hail to the charter'd rights of British liberty!

V.

Still louder lift the soul-expanding strain,
Ye future years! while, from her starry throne
Again she comes to magnify her reign,
And make the world her own.
Her fire e'en France presumes to feel,
And half unsheaths the patriot steel,
Enough the monarch to dismay,
Whoe'er, with rebel pride, withdraws
His own allegiance from the laws
That guard the people's rights, that rein the sovereign's sway.

VI.

Hark! how from either India's sultry bound,
From regions girded by the burning zone,
Her all-attentive ear, with sigh profound
Has heard the captive moan:
Has heard, and ardent in the cause
Of all, that free by Nature's laws,
The avarice of her sons enthrals;
She comes, by Truth and Mercy led,
And, bending her benignant head,
Thus on the seraph pair in suppliant strain she calls:

VII.

" Long have I lent to my Britannia's hands
That trident which controls the willing sea,
And bade her circulate to distant lands
Each bliss derived from me.
Shall then her commerce spread the sail,
For gain accursed, and court the gale,
Her throne, her sov'reign to disgrace;
Daring (what will not Commerce dare!)
Beyond the ruthless waste of war,
To deal destruction round, and thin the human race?

VIII.

" Proclaim it not before the eternal throne
Of him, the sire of universal love;
But wait till all my sons your influence own,
Ye envoys from above!
O wait, at this precarious hour,
When in the pendent scale of power
My rights and Nature's trembling lie;
Do thou, sweet Mercy! touch the beam,
Till lightly, as the feather'd dream
Ascends the earthly dross of selfish policy.

IX.

" Do thou, fair Truth! as did thy master mild,
Who, fill'd with all the power of godhead, came

To purify the souls, by guilt defiled,
With Faith's celestial flame;
Tell them, 'tis Heaven's benign decree
That all, of Christian liberty
The peace-inspiring gale should breathe.
May then that nation hope to claim
The glory of the Christian name,
That loads fraternal tribes with bondage worse than death?

X.

"Tell them, they vainly grace, with festive joy,
The day that freed them from Oppression's rod,
At Slavery's mart who barter and who buy
The image of their God.
But peace!—their conscience feels the wrong;
From Britain's congregated tongue,
Repentant breaks the choral lay,
"Not unto us, indulgent Heaven,
"In partial stream be freedom given,
"But pour her treasures wide, and guard with legal sway?"

# ODE XVI.*

## PALINODIA.

I. 1.

Say did I err, chaste Liberty!
When warm with youthful fire,
I gave the vernal fruits to thee
That ripen'd on my lyre?
When, round thy twin-born sister's † shrine,
I taught the flowers of verse to twine
And blend in one their fresh perfume;
Forbade them, vagrant and disjoin'd,
To give to every wanton wind
Their fragrance and their bloom?

I. 2.

Or did I err, when, free to choose
'Mid fabling Fancy's themes,
I led my voluntary Muse
To groves and haunted streams;
Disdain'd to take that gainful road,
Which many a courtly bard had trod,

NOTES.

* Written in March, 1794, and first printed 1797.
† Independency, see Ode, p. 38.

And aim'd but at self-planted bays?
I swept my lyre enough for me,
If what that lyre might warble free
My free-born friends might praise.

I. 3.

And art thou mute! or does the fiend that rides
Yon sulphurous tube, by tigers drawn,
Where seas of blood roll their increasing tides
Beneath his wheels while myriads groan,
Does he with voice of thunder make reply:
"I am the Genius of stern Liberty,
"Adore me as thy genuine choice;
"Know, where I hang with wreaths my sacred tree,
"Power undivided, just equality
"Are born at my creative voice?"

II. 1.

Avaunt, abhorr'd Democracy!
O for Ithuriel's spear!
To show to Party's jaundiced eye
The fiend she most should fear,
To turn her from the infernal sight
To where, array'd in robes of light,
True Liberty on Scraph wing
Descends to shed that blessing rare,
Of equal rights an equal share
To People, Peers, and King.*

* See English Garden, Book IV. v. 685, &c.

II. 2.

To her alone I rais'd my strain,
On her centennial day,
Fearless that age should chill the vein
She nourish'd with her ray.
And what, if glowing at the theme,
Humanity in vivid dream,
Gave to my mind impatient Gaul
(Ah! flattering dream, dismiss'd by fate
Too quickly through the ivory gate)
Freed from despotic thrall?

II. 3.

When Ruin, heaving his gigantic mace,
(Call'd to the deed by Reason's voice),
Crush'd, proud Bastile! thy turrets to their base,
Was it not virtue to rejoice?
That power alone, whose all-combining eye
Beholds, what he ordains, futurity,
Could that tremendous truth reveal,
That, ere six suns had round the zodiac roll'd
Their beams, astonished Europe should behold
All Gallia, one immense Bastile?*

III. 1.

Is it not virtue to repine,
When thus transform'd the scene?

* There were in the prisons of Paris alone, when this was written, above 6000 prisoners.

" Ah! no," replied, in strain divine,
The heaven-descending Queen.
And, as she sung, she shot a ray,
Mild as the orient dawn of May,
Enlight'ning while it calm'd my brain:
" Now purg'd, my Son! from error, own
" My blessings ne'er were meant to crown
" The vicious, or the vain.

III. 2.

" 'Tis only those of purer clay*
" From sensual dross refined,
" In whom the passions pleas'd obey
" The God within the mind,†
" Who share my delegated aid,
" Through Wisdom's golden mean convey'd
" From the first source of sov'reign good:
" All else to horrid license tends,
" Springs from vindictive pride, and ends
" In anarchy and blood.

* Cui meliore Luto finxit præcordia Titan. So MILTON in his 12th Sonnet, speaking of liberty, says, " But who loves that, must first be wise and good."

† Mr. Pope uses this Platonic phrase for conscience.—See Essay on Man, Ep. II. p. 204, with Warburton's note upon it, where the learned critic says justly that it admits a double meaning.—It is in its latter practical, or rather Christian sense, that I here employ it, to convey the important truth delivered by St. Paul, " where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

III. 3.

" Had France possess'd a sober patriot band,
" True to their own, and nation's weal,
" Such as, fair ALBION, bless'd thy favour'd land,
" When NASSAU came thy rights to seal;
" She might—but why compare such wide extremes,
" Why seek for reason in delirious dreams?
" Rather consign to exile and to shame
" Her coward princes, her luxurious peers,
" Who fed the hell-born hydra with their fears,
" That now usurps my hallow'd name."

# ODE ON WISDOM;

OR, THE

TWENTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER

OF THE

## BOOK OF JOB

ATTEMPTED IN LYRICAL VERSE,

AND ADDRESSED TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND RICHARD,

LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

TO THE

## RIGHT REVEREND THE

## BISHOP OF WORCESTER, &c.

My Lord,

Having lately examined the mysterious Book of Job, with as much attention as a person ignorant of the original language may be allowed capable of exerting, the whole of the 28th chapter appeared to me peculiarly obscure, and little, if at all, connected with either what went before, or succeeded it. In short, I thought it a quite different species of composition, and on further consideration, pronounced it to be an Ode of the most perfect lyrical form, diversified in its imagery, bold in its transitions, and rising by rapid gradations, in its conclusion, to the sublime. Impressed with this idea, I conceived that it might be versified in the Pindaric mode of strophe, antistrophe, and epode, a method which, your Lordship may remember, I undertook near fifty years ago under your critical auspices, with part of the 14th chapter of Isaiah. You may remember also, that certain critics at the time, imagining that I did it with a view of rivaling Dr. Louth's Alcaic version of the same passage, thought proper to decry it, though nothing was more foreign to my intention, my sole aim being to show, that, whether it was rendered in the Horatian or Pindaric

manner, the lyrical beauties of the sacred original would appear equally manifest. In this second attempt, however, I feel myself perfectly secure from such imputation; for I find, that the poetical Professor himself has almost entirely overlooked the passage in his celebrated Prelections, and not said a single word of its lyrical structure and excellence. I therefore venture to conclude, that whether the path of Hebrew literature be narrow or broad, those who have hitherto paced in it, with the express view of arranging its poetical flowers into *genus* and *species*, have overlooked one of its most beautiful plants, which with them (to carry on the botanical metaphor) has hitherto been a NON-DESCRIPT.

The private copy of my Version, which I now address to your Lordship, I flatter myself, may tend somewhat to amuse your venerable leisure in a way as well suited to your character, as an episcopal critic, as this manner of treating the sacred original has been an agreeable occupation to me, as a clerical poet.

Believe me to be, my Lord, with true respect,

Your Lordship's

affectionately devoted servant,

W. MASON.

*Aston, March* 6, 1797.

# ODE ON WISDOM.*

I. 1.

Deep in the secret veins of earth,
Where each metallic ore has birth,
Silver and gold for ages sleep;
Blue sapphires there by rocks are veil'd,
There crystal springs in grottos seal'd,
Unheard, unseen, their useless vigils keep:
But man, by fortitude and vigour led,
Can cleave the rocks, thro' mountains force his way,
Drag the bright sapphires from their murky bed,
And bid them rival the meridian ray.
Thro' clefts he bursts, can teach the stream to glide,
Direct, augment, control its fertilizing tide.

NOTE.

* Printed 1797, and now first published. Ed.

The whole 28th chapter of the book of Job, when separated from the context, is a poetical illustration of this truth, "that man is capable of making great advances in the discovery of nature, but as to prying into the secrets of Providence in the government of the world, which is here emphatically called the Wisdom of God, that is above the reach of all creatures." The first strophe, in the above metrical version, begins at the first verse: "*Surely there is a vein for silver and a place for gold;*" and proceeds to the 7th.

I. 2.

He can those depths profound descry,
Where never pierced the vulture's eye,
Can those tremendous caves descend,
Where fiercest lions dare not prowl,
Nor ere was heard the tiger's growl;
Can make all nature to his prowess bend:
But did this bold, this all-pervading man
That dread mysterious region ere explore,
Where Wisdom dwells? Does he presume to scan
The place, where she exerts her sacred power?
What if he ask the deep abyss below,
If in its realm she dwells? its Genius answers, "No!"

I. 3.

What if to ocean's caves he hies,
In hope to find the guest?
The Monarch of the waves replies,
"She sleeps not on my breast."
Vain then the hope! the fleet aerial race,
Born on sublimest plume, her mansion fail to trace.

REFERENCES.

First antistrophe, ver. 7. *There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen*, &c.

Ver. 12. *But where shall wisdom be found*, &c. to verse 14.

First epode, ver. 14. *And the sea saith it is not in me.*

Ver. 21. *It is kept close from the fowls of the air.* Note, this is the only slight transposition of the text.

II. 1.

O could he seize her form divine!
Beyond the gold of Ophir's mine,
The sapphire's beam, the diamond's blaze,
Beyond the Ethiop's pearly store,
Beyond each gem, the sculptor's power
Could teach to sparkle on his richest vase,
Her charms he'd prize! yet Death, destructive king,
Who erst to chaos made despotic claim,
Ere from the void he saw creation spring,
Remembers whilom that he heard her name,
And knows that God, to whom all space is known,
Call'd Wisdom to himself, and rais'd her to his throne.

II. 2.

'Twas then in solemn synod high,
Or ere he plann'd the galaxy,
Ere through the heavens one planet roll'd,
With her he fix'd all Nature's laws,
Creation's first and final cause,
And bade her hands th' ideal chart unfold.

REFERENCES.

Second strophe, ver. 15. *It cannot be gotten for gold*, &c. to ver. 24.

Second antistrophe, from ver. 24 to 28. But here the version of Albert Schultens is rather followed, than that of our Bible.

She saw this vast material orb appear,
Bless'd the first pause of elemental strife,
When earth, air, water, fire forgot to war,
And all was harmony, and light, and life;
Saw man produced, while, thund'ring from on high,
The Eternal's awful voice proclaim'd his destiny:

II. 3.

" Offspring of matter and of mind!
" Know, Mortal, know, in age and youth
" Thy proudest talents are confin'd
" To mark this one important truth,
" That all of wisdom, to thy race allow'd,
" Is to refrain from sin, and venerate thy God!"

REFERENCES.

Second antistrophe continued, as before noted.
Second epode, ver. 28. *And unto man he said, Behold, to fear the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.*

# ELEGIES.

# ELEGY I.

## TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN

### LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

ERE yet, ingenuous Youth, thy steps retire
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale;
Oh! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay;
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendship pay.
Yet, know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
When all those virtues, opening now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to bear.
There, if Ambition, pestilent and pale,
Or Luxury should taint their vernal glow;
If cold Self-interest, with her chilling gale,
Should blast the unfolding blossoms ere they blow;
If mimic hues, by Art, or Fashion spread,
Their genuine, simple colouring should supply,
Oh! with them may these laureate honours fade;
And with them (if it can) my friendship die.

Then do not blame, if, though thyself inspire,
Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
The Muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
And, vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing.
Too actively awake at Friendship's voice,
The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,
And oft invokes Oblivion's aid in vain.
Call we the shade of POPE, from that blest bower
Where throned he sits, with many a tuneful sage;
Ask, if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
When ST. JOHN's name * illumined Glory's page?
Ask, if the wretch, who dared his mem'ry stain,
Ask, if his Country's, his Religion's foe
Deserved the meed that MARLBRO' fail'd to gain,
The deathless meed, he only could bestow?
The bard will tell thee, the misguided praise
Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast;
Even now, repentant of his erring lays,
He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest.
If POPE through friendship fail'd, indignant view,
Yet pity, DRYDEN; hark, whene'er he sings,
How Adulation drops her courtly dew
On titled rhymers and inglorious kings.

NOTE.

* Alluding to this couplet of Mr. POPE's,

To CATO VIRGIL paid one honest line,
O let my country's friends *illumine* mine.

See, from the depths of his exhaustless mine,
His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift throws;
Where fear, or interest bids, behold they shine;
Now grace a CROMWELL'S, now a CHARLES'S brows.
Born with too generous, or too mean a heart,
DRYDEN! in vain to thee those stores were lent:
Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art;
Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.
The simplest lyre, if truth directs its lays,
Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:
Not to disgust with false, or venal praise,
Was PARNELL'S modest fame, and may be mine.
Go then, my Friend, nor let thy candid breast
Condemn me, if I check the plausive string;
Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;
Be, what the purest Muse would wish to sing.
Be still thyself; that open path of truth,
Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue;
Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,
And, all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.
Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of Art;
On Vice's front let fearful Caution lower,
And teach the diffident, discreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power.
So, round thy brow when Age's honours spread,
When Death's cold hand unstrings thy MASON'S lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:

He, to the amplest bounds of Time's domain,
On Rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;
For trust, with reverence trust this Sabine strain:*
"The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die."

Written in 1753.

* —— Dignum laude virum
Musa vetat mori.

HORACE.

# ELEGY II.

ADDRESSED TO

## MISS PELHAM ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.*

DEIGN, mournful Maid, while o'er yon sacred bier
Thy streaming eyes with duteous sorrows flow;
Deign, mournful Maid, to lend a list'ning ear
To strains, that swell with sympathetic woe.
Attend that Muse, who late in happier hour
Heard thy soft voice its tuneful pow'rs employ,
Where D'ARCY call'd to Chiswick's social bower
Mild mirth, and polish'd ease, and decent joy.

NOTE.

* He died March 6th, 1754. This Poem was presented to her soon after. At the very beginning of that month the Lady had been with a select party at a small villa in Chiswick, then rented by the Earl of HOLDERNESSE. The Author was, at the time, advised by several of his friends, to publish it; but an Ode, written by Mr. GARRICK on the same subject (see Dodsley's Miscellany, Vol. IV. page 198,) had got the start of him. He therefore retained it in manuscript, being by this time sufficiently apprized, that a poem, whose merit rested chiefly on picturesque imagery, and what is termed pure (or mere) poetry, was not calculated to vie, in point of popularity, with what was written in a plainer and less figurative mode, and conveyed in a more familiar style and stanza.

First published 1797.

How did bleak Winter smooth his rugged frown!
What genial Zephyrs fann'd each budding spray!
How glow'd the Sun, as if in haste to crown
The sullen brows of March with wreaths of May!
Ah! did we think, while on thy warbling strain
Our rapt attention hung with mute delight,
That fell disease, that agonizing pain,
That Death then sail'd upon the wings of night,
To strike that stroke, which not thy breast alone,
But ev'ry Briton's honest heart must rend,
At which a nation's tears must join thy own,
And, whilst you wept a father, weep a friend?
Yet such th' irrevocable doom of Jove.
Let then that Muse, who shar'd thy happier hour,
Now lead thee pensive to the cypress grove,
Where pansies spring, and each funereal flower.
There, while thy tender hand, his grave to strew,
The modest snow-drop's vernal silver bears,
The violet sad of pallid purple hue,
The crocus glist'ning with the morn's first tears;
My bolder arm shall crop the laureat shade;
By me the olive and the palm be borne,
And from the British oak's majestic head
A civic wreath for his illustrious urn.
But see! while in the solemn task we join,
Soft gleams of lustre tremble through the grove,
And sacred airs of minstrelsy divine
Are harp'd around, and flutt'ring pinions move.

Ah, hark! a voice, to which the vocal rill,
The lark's extatic harmony is rude;
Distant it swells with many a holy trill,
Now breaks wide warbling from yon orient cloud!
" Rise, Patriot Shade, on seraph wing upborn!
" Behold we waft thee to the realms of rest!
" Glory is thine, and Heav'n's eternal morn;
" Ascend and share thy blessings with the blest.
" Whoe'er on earth, with conscious honour dar'd
" Beyond the flight of these inglorious days,
" Lords of themselves, here find their bright reward;
" And these shall crown thee with congenial rays.
" Whoe'er, through private life's domestic scene,
" Taught social love to spread its cheerful reign,
" Friends of mankind, here bathe in joys serene,
" And these shall hail thee 'mid their gentle train.
" The few, who bright with public virtue shone,
" Who shot the beams of peace from land to land,
" Fathers of countries, round the sapphire throne
" Shall bow, and welcome PELHAM to their band.
" Rise, Patriot Shade! on seraph wing upborn,
" Behold we waft thee to the realms of rest!
" Glory is thine, and Heav'n's eternal morn;
" Ascend and share thy blessings with the blest!"

# ELEGY III.

## WRITTEN IN THE GARDEN OF A FRIEND.

WHILE o'er my head this laurel-woven bower
Its arch of glittering verdure wildly flings,
Can fancy slumber? can the tuneful power,
That rules my lyre, neglect her wonted strings?
No; if the blighting east deform'd the plain,
If this gay bank no balmy sweets exhal'd,
Still should the grove re-echo to my strain,
And friendship prompt the theme, where beauty fail'd.
For he, whose careless art this foliage drest,
Who bade these twisting braids of woodbine bend,
He first, with truth and virtue, taught my breast
Where best to choose, and best to fix a friend.
How well does Mem'ry note the golden day,
What time, reclined in Marg'ret's studious glade,
My mimic reed first tuned the Dorian lay,*
"Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade?"

NOTE.

* MUSÆUS, the first poem in this collection, written while the Author was a scholar of St. John's College in Cambridge. See page 15.

'Twas there we met; the Muses hail'd the hour;
The same desires, the same ingenuous arts
Inspired us both; we own'd, and blest the power
That join'd at once our studies, and our hearts.
Oh! since those days, when Science spread the feast,
When emulative youth its relish lent,
Say, has one genuine joy e'er warm'd my breast?
Enough; if joy was his, be mine content.
To thirst for praise his temperate youth forbore;
He fondly wish'd not for a poet's name;
Much did he love the Muse, but quiet more,
And, though he might command, he slighted Fame.
Hither, in manhood's prime, he wisely fled
From all that folly, all that pride approves;
To this soft scene a tender partner led;
This laurel shade was witness to their loves.
" Begone," he cry'd, " Ambition's air-drawn plan;
" Hence with perplexing pomp, unwieldy wealth
" Let me not seem, but be the happy man,
" Possest of love, of competence, and health."
Smiling he spake, nor did the Fates withstand;
In rural arts the peaceful moments flew:
Say, lovely lawn! that felt his forming hand,
How soon thy surface shone with verdure new;
How soon obedient FLORA brought her store,
And o'er thy breast a shower of fragrance flung
VERTUMNUS came; his earliest 'ooms he bore,
And thy rich sides with wavin' purple hung:

Then to the sight, he call'd yon stately spire,
  He pierced th' opposing oak's luxuriant shade;
Bade yonder crowding hawthorns low retire,
  Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.
Hail, sylvan wonders, hail! and hail the hand,
  Whose native taste thy native charms display'd,
And taught one little acre to command
  Each envied happiness of scene, and shade.
Is there a hill, whose distant azure bounds
  The ample range of Scarsdale's proud domain,
A mountain hoar, that yon wild peak surrounds,
  But lends a willing beauty to thy plain?
And, lo! in yonder path I spy my friend;
  He looks the guardian genius of the grove,
Mild as the fabled form * that whilom deign'd,
  At Milton's call, in Harefield's haunts to rove.
Blest Spirit, come! though pent in mortal mould,
  I'll yet invoke thee by that purer name;
Oh come, a portion of thy bliss unfold,
  From Folly's maze my wayward step reclaim.

NOTE.

* See the description of the Genius of the Wood, in Milton's Arcades.

> For know, by lot, from Jove, I am the power
> Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower;
> To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
> With ringlets quaint, &c.

Too long, alas, my inexperienc'd youth,
Misled by flattering Fortune's specious tale,
Has left the rural reign of peace and truth,
The huddling brook, cool cave, and whispering vale.
Won to the world, a candidate for praise,
Yet, let me boast, by no ignoble art,
Too oft the public ear has heard my lays,
Too much its vain applause has touch'd my heart;
But now, ere Custom binds his powerful chains,
Come, from the base enchanter set me free;
While yet my soul its first, best taste retains,
Recall that soul to reason, peace, and thee.
Teach me, like thee, to muse on Nature's page,
To mark each wonder in Creation's plan,
Each mode of being trace, and, humbly sage,
Deduce from these the genuine powers of man;
Of man, while warm'd with reason's purer ray,
No tool of policy, no dupe to pride;
Before vain Science led his taste astray;
When conscience was his law, and God his guide.
This let me learn, and learning let me live
The lesson o'er. From that great guide of truth
Oh may my suppliant soul the boon receive
To tread through age the footsteps of thy youth.

Written in 1758.

# ELEGY IV.*

## TO THE REV. MR. HURD.

FRIEND of my youth, who, when the willing Muse
Stream'd o'er my breast her warm poetic rays,
Saw'st the fresh seeds their vital powers diffuse,
And fed'st them with the fost'ring dew of praise!
Whate'er the produce of the unthrifty soil,
The leaves, the flowers, the fruits, to thee belong:
The labourer earns the wages of his toil;
Who form'd the Poet, well may claim the song.
Yes, 'tis my pride to own, that taught by thee
My conscious soul superior flights essay'd;
Learnt from thy lore the Poet's dignity,
And spurn'd the hirelings of the rhyming trade.
Say, scenes of Science, say, thou haunted stream!
[For oft my Muse-led steps did'st thou behold]
How on thy banks I rifled every theme,
That Fancy fabled in her age of gold.
How oft' I cried, "Oh come, thou tragic Queen!
"March from thy Greece with firm majestic tread!

NOTE.

* This Elegy was prefixed to the former editions of CARACTACUS, as dedicatory of that poem.

" Such as when Athens saw thee fill her scene,
" When Sophocles thy choral Graces led:
" Saw thy proud pall its purple length devolve;
" Saw thee uplift the glitt'ring dagger high;
" Ponder with fixed brow thy deep resolve,
" Prepared to strike, to triumph, and to die.
" Bring then to Britain's plain that choral throng;
" Display thy buskin'd pomp, thy golden lyre;
" Give her historic forms the soul of song,
" And mingle Attic art with SHAKSPEARE's fire."
" Ah, what, fond boy, dost thou presume to claim?"
The Muse replied: " Mistaken suppliant, know,
" To light in SHAKSPEARE's breast the dazzling flame
" Exhausted all PARNASSUS could bestow.
" True; Art remains; and, if from his bright page
" Thy mimic power one vivid beam can seize,
" Proceed; and in that best of tasks engage,
" Which tends at once to profit, and to please."
She spake; and Harewood's towers spontaneous rose
Soft virgin warblings echo'd through the grove;
And fair ELFRIDA pour'd forth all her woes,
The hapless pattern of connubial love.
More awful scenes old Mona next display'd;
Her caverns gloom'd, her forests wav'd on high,
While flamed within their consecrated shade
The genius stern of British liberty.
And see, my HURD! to thee those scenes consign'd;
Oh! take and stamp them with thy honour'd name.

Around the page be friendship's chaplet twin'd;
And, if they find the road to honest Fame,
Perchance the candour of some nobler age
May praise the Bard,* who bade gay Folly bear
Her cheap applauses to the busy stage,
And leave him pensive Virtue's silent tear:
Chose too to consecrate his fav'rite strain
To him, who, grac'd by ev'ry liberal art
That best might shine among the learned train,
Yet more excell'd in morals and in heart:
Whose equal mind could see vain fortune shower
Her flimsy favours on the fawning crew,
While, in low Thurcaston's sequester'd bower,
She fix'd him distant from Promotion's view;
Yet, shelter'd there by calm Contentment's wing,
Pleased he could smile, and, with sage HOOKER's eye,
" See from his mother earth God's blessings spring,
" And eat his bread in peace and privacy." †

Written in 1759.

* Nil equidem feci (tu scis hoc ipse) theatris:
Musa nec in plausus ambitiosa mea est.
OVID. Trist. Lib. V. El. vii. 23.

† Verbatim from a letter of HOOKER's to Archbishop WHITGIFT. " But, my Lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have " begun," [viz. his immortal Treatise on Ecclesiastical Polity] " unless I be removed into some quiet country parsonage, where " *I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat* " *my own bread in peace and privacy.*" See his Life in the Biographia Britannica.

# ELEGY V.

## ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

THE midnight clock has toll'd; and hark, the bell
Of Death beats slow! Heard ye the note profound?
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.
Yes, * * * is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tript in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:
For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom
(This Envy owns, since now her bloom is fled)
Fair as the forms, that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the Poet's head.
Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes?
Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast:
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again! It tells us what she is:
On what she was no more the strain prolong:
Luxuriant Fancy pause: an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song.
MARIA claims it from that sable bier,
Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head;
In still small whispers to Reflection's ear,
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.
Oh catch the awful notes, and lift them loud;
Proclaim the theme, by sage, by fool rever'd;
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.
Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
While high with health, your hearts exulting leap:
Ev'n in the midst of Pleasure's mad career,
The mental monitor shall wake and weep.
For say, than * * *'s propitious star,
What brighter planet on your births arose;
Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,
In life to lavish, or in death to lose!
Early to lose; while born on busy wing,
Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom:
Nor fear, while basking by the beams of spring,
The wint'ry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.
Think of her fate! revere the heav'nly hand
That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow;
Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:

To give Reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
Teach her from Folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.
Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh:
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
And learn, with equal ease to sleep or die!
Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
Casts round Religion's orb the mists of fear,
Or shades with horrors, what with smiles should glow.
No; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,
Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.
Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave;
Force then, secure in Faith's protecting shield,
The sting from Death, the vict'ry from the Grave.
Is this the bigot's rant? Away ye vain,
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness steep:
Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep.
Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed;

Nor wish for more: who conquer, but to die.
Hear, Folly, hear; and triumph in the tale:
Like you, they reason; not, like you, enjoy
The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail:
On Pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
Your little course to cold Oblivion's shore:
They dare the storm, and, through th' inclement year,
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.
Is it for glory? that just Fate denies.
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents rise,
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd.
Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
To curb the fury of insulting foes?
Ambition, cease: the idle contest end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.

NOTE.

In a book of French verses, entitled *Oeuvres du Philosophe de sans Souci*, and lately reprinted at Berlin, by authority, under the title of *Poesies Diverses*, may be found an epistle to Marshal Keith, written professedly against the immortality of the soul. By way of specimen of the whole, take the following lines:

De l'avenir, cher Keith, jugeons par la passé;
Comme avant que je fusse il n'avoit point pensé,
De même, après ma mort, quand toutes mes partes
Par la corruption seront aneanties,
Par un même destin il ne pensera plus;
Non, rien n'est plus certain, soyons-en convaincu, &c.

It is to this epistle, that the rest of the Elegy alludes.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,
(If life be all) why desolation lour,
With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?
Go wiser ye, that flutter life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high;
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, since the next ye die.
Yet know, vain sceptics, know, th' Almighty mind,
Who breath'd on Man a portion of his fire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To Heav'n, to immortality aspire.
Nor shall the pile of Hope, his Mercy rear'd,
By vain Philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd.

Written in 1760.

# ELEGY VI.

WRITTEN

## IN A CHURCH-YARD IN SOUTH WALES,

1787.*

From southern Cambria's richly-varied clime,
Where grace and grandeur share an equal reign;
Where cliffs o'erhung with shade, and hills sublime
Of mountain lineage sweep into the main;
From bays, where Commerce furls her wearied sails,
Proud to have dar'd the dangers of the deep,
And floats at anchor'd ease inclos'd by vales,
To Ocean's verge where stray the vent'rous sheep:
From brilliant scenes like these I turn my eye;
And, lo! a solemn circle meets its view,

NOTE.

* A custom is prevalent with the peasants in that part of the country, of planting field flowers and sweet herbs on the graves of their relations and friends; a pleasing specimen of this which the Author saw when he was paying a visit to Lord Vernon at Breton Ferry, Glamorganshire, in the summer of the year 1787, occasioned him to write this Elegy, first published 1797.

Wall'd to protect inhum'd mortality,
And shaded close with poplar and with yew.
Deep in that dell the humble fane appears,
Whence prayers if humble best to Heaven aspire;
No tower embattled, no proud spire it rears,
A moss-grown croslet decks its lowly choir.
And round that fane the sons of toil repose,
Who drove the plough-share, or the sail who spread;
With wives, with children, all in measur'd rows,
Two whiten'd flint stones mark the feet and head.
While these between full many a simple flow'r,
Pansy, and pink, with languid beauty smile;
The primrose opening at the twilight hour,
And velvet tufts of fragrant chamomile.
For, more intent the smell than sight to please,
Surviving love selects its vernal race;
Plants that with early perfume feed the breeze
May best each dank and noxious vapour chase.
The flaunting tulip, the carnation gay,
Turnsole, and piony, and all the train
That love to glitter in the noontide ray,
Ill suit the copse where Death and Silence reign.
Not but perchance to deck some virgin's tomb,
Where violets sweet their twofold purple spread,
Some rose of maiden blush may faintly bloom,
Or with'ring hang its emblematic head.
These to renew, with more than annual care
That wakeful love with pensive step will go;

The hand that lifts the dibble shakes with fear
Lest haply it disturb the friend below.
Vain fear! for never shall disturber come
Potent enough to wake such sleep profound,
Till the dread herald to the day of doom
Pours from his trump the world-dissolving sound.
Vain fear! yet who that boasts a heart to feel,
An eye to pity, would that fear reprove?
They only who are curst with breasts of steel
Can mock the foibles of surviving love.
Those foibles far beyond cold Reason's claim
Have power the social charities to spread;
They feed, sweet Tenderness! thy lambent flame,
Which, while it warms the heart, improves the head.
Its chemic aid a gradual heat applies
That from the dross of self each wish refines,
Extracts the liberal spirit, bids it rise
Till with primeval purity it shines.
Take then, poor peasants, from the friend of GRAY
His humbler praise; for GRAY or fail'd to see,
Or saw unnotic'd, what had wak'd a lay
Rich in the pathos of true poesy.
Yes, had he pac'd this church-way path along,
Or lean'd like me against this ivied wall,
How sadly sweet had flow'd his Dorian song,
Then sweetest when it flow'd at Nature's call.
Like Tadmor's king, his comprehensive mind
Each plant's peculiar character could seize;

And hence his moralizing* Muse had join'd,
To all these flow'rs, a thousand similies.
But he, alas! in distant village-grave
Has mix'd with dear maternal dust his own;
Ev'n now the pang, which parting Friendship gave,
Thrills at my heart, and tells me he is gone.
Take then from me the pensive strain that flows
Congenial to this consecrated gloom;
Where all that meets my eye some symbol shows
Of grief, like mine, that lives beyond the tomb.
Shows me that you, though doom'd the livelong year
For scanty food the toiling arm to ply,
Can smite your breasts, and find an inmate there
To heave, when Mem'ry bids, the ready sigh.
Still nurse that best of inmates, gentle swains!
Still act as heartfelt sympathy inspires;
The taste, which birth from Education gains,
Serves but to chill Affection's native fires.
To you more knowledge than what shields from vice
Were but a gift would multiply your cares;

NOTE.

* This epithet is used to call to the reader's recollection a passage in Shakspeare, descriptive of a character to which in its best parts Mr. Gray's was not dissimilar.

*Duke Sen.* But what said Jaques?
Did he not *moralize* this spectacle?
*First Lord.* O yes, into a *thousand* similies.
*As you like it. Act* II. *Scene* I.

Of matter and of mind let reasoners nice
Dispute; be Patience, yours, Presumption theirs.
You know (what more can earthly Science know?)
That all must die; by Revelation's ray
Illum'd, you trust the ashes placed below
These flow'ry tufts, shall rise again to day.
What if you deem, by hoar tradition led,
To you perchance devolv'd from Druids old,
That parted souls at solemn seasons tread
The circles that their shrines of clay enfold?
What if you deem they some sad pleasure take
These poor memorials of your love to view,
And scent the perfume for the planter's sake,
That breathes from vulgar rosemary and rue?
Unfeeling Wit may scorn, and Pride may frown;
Yet Fancy, empress of the realms of song,
Shall bless the decent mode, and Reason own
It may be right—for who can prove it wrong?*

NOTE.

* Although I run the risk of some imputed vanity, I am induced to add here, the opinion of a too partial friend concerning the foregoing Poem; but shall only extract from the written paper which he gave me, the part that points out the specific differences which occurred to him, when he compared it with another of a very similar title. And this I do merely to obviate a prejudice which some readers might take to it, as supposing from the title and subject that I wrote it to emulate what, I am as ready to own as they are, is *inimitable*. "Your Elegy, (says "this Gentleman) as it relates to a particular and local custom

" in South Wales, must of course little resemble Mr. GRAY's, " which is purely of a general kind. He laments the departed " peasants; you compassionate those that lament *them*: he places " their former occupations in an honourable light; you view, in " an amiable one, the weakness of their surviving friends: in " the former Elegy, we find the dead considered with respect to " what their possible situation while living might have been, " with all the advantages of knowledge; in the latter the living " are endeavoured to be consoled for the want of it. In the ge- " neral church-yard of the one, contemplation is more widely- " extended; in the other particular one, concern is more nearly " impressed. His verses inspire a solemnity which awes and " arrests the mind; your's breathe a tenderness which softens " and attracts the heart: there are stanzas in GRAY's Elegy of " what, I venture to call, sublime melancholy; in your's of ex- " treme sensibility.—It is a curious circumstance that the writer " of the former should be introduced into both these Elegies, " but certainly, as reality is superior to fiction, in a more pathe- " tic manner in the latter. The locality of your scene enabled " you to open with a picturesque description, which, besides " contrasting strongly with the place of interment, is copie " from nature, and animated with expression."—I will add, that it was not so much for the sake of this kind of contrast that I gave the Elegy such an exordium, as to make it appear a *day* scene, and as such to contrast it with the *twilight* scene of my excellent Friend's Elegy.

# SONNETS.

## SONNET I.*

### SENT TO A YOUNG LADY WITH DODSLEY'S MISCELLANIES.

WHILE Age and Avarice, with malignant eye,
Forbid gay Hymen rob'd in saffron train,
With glitt'ring torch to lead thee to the fane,
Where Love awaits to bind the nuptial tie;
To sooth thy cares a group of Muses fly,
Warbling from varied lyres a varied strain.
Verse has an opiate charm for am'rous pain,
And spells, like magic, lurk in minstrelsy.
With these conjoin'd accept this friendly lay,
Which truth inspires, and pure affection warms,
From Him, who saw thy infant bloom display
What now, in full maturity of charms,
Expands, to crown the long-expected day
That yields those beauties to a husband's arms.

NOTE.

* Written in the year 1748, and first printed in 1797.

## SONNET II.*

### PRESENTED TO A FRIEND ON THE MORNING OF HIS MARRIAGE.

No, thou resplendent Sun! thy orient ray
Shall not in silence to its height ascend;
Thou com'st, thus rob'd in lustre, to attend
On social Bagnal† this auspicious day,
When Youth, Wealth, Innocence, and Beauty gay
Prepare to crown the virtues of my friend.
Patron of Light and Verse! thyself shall lend
A beam of inspiration to my lay,
Which, while it sings the merits of his mind
Where true Benevolence still active glows,
And native sense with sterling Science join'd,
And Honour firm alike to words and vows,
Proclaims, that in her choice His Bride shall find
Through life, the Friend, the Lover, and the Spouse.

NOTES.

* Written in London, 1752, and first printed 1797.
† John Bagnal, Esq. then a student in the Temple.

# SONNET III.

## AUGUST, 1773.

" Ah! why, cries Prudence, " turn thy wayward feet
" From scenes congenial to each spruce Divine?
" See, how they flutter round Preferment's shrine
" With scarfe so rustling, and with band so neat!
" Bless'd with such brethren and their converse sweet,
" Like them politely pray, devoutly dine."
Pardon me, Dame; for Competence benign
(Heav'n-sent at last) now favours my retreat,
Leads me to where Content sedately gay,
Her favourite sister, my free step attends:
Hark! she repeats the Pontic exile's lay,*
Bids me enjoy the boon, kind Fortune lends,
Of Envy void, while Time slides soft away,
And from my equals only cull my friends.

NOTE.

* Vive sine invidiâ, mollesq; inglorius annos
Exige, amicitias et tibi junge pares.
Ovid Trist. Lib. III. Eleg. IV. p. 42.

## SONNET IV.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD AND COVENTRY,

PREFIXED TO THE DRAMATIC POEM OF CARACTACUS, WHEN ALTERED FOR STAGE REPRESENTATION.

STILL let my HURD a smile of candour lend
To scenes, that dar'd on Grecian pinions tow'r,
When, " in low Thurcaston's sequester'd bow'r,"*
He prais'd the strain, because he lov'd the friend:
There golden Leisure did his steps attend,
Nor had the rare, yet well-weigh'd, call of Power
To those high cares decreed his watchful hour,
On which fair Albion's future hopes depend.†
A fate unlook'd-for waits my friend and me;
He pays to Duty what was Learning's claim,
Resigning classic ease for dignity;
I yield my Muse to Fashion's praise or blame:
Yet still our hearts in this great truth agree,
That Peace alone is bliss, and Virtue fame.

Aston, Nov. 12, 1776.

NOTES.

* See the conclusion of the 3d Elegy, p. 108 of this Volume.

† He was then Preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.

## SONNET V.

### TO A VERY YOUNG PAINTER.

WHEN Genius first on Attic walls display'd
His imitative powers, four simple hues
Were all that great Appelles deign'd to use:*
With these combin'd he to each eye convey'd,
By magic force of colouring light and shade,
His miracles of Grace; while every Muse
Attun'd her lyre, impatient to diffuse
His fame in vivid verse, that scorns to fade:
These then, ingenuous Boy, alone prepare;
From these all Nature's tints arrange with care;
With these produce each shadow, light, and line,
And, while they all thy mix'd attention share,
Chastely to paint, correctly to design,
Deem but one art, and let that art be thine.

NOTE.

* See Plinii Nat. Hist. Lib. XXXV. Cap. 15, the pigments h enumerates were black, white, yellow, and red, as appears from the following passage, "Quatuor coloribus solis immortalia "opera illa fecere; ex albis, Melino; ex silaccis, Attico; ex "rubris, Sinopide Pontica; ex nigris, Atramento:" APELLES, Echion, Melanthius, Nicomachus, Clarissimi Pictores; quum tabulæ eorum singulæ oppidorum venirent opibus.

The authority of my late excellent friend Sir JOSHUA REY-

NOLDS fully supports the latter piece of advice, who in his second Discourse to the Pupils of the Royal Academy (see page 54, 8vo. edition) says, " What therefore I wish to impress upon you is " this, that whenever an opportunity offers you may paint your " studies instead of drawing them. This will give you such a " facility in using colours, that they will arrange themselves " under the pencil, even without the attention of the hand that " conducts it. If one art excluded the other, this advice could " not, with any propriety, be given; but if painting comprises " both drawing and colouring, and if by a short struggle of re- " solute industry the same expedition is attainable in painting, " as in drawing on paper, I cannot see what objection can justly " be made to the practice, or why that should be done in parts, " which may be done altogether."

Let me add from myself, that I suspect the use of a multiplicity of pigments, and the prohibition of the pencil (hereafter to be the artist's principal instrument) till the port-crayon has been first long and sedulously employed, have frequently been great impediments to the progress of young artists, especially of those who are endowed by nature with an inventive faculty.

## SONNET VI.*

### TO GEORGE BUSSY VILLIERS

EARL OF JERSEY, &c. &c.

### AND GEORGE SIMON HARCOURT,

EARL HARCOURT, &c. &c.

YE gen'rous pair, who held the Poet dear,
Whose blameless life my friendly pen pourtrays,
Accept, with that combin'd, his latest lays,
While still young Fancy sports in diction clear;
And may propitious Fate their merit bear
To times, when Taste shall weave the wreaths of praise
By modes disdain'd in these fantastic days;
Such wreaths as classic heads were proud to wear.
But if no future ear applauds his strain,
If mine alike to Lethe's lake descends,
Yet, while aloof, on Mem'ry's buoyant main,
The gale of Fame your genuine worth extends,
Still shall our names this fair distinction gain,
That Villiers and that Harcourt call'd us friends.

York, Dec. 11, 1786.

NOTE.

* Prefixed to the Memoirs of William Whitehead, Esq. published 1788. Ed.

## SONNET VII.*

FEBRUARY 23, 1795.

### ANNIVERSARY.

A PLAINTIVE Sonnet flow'd from MILTON's pen,
When Time had stol'n his three and twentieth year :†
Say, shall not I then shed one tuneful tear,
Robb'd by the thief of threescore years and ten ?
No ! for the foes of all life-lengthen'd men,
Trouble and toil, ‡ approach not yet too near ;
Reason, meanwhile, and health, and memory dear
Hold unimpair'd their weak, yet wonted reign :
Still round my shelter'd lawn I pleas'd can stray ;
Still trace my sylvan blessings to their spring :
BEING OF BEINGS ! Yes, that silent lay,
Which musing Gratitude delights to sing,
Still to thy sapphire throne shall Faith convey,
And Hope, the Cherub of unwearied wing.

NOTES.

* First published 1797.

† Alluding to the 7th Sonnet of MILTON, beginning,
" How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth, &c."

‡ See Psalm xc. ver. 10.

## SONNET VIII.*

FEBRUARY 23, 1796.

### ANNIVERSARY.

In the long course of seventy years and one,
Oft have I known on this, my natal day,
Hoar frost, and sweeping snow prolong their sway,
The wild winds whistle, and the forests groan;
But now spring's smile has veil'd stern winter's frown;
And now the birds on ev'ry budding spray
Chaunt orisons, as to the morn of May:
With them all fear of season's change is flown;
Like them I sing, yet not, like them beguil'd,
Expect the vernal bloom of youth to know:
But, though such hope be from my breast exil'd,
I feel warm Piety's superior glow,
And as my winter, like the year's, is mild,
Give praise to Him, from whom all mercies flow.

NOTE.

* First published 1797.

## SONNET IX.*

TO

## THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER,

SENT TO HIM WITH THE PRECEDING SONNET.

WHAT! when the step of even-footed time
Has led me one and seventy years along,
Dare I attempt a second birth-day song,
And bid it tinkle in Petrarchian chime?
Shall I, impeded by the knots of rhyme,
Venture to shoot the warp of verse among
My blunted shuttle? Be it right or wrong,
I'll try, yet keep from pathos or sublime;
For HURD, the critic of my youthful lay,
And yet Right Reverend Censor, cries "Forbear!
"Age should avoid, like Infancy, to play
"With pointed tools; a Sonnet once a year,
"Or so, my nod permits thee to essay."
Duteous I bow, yet think the doom severe.

Aston, Feb. 23, 1796.

NOTE.

* First published 1797.

# SONNET X.*

FEBRUARY 23, 1797.

## ANNIVERSARY.

AGAIN the year on easy wheels has roll'd
To bear me to the term of seventy-two.
Yet still my eyes can seize the distant blue
Of yon wild Peak,† and still my footsteps bold,
Unprop'd by staff, support me to behold
How Nature, to her Maker's mandate true,
Calls Spring's impartial heralds to the view,
The snow-drop pale, the crocus spik'd with gold;
And still (thank Heav'n) if I not falsely deem
My Lyre, yet vocal, freely can afford
Strains not discordant to each moral theme
Fair Truth inspires, and aid me to record,
(Best of poetic palms!) my Faith supreme
In thee, my God, my Saviour, and my Lord!

NOTES.

* Now first printed.

† The high grounds of Derbyshire called the Peak are visible from the rectory-house at Aston. Ed.

# SONNET XI.*

OCCASIONED BY

## A LATE ATTACK ON THE PRESENT TASTE OF ENGLISH GARDENS.

WHEN two Arcadian squires † in rhyme and prose
Prick'd forth to spout that *dilettanti* lore
Their *Ciceronis* long had threadbare wore,
TASTE from his polish'd lawn indignant rose,
And cry'd, " as Pedants are true Learning's foes,
" So, when true Genius ventures to restore
" To Nature, scenes that Fashion marr'd before,
" These travell'd *Cognoscenti* interpose
" And prate of PICTURESQUENESS,‡—Let them prate
" While to my genuine Votaries I assign
" The pleasing task from her too rustic state
" To lead the willing Goddess; to refine,
" But not transform, her charms, and at her shrine
" Bid Use with Elegance obsequious wait."

NOTES.

* First published 1797.

† This epithet is rather hazarded, but if they be not *Pastori d'Arcadi*, they ought to be so, for they are most certainly Arcades ambo.

‡ Had Dr. JOHNSON heard this word used, he would certainly have said, " Sir, the term is *cacophonous*."

## SONNET XII.*

## TO A GRAVEL WALK,

RELATIVE TO THE PRECEDING SUBJECT.

SMOOTH, simple Path! whose undulating line,
With sidelong tufts of flow'ry fragrance crown'd,
"Plain in its neatness," † spans my garden ground;
What, though two acres thy brief course confine,
Yet sun and shade, and hill and dale are thine,
And use with beauty here more surely found,
Than where, to spread the picturesque around,
Cart ruts and quarry holes their charms combine! ‡
Here, as thou lead'st my step through lawn or grove,
Liberal though limited, restrain'd though free,
Fearless of dew, or dirt, or dust, I rove,
And own those comforts, all deriv'd from thee!
Take then, smooth Path, this tribute of my love,
Thou emblem pure of legal liberty!

Aston, Nov. 27, 1795.

NOTES.

* First published 1797.

† A phrase that MILTON uses to express *simplex munditiis.* See his translation of Hor. Ode V. Lib. I. Mr. T. WARTON, in his edition of MILTON's Poems, criticises the expression. It is however MILTON's, and, if it does not fully express HORACE's meaning, seems to serve my purpose perfectly.

‡ See Mr. PRICE's Description of a Picturesque Lane.

## SONNET XIII.*

OCCASIONED BY

A DIDACTIC POEM ON THE PROGRESS OF CIVIL SOCIETY.

Old as I am, I yet have powers to sneer
At him, who dares debase the gold of Gray
With his vile dross, and by such base allay,
Hope to buy off the critic's frown severe;
Him too, whose page e'erwhile had dar'd appear
With shameless front the symbols to display
Of Pagan rites obscene, and thence convey
Shame to each eye, profaneness to each ear.
Methinks, through Fancy's tube, my friend I spy
Thron'd on a cloud in yon etherial plain,
"Smiling in scorn;" methinks, I hear him cry,
"Prosaic Poetaster, cease to drain
"The filthy dregs of Epicurus' sty;
"They shall not mix with my nectareous strain!"†

NOTES.

* First published 1797.

† What Mr. Gray thought and writ (see his Detached Thoughts, printed in his Memoirs, Vol. III. p. 113, last edition) gives complete authority to this Prosopopæia.

"The doctrine of Epicurus is ever ruinous to society. It had "its rise when Greece was declining, and, perhaps, hastened its "dissolution, as also that of Rome. It is now propagated in "France and in England, and seems likely to produce the same "effects in both." May heaven avert, at least, the latter part of this presentiment formed above forty years ago!

# EPITAPHS

AND

# INSCRIPTIONS.

# EPITAPH I.

## ON MRS. MASON,

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which Heav'n so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died. Does Youth, does Beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead MARIA! breathe a strain divine:
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in Duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their GOD."

## EPITAPH II.

### ON MISS DRUMMOND,

IN THE CHURCH OF BRODSWORTH, YORKSHIRE.

HERE sleeps what once was Beauty, once was Grace;
Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
Such was the Maid, that in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in Nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charm to truth,
Sunk in her Father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps: Oh venerate the holy tear:
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load;
The Parent mourns his Child upon her bier,
The Christian yields an Angel to his GOD.

# EPITAPH III.

## ON JOHN DEALTRY, M. D.

IN THE CATHEDRAE OF YORK.

HERE o'er the tomb, where DEALTRY's ashes sleep,
See Health,* in emblematic anguish weep!
She drops her faded wreath; "No more," she cries,
"Let languid mortals, with beseeching eyes,
"Implore my feeble aid: it fail'd to save
"My own and Nature's guardian from the grave."

NOTE.

* This inscription alludes to the design of the sculpture, which is a figure of Health, with her ancient insignia, in alto relievo, dropping a chaplet on the side of a monumental urn.

## EPITAPH IV.

### ON MRS. TATTON,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHENSHAW IN CHESHIRE.

If e'er on earth true happiness were found
'Twas thine, blest Shade! that happiness to prove;
A father's fondest wish thy duty crown'd,
Thy softer virtues fix'd a husband's love.
Ah! when he led thee to the nuptial fane,
How smil'd the morning with auspicious rays!
How triumph'd Youth, and Beauty, in thy train,
And flatt'ring Health that promis'd length of days!
Heav'n join'd your hearts. Three pledges of your joy
Were giv'n, in thrice the years revolving round——
Here, Reader! pause; and own, with pitying eye,
That "not on earth true happiness is found."

# EPITAPH V.

## ON MR. GRAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,*
A Pindar's rapture from the lyre of GRAY.

NOTE.

* The cenotaph is placed immediately under that of Milton, and represents, in alto relievo, a female figure with a lyre, as emblematical of the higher kinds of poetry, pointing with one hand to the bust above, and supporting with the other a medallion, on which is a profile head inscribed, "THOMAS GRAY." On the plinth is the following date; "He died July 31, 1771."

The sculpture was executed by that eminent artist Mr. Bacon, in Newman-street, at the joint expense of Dr. James Browne, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge; Richard Stonhewer, Esq. Auditor of Excise; and the Author.

# EPITAPH VI.

## ON THOMAS FOUNTAYNE, ESQ.

ONLY SON OF THE DEAN OF YORK, IN THE CHURCH OF MELTON, YORKSHIRE.

O HERE, if ever, holy Patience bend
Thy duteous knee! the hand of Heav'n revere!
Here bid the father, mother, sister, friend
In mute submission drop the christian tear!
Nor blame, that in the vernal noon of youth
The buds of manly worth, whose opening bloom
Had glow'd with Honour, Fortitude, and Truth,
Sunk in th' eternal winter of the tomb:
That he, whose form with health, with beauty charm'd,
For whom fair Fortune's liberal feast was spread,
Whom Science nurtur'd, bright example warm'd,
Was torn by ling'ring torture to the dead.
"Hark!" cries a voice that awes the silenc'd air,
"The doom of man in my dread bosom lies;
"Be your's awhile to pace this vale of care,
"Be his to soar with seraphs in the skies."

## EPITAPH VII.*

### ON LAUNCELOT BROWNE, ESQ.

IN THE CHURCH OF FEN-STANTON, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

YE Sons of Elegance; who truly taste
The simple charms which genuine Art supplies,
Come from the sylvan scenes his Genius grac'd,
And offer here your tributary sighs:
But know, that more than Genius slumbers here;
Virtues were his, that Art's best powers transcend:
Come, ye superior train! who these revere,
And weep the Christian, Husband, Father, Friend!

NOTE.

* This and the foregoing Epitaph, with some others, come under that stricture, which Dr. JOHNSON has imposed on several of Mr. POPE's. The Author knows, but despises it. Personal appellatives in Greek appear gracefully in the Anthologia. In English poetry they almost constantly induce an air of vulgarity. That species of criticism, therefore, which either in the verse or prose of any language militates against what HORACE calls its *jus et norma loquendi*, he holds to be futile. Besides this, when, on a monumental tablet, a prose inscription precedes (as is ever the modern mode) the verses, why should these be loaded with any unnecessary repetition?

# EPITAPH VIII.

## ON MRS. ANN E. MORRITT,

IN THE CHURCH OF SELBY, DISTINGUISHED FOR COPYING, IN NEEDLE-WORK, SEVERAL PICTURES OF SOME OF THE FIRST ARTISTS.

Blest Shade, whose Genius in thy earliest days
Fir'd thee to emulate the Pencil's praise,
To seize the Painter's powers without the name,
And soar on female attributes to Fame!*
This verse records how to those powers were join'd
The strongest manliest energies of mind,
Records those years of pain thy frame sustain'd
With patience firm, with Love and Faith unfeign'd,
And Hope, that ever hov'ring o'er thy head,
The brilliant palm of bliss eternal spread.

NOTE.

* Her works, deservedly admired, are now in the possession of J. B. S. Morritt, Esq. at Rokeby Park, Yorkshire.

# INSCRIPTION IX.

ON A TRIPOD TO THE MEMORY OF

## WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ. P. L.

IN THE PLEASURE GROUND OF EARL HARCOURT,

NEWNAM, OXFORDSHIRE.

HARCOURT and Friendship this memorial rais'd
Near to the oak, where Whitehead oft reclin'd;
Where all that Nature, rob'd by Art, displays
With charms congenial sooth'd his polish'd mind.
Let Fashion's votaries, let the Sons of Fire *
The genius of that modest Bard despise,
Who bad Discretion regulate his lyre,
Studious to please, yet scorning to surprise.
Enough for him if those, who shar'd his love
Through life, who virtue more than verse revere,
Here pensive pause, when circling round the grove,
And drop the heart-paid tribute of a tear.

NOTE.

* Alluding to an expression of his in his Charge to the Poets, which excited the rancour of CHURCHILL, LLOYD, &c. See Memoirs of his Life, page 108.

# INSCRIPTION X.

## UNDER A PICTURE OF THE EDITOR OF SHAKSPEARE'S MANUSCRIPTS,

1796.

PARODY.

FOUR Forgers, born in one prolific age,
Much critical *acumen* did engage.
The first was soon by doughty Douglas scar'd,
Though Johnson would have screen'd him, had he dar'd;*
† The next had all the cunning of a Scot
‡ The third invention, genius—nay, what not?
FRAUD, now exhausted, only could dispense
To her fourth son, their three-fold impudence.

NOTES.

* When LAUDER first produced his forgery respecting MILTON, Dr. JOHNSON ushered it into the world by a preface, and afterwards writ LAUDER's recantation. Some of his numerous biographers have endeavoured to prove the Doctor no party concerned; however this be, the virulence he afterwards shewed to MILTON in the Life which he writ of him for the booksellers, leads fairly to support my assertion, that he would have defended LAUDER, had he been in any sort defensible.

† The translator of Fingal, Temora, &c.

‡ The discoverer and transcriber of ROWLEY's Poems.

# MISCELLANIES.

THE

# BIRTH OF FASHION:

## AN EPISTOLARY TALE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746, AND SENT TO A LADY WITH HOLLAR'S HABITS OF ENGLISH WOMEN, PUBLISHED IN THE FORMER CENTURY 1650.

I WISH this verse may chance to come
Just as you dress for rout, or drum;
If so, while Betty at your back
Or pins your gown,* or folds your sacque,
Dear Madam, let me beg you place
These prints between yourself and glass,
To see the change in female dress
Made in a hundred years, or less.

NOTE.

* The phrase at the time was *pinning a lady's tail;* but the young Author was then too delicate to use it: and happy it was he did not; for the present nicer age would have thought him as indelicate as Lord MONBODDO. However an excellent anecdote related of Mrs. RUSSEL, bedchamber-woman to the late Princess AMELIA, which is by many remembered (though not here related) will vindicate the authenticity of what was then the usual phrase to express the adjustment of a most material part of a lady's dress.

" Sure, Sir, our grandames all were mad !
" What vulgar airs the creatures had !
" The awkward things—not half a waist;
" And that all frightfully unlac'd—
" O monstrous ! what a shocking taste ?"*
Just so indeed I did surmise
You would not fail to criticise;
Yet still I cannot help conceiving,
If one of these good dames was living
And saw that five-yard hoop around ye,
Her shrewd reflections might confound ye:

But whatsoe'er her thoughts might be,
They'd have but little weight with me;
For I opine, 'tis clear as light,
*Whatever is* in dress *is right;*
The present is the test of taste,
And awkward ev'ry thing that's past:
Thus we dislike, observe the proof,
Both Anna's flounce, and Besse's ruff;

NOTE.

* What a strange objection is here put into the lady's mouth ! she finds fault with the women in Charles the First's time for having only half a waist; when every body knows, that to have no waist at all is the true criterion of female elegance. As to lacing, who now could imitate the Venus de Medicis, or any other fine antique, that admitted so gothic a ligament.

Yet there's a time the Muse pronounces,
When hoops shall be like ruffs and flounces.*

For in an uniform progression
Each mode a moment takes possession
Of Beauty's throne, and fills the place,
Attended by each charm and grace;
Yet, when depos'd by some new fashion,
The charms and graces keep their station,
And on the next thron'd whimsy wait
With all the self-same form and state.
So, at Culloden's furious fray
Had Charley's broad swords won the day,
Which, Heav'n be thank'd, was not the case,
Some statesmen still had kept their place,
And many wights, I name no names,
Who swore to George, had sworn to James. †

NOTE.

* Part of the prophecy seems to have been fulfilled, so far at least as *starched* ruffs go, though the male (I rather call them so than the masculine) followers of Fashion have found a mode of adding to the size of their own necks not quite so picturesque; and the ladies have, occasionally in their morning dishabilles, condescended to imitate them. As to flounces, they have extended their dominion even to bed curtains and hangings of rooms: this, I suppose, out of charity to the insect tribe, for whom they afford a general and most convenient nidus.

† This bold assertion, I take for granted, was made merely on hear-say evidence. Readers at the present time will be best able to judge whether that evidence was founded on truth.

This granted, it no longer strange is,
That Fashions in their various changes,
Though e'er so odd, and out o' the way,
Should reign with universal sway.
For why—whatever mode takes place
'Tis just the same in point of grace.
A tale like Prior or Fontaine
Will make the thing extremely plain.

Cyprus was once, the learn'd agree,
The Vauxhall of Antiquity:
Her myrtle groves, and laurel shades
Echo'd with constant serenades,
And Grecian belles, that look'd as pretty,
And mov'd as graceful as Auretti,*
With Grecian beaus the live-long day,
Or led the dance, or tun'd the lay.
Blest place! and how could it be other,
Where all were rul'd by Cupid's mother?

Nay, 'tis affirm'd, the Queen in person
Would oft partake of the diversion;
And then incog. for fear of scandal,
And lest her pranks might give a handle

NOTE.

* A celebrated opera dancer then in vogue.

To Pallas, and such sour old maids;
So when she visited the shades,
She wisely laid aside the goddess,
And dress'd in round-ear'd cap and boddice.*

One day, thus mask'd, she took her way
Along the margin of the sea,
Where in a creek (convenient spot)
The sea-nymphs had contriv'd a grot.
As here she sat, and humm'd a song,
She saw a boat row smooth along,
Ah! what a lovely freight it bore!
A youth of eighteen years, or more,
Whose polish'd brow, and rosy cheek,
Love-glist'ning eye, and graceful neck,
With locks, that wanton'd in the wind,
Brought all Adonis to her mind!
Yet not like that rough woman-hater;
No, he was half a petit-maitre;
For dress improv'd his native bloom,
Dress fit for any drawing-room,

NOTE.

* I suspect that the young Author now, and before in this epistle, took his idea of female shape and beauty from Fielding's Description of Fanny in his Adventures of Joseph Andrews; an idea, which, compared with what it is now, was in that author as absurd, as in himself.

All Tyrian silk, and silver tissue.
Well, he arriv'd, and mark the issue—
He bow'd, saluted, prais'd the dame,
Said civil things, confess'd his flame.
She chose to go—He begg'd she'd stay;
But begg'd with such a winning way,
Was all so pressing, and so fervent,
So much her poor expiring servant,
That, need I say, he won the dame.
Here, Muse, to give no cause for blame,
We'll drop the curtain, and agree
To sing a harmless *Hymenèe*.

O! shower, ye crimson roses, shower
Perfumes ambrosial where they lie,
With clouds of fragrance veil the bower,
Thick veil from each intruding eye.
Blow soft, ye Zephyrs
—— Hark a noise!
What malice interrupts their joys?
O! heav'ns! the darling youth is fled:
She grasps a meteor in his stead.
A lion pawing o'er the plain,
Now "rampant shakes his brindled mane,"
And now a stream meand'ring laves
The golden sand, now joins the waves.*

NOTE.

* Though I do not find it on the margin of the original MS.

What shall affrighted Venus do?
The youth was Proteus; see him now
Resume his form marine again,
And rise from out the circling main,
Encircled with his scaly train!
" 'Tis not," he cried, and archly smil'd,
" The first good time you've been beguil'd,
" So, lovely Goddess, wipe your eye,
" And listen to my prophecy:
" Know, 'tis decreed, you soon shall bear
" A daughter, pre-ordain'd to share
" The various powers we have between us,
" And change like Proteus, please like Venus:
" With Gods she'll have some hard Greek name,
" But *Fashion* men will call the dame."

This said, he plung'd beneath the flood;
The Goddess prudently thought good
To hush the matter up, and hie
To private lodgings in the sky;

NOTE.

the Author had an eye to Virgil in the peculiar changes the mock lover employs:

——Ille suæ contra non immemor artis,
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
*Ignemque* horribilem *feram*, *fluviumque* liquentem.

Georg. Lib. IV. ver. 440.

And oft, though Juno begg'd she'd come
To Mount Olympus to her drum,*
Yet she refus'd; would ne'er be seen,
But had the head-ach, nerves, and spleen.†

I doubt if any modern knows
How many months a goddess goes;
But 'tis enough, the reck'ning ended,
The babe was born, the mother mended:
Nor shall I spend much vain description
To show she hit her Sire's prediction;
For to a lady learn'd as you
All history will prove it true:
Yet if you had but less discerning,
The Muse might here show monstrous learning;
Describe in Greece what tricks she play'd,
And how she taught each Spartan maid
To show her legs (ingenious thought)
By well-chose slits in petticoat,
Which, did she run, or dance, or stoop,
Reveal'd as much as any hoop.

NOTES.

* This is the second time we meet with this obsolete word, yet it will serve with many others in the Poem to ascertain its exact chronology.

† Spleen—another obsolete word. *Nerves* however obtains still most vehemently, though, perhaps, it may in time give place to spasms, whatever the author of Zoonomia may say of their non-existence.

Then might she soar on Roman wing,
Of Stola and of Palla sing;
With critic nicety explore
What kind of hoods their matrons wore;
How broad Lucretia's tucker spread;
How Ovid's Julia dress'd her head,
And better ascertain these matters,
Than all the herd of commentators.
Next might she by due steps advance
To modern scenes; and first to France:
France is her citadel, and there
The Goddess keeps her arms and car.*
And thence she sends her vice-roy apes
To form our uncouth English shapes.
Here Pegasus might run his race
O'er Mecklin, and o'er Brussels lace:
Here might he take Pindaric bounces
O'er floods of furbelows and flounces;
Gallop on lutestring plains, invade
The thick-wove groves of rich brocade,
And leap o'er whale-bone's stiff barrier.†
—But here I bridle his career,
And sagely think it more expedient
To sign myself your most obedient.

NOTES.

* Here the boy pedant comes again from his Virgil with
—— Hic illius arma
Hic Currus fuit.——Æn. Lib. I. v. 20.

† Whale-bone and brocade equally exploded articles.

# IL BELLICOSO.*

HENCE, dull lethargic Peace;
Born in some hoary beadsman's cell obscure,
Or in Circean bower,
Where Manhood dies, and Reason's vigils cease.
Hie to congenial climes;
Prolong some Eastern tyrant's downy reign,
Or on Italian plain,
Mid citron shades and myrtle-vested bow'rs,
Lull thine ambrosial hours,
And wed enervate trills to tinkling rhymes.
But rouse, thou God, by furies drest
In helm with terror-plumed crest,
In adamantine steel bedight,
Glist'ring formidably bright,

NOTE.

* This very juvenile imitation of the Allegro and Penseroso of MILTON, and that which follows it, were written some time previous to that of the Lycidas. (See Poem I. of this Volume.) A copy of the above was many years ago surreptitiously printed in a magazine, and afterwards inserted in Pearch's Miscellany. On this account, I thought it right to revise and now publish it (1797.) The counterpart to it was, with my assent, first printed in the Cambridge Verses on the Peace of Aix la Chappelle; and stands here as it did formerly.

With step unfixt, and aspect wild,
Jealous Juno's raging child,
Who thee conceiv'd in Flora's bower,
By touch of rare Olenian flower.*
Oft the Goddess sigh'd in vain,
Envying Jove's prolific brain,
And oft old Ocean heard her moan,
Bending from his coral throne;
At length through Flora's groves she stray'd,
Kind Flora lent her fragrant aid;
Then fruitful grown, her ivory car
With harness'd peacocks cut the air,
And circling wide Propontis round,
She lands at length on Thracian ground;
There teems thee forth, of nervous mould,
Haughty, sanguine, fierce, and bold;
Names thee Mars, and bids thee call
The world from Pleasure's silken thrall.
Come, thou Genius of the War,
Roll me in thine iron car,
And as thy coursers pierce the sky,
Breathing fury as they fly,
Let Courage hurry swift before,
All stain'd around with purple gore,

NOTE.

* So called from Olenas, a city in Peloponesus, where, according to Ovid, this flower first grew. The story is told by him in his Fasti. Lib. V. v. 231.

And Vict'ry follow close behind
With wreath of palm and laurel join'd,
While high in ether Fame assumes
Her place, and waves her eagle plumes.
Then, whilst her trumpet swells the note
Roaring rough through brazen throat,
Let drums, with many a beat maintain,
The measure of the martial strain;
Hautboys, clarions too be found,
Nor be miss'd the fife's shrill found,
Nor yet the Scottish bag-pipes strain,
Dear delight of Highland swain;
Whether on some mountain's brow
Now squeaking high, now droning low,
It guides the steps of many a lass
Tripping it featly on the grass;
Or whether in the battle's fray
Some ancient Caledonian lay
It boldly blows, to fill the train
With fury mixt with proud disdain,
Strike ev'ry fire from ev'ry mind,
Nor leave one latent spark behind.
Bear me now to tented ground,
Where gallant streamers wave around,
And British ensigns, wide display'd,
Lend the earth a scarlet shade,
And pikes, and spears, and lances bright
Dart around a silver light;

There to join the hardy crowd,
As they sport in gamesome mood,
Wrestling on the circled ground,
Wreathing limbs with limbs around;
Or see them pitch the massy bar,
Or teach the disk to whiz in air.
Then, at night's return, regale
With chat full blunt, and chirping ale,
While some voice of manly bass
Sings my darling Chevy Chase;
How the child, that's yet unborn,
May rue Earl PERCY's hound and horn;
How WITHERINGTON, in doleful dumps,
Fought right valiant on his stumps;
And many a knight and 'squire full gay
At morn, or night, were clad in clay;
While first and last, we join to sing,
" God prosper long our noble King."
Thus, till midnight spreads around
Her sable vestments o'er the ground,
Then, I'll for a studious seat
To some strong citadel retreat,
By ditch and rampart high ypent,
And batt'ry strong, and battlement.
There in some store-room richly dight,
With coats of mail, and falchions bright,
Emblazon'd shields of impress quaint,
Erst borne at tilt and tournament;

There while the taper burneth blue
(As Brutus once was wont to do)
Let me turn the ample page
Of some grave, historic sage;
Or in Homer's sacred song,
Mix the Grecian bands among,
Or list to Virgil's epic lyre,
Or lofty Lucan's wrapt in fire,
But rather still let Shakspeare's muse
Her genuine British flame diffuse;
And briskly with her magic strain
Hurry me to Gallic plain,
What time the gallant Talbot bleeds,
Or when heav'n-prosper'd Harry leads
His bands, with sevenfold courage steel'd,
To Agincourt's immortal field.
Yet soon as morn begins to spread
The orient pale with streaming red,
And the shrill cornets from afar
Stoutly swell the note of war;
Then, as th' embattled files advance,
O Mars! my ev'ry thought entrance.
Guide me, thou terrific God!
Guide through glory's arduous road,
While Conquest, with gigantic pace
Stalks before, and shakes his mace;
While hailing bullets round me fly,
And human thunders rend the sky,

With armour clanking, clarions sounding,
Cannons bellowing, shouts rebounding,
" Guide me, thou terrific God!
" Guide through glory's arduous road."
But, should on land thy triumphs cease,
Still bear me from the scenes of peace;
Me lead, dread power! for warlike sport
To some wave-encircled fort,
Or, if it yield more open sight,
To some hoar promontory's height,
Whose high-arch'd cliff, with bending brow,
Frowns on the foaming surge below;
There eagerly to ken from far,
All the burst of naval war,
And glow with sympathetic rage,
While th' embattled fleets engage,
And ev'ry distant shore rebounds
To their cannons rattling sounds;
When the sulphurous fire-ship rends,
And thousand deaths around her sends,
And limbs dissever'd, hurl'd on high,
Smoke amid th' affrighted sky.
But, while I gaze, if envious night
Shuts the grand prospect from my sight,
Still let thy vot'ry hear from far
The sound of elemental war,
Hark to the distant thunder's roll,
Nor, till its last concluding growl,

Permit dull Morpheus to apply
His leaden finger to my eye;
And then, even then, let Fancy's power
Exhaust her visionary store,
To paint some mighty city's state
Besieg'd, and nodding to its fate;
Above whose heav'n-devoted fanes,
Portentous comets sweep their trains,
And vultures, fierce in martial'd flight,
With beaks and claws wage bloody fight;
And armed knights, a ghostly crowd,
Prick forth from ev'ry op'ning cloud
With blazing swords of portent dire,
And minute glares of meteor fire;
Such erst as shot their livid gleam,
Down on besieg'd Jerusalem,
Or hung o'er Rome e'er Julius fell,
And, if old sages truly spell,
Are dread prognostics that foreshow,
Convulsions in our realms below.
And, when at last cold creeping age
Freezes the current of my rage,
Let me retire amidst a troop
Of invalids, a veteran group,
Bereft of some main limb by war,
Or justly proud to show the scar
They gain'd, when fighting in the cause
Of Albion's liberty and laws;

With these full cheerly I'll retire,
To circle round a sea-coal fire,
Hear them their past campaigns recite
Of Vigo's sack and Blenheim fight.
And, when my children round me throng,
The same brave themes shall grace my tongue,
To teach them, should fair England need
Their blood, 'tis their's to wish to bleed;
And, as I speak, behold them glow,
And flash their eye, and knit their brow;
While I, with heart-felt bliss elate,
Sit proudly in paternal state,
Gaze on each half-form'd warrior face,
And all their future fortunes trace;
That this, my ruddy, first-born boy
On land his Sov'reign shall employ;
The next o'er Ocean's wide domain
Boldly assert Britannia's reign,
And firm in freedom's cause advance
The scourge of slav'ry, and of France.
These delights if MARS afford,
MARS! with thee I whet my sword.

Written in 1744.

# IL PACIFICO.

HENCE, pestilential MARS,
Of sable-vested Night and Chaos bred,
On matter's formless bed,
Mid the harsh din of elemental jars:
Hence with thy frantic crowd,
Wing'd Flight, pale Terror, Discord cloth'd in fire,
Precipitate retire;
While mad Bellona cracks her snaky thong,
And hurries headlong on,
To Ach'ron's brink and Phlegethon's flaming flood.
But hail, fair PEACE, so mild and meek,
With polish'd brow and rosy cheek,
That, on thy fleece-white cloud descending,
Hither, soft-ey'd Queen, art tending,
Gently o'er thy fav'rite land
To wave thy genial myrtle wand:
To shake from off thy turtle wing
Th' ambrosial dews of endless spring;
Spring, like that which poets feign,
Gilded Saturn's easy reign:
For Saturn's first-born daughter thou;
Unless, as later bards avow,
The youthful God with spangled hair
Closely clasp'd Harmonia fair:

For, banish'd erst Heav'n's star-pav'd floor,
(As sings my legendary lore)
As Phœbus sat by weeping brook,
With shepherd's scrip and shepherd's crook,
Pensive 'midst a savage train
(For savage then was all the plain)
Fair Harmonia left her bow'r,
To join her radiant paramour:
Hence didst thou spring; and at thy birth
Lenient Zephyrs fann'd the earth,
Rumbling thunders growl'd no more,
Prowling wolves forgot to roar,
And man, whom fiercer rage possest,
Smil'd dissension from his breast.
She comes, she comes: ye Nymphs, prepare
Gay floral wreaths to bind your hair;
Ye swains, inspire the mellow flute
To dulcet strains, which aptly suit
The featly-footed saraband
Of Phillis trim and Marian bland,
When nimbly light each simp'ring lass
Trips it o'er the pliant grass.
But see, her social smiling train
Now invests th' enraptur'd plain!
Plenty's treasure-teeming horn
Show'rs its fruits, its flow'rs, its corn;
Commerce spreads his amplest sail;
Strong-nerv'd Labour lifts his flail;

Sylvanus too attends, ('tis he
That bears the root-pluck'd cypress tree)
He shall my youngling footsteps lead
Through tufted lawn and fringed mead,
By scooped valley, heaped hill,
Level river, dancing rill,
Where the shepherds all appear,
To sheer and wash their fleecy care,
Which bleating stand the streams around,
And whiten all the close-cropp'd ground:
Or when the maids in bonnets sheen
Cock the hay upon the green;
Or up yon steep rough road the swains
Drive slow along their rolling wains,
(Where laughing Ceres crowns the stack,
And makes the pond'rous axle crack),
Then to the village on the hill,
The barn's capacious jaws to fill,
Where the answ'ring flails rebound
Beating bold with thund'ring sound.
Enchanted with this rural scene,
Here let me weave my arb'retts green:
Here arch the woodbine, mantling neat
O'er my noontide cool retreat;
Or bind the oak with ivy-twine;
Or wed the elm and purpling vine.
But, if my vagrant fancy pants
For charms that simple nature wants,

Grant, Power benign, admittance free
To some rang'd academy:
There to give to arts refin'd
All the impulse of my mind;
And oft observant take my stand,
Where the painter's magic hand
From sketches rude, with gradual art,
Calls dawning life to ev'ry part,
Till, with nice tints all labour'd high,
Each starting hero meets the eye:
Oft too, oh! let me nice inspect
The draughts of justest architect:
And hence delighted let me pass,
Where others mold the ductile brass;
Or teach the Parian stone to wear
A letter'd sage's musing air.
But ah! these Arts have fix'd their home
In Roman or in Gallic dome:
Though strange beseems, that Arts should spread
Where frowns black Slav'ry's baleful shade;
And stranger far that Arts decay
Where Freedom deals her warmest ray.
This then deny'd; I'll swift retreat,
Where Camus winds with murmur sweet:
There teach me, piercing Locke, t' explore
The busy mind's ideal store;
There, heav'n-rapt Newton, guide my way
'Mid rolling worlds, through floods of day,

To mark the vagrant comet's road,
And through his wonders trace the God.
Then, to unbend my mind, I'll roam
Amid the cloister's silent gloom:
Or, where rang'd oaks their shades diffuse,
Hold dalliance with my darling Muse,
Recalling oft some heav'n-born strain,
That warbled in Augustan reign;
Or turn, well pleas'd, the Grecian page,
If sweet Theocritus engage;
Or blith Anacreon, mirthful wight,
Caroll his easy love-lay light.
Yet let not all my pleasure lie
Confin'd to one Phœbeian joy;
But ever give my fingers wings
Lightly to skim the trembling strings,
And from some bow'r to tune the lay:
While list'ning birds crowd every spray,
Or hovering silent o'er my head,
Their quiv'ring wings exulting spread;
Save but the turtles, they alone
With tender plaintive faithful moan,
Shall tell, to all the secret grove,
Their soft thick-warbled tale of love:
Sweet birds! your mingling bliss pursuing,
Ever billing, ever cooing,
Ye! constant pair! I love to note
Your hoarse strain gurgling in your throat;

And, ye unheard, from sidelong hills
The liquid lapse of whisp'ring rills,
I hist to hear: such sounds diffuse
Sweet transports to the thoughtful Muse.
Thus Summer sees me brisk and light,
'Till Winter spreads her 'kerchief white;
Then to the city's social walls,
Where tolling clock to business calls.
There the weaver's shuttle speeds
Nimbly through the fine-spun threads:
There the vocal anvil rings,
While the smith his hammer swings;
And ev'ry man and ev'ry boy
Briskly join in warm employ.
Through such throng'd scenes full oft I'll range,
Oft crowd into the rich Exchange:
Or to yon wharf; aside the mote,
Where the anchor'd ships do float,
And others, hast'ning into bay,
Swell their sails in fair array:
Wafting to Albion's sons the store,
That each Peruvian mine can pour;
Wafting to Albion's smiling dames
The ruby's glow, the diamond's flames,
'Till all the Indies rush into the Thames.
Joys vast as these my fancy claims;
And joys like these, if PEACE inspire,
PEACE with thee I string the lyre.

# AN EPISTOLARY ADDRESS

TO THE

## AUTHOR'S FATHER,

SENT FROM LONDON IN THE YEAR 1746.*

*Surgat in officium venerandi Musa Parentis*
MILTONUS *ad Patrem.*

HERE pause, fair Fancy,† in thy flow'ry way
The varied verse, the imitative lay
Reject awhile; discard each fabling dream;
Paternal praise be now thy nobler theme;
And if the Muse, who through the realms of song
Gave Pope, now mute, to lead the tuneful throng,
In whose warm heart with mingling fervour shone
The glowing Poet and the tender Son,
His duteous heart and filial feelings pour
Through every artless line, I ask no more.

Enough for me, if he, whose name I bear,
With wonted candour bend his partial ear;

NOTES.

* First printed 1797.

† Alluding to Musæus and the two foregoing imitations of MILTON, which the Author was then composing, but had not quite finished.

Enough, if he who always lov'd to blend
Advice with smiles, the father with the friend,
Accept the verse, how vain soe'er it prove,
Which aims to pay its tribute to the love,
That ever blest me since my course began,
From tender childhood to the dawn of man;
Nor in that course did e'er one boon refuse,
A son might ask, and innocence might use.

Can I forget, when first my infant ear
Caught each new melody it chanc'd to hear,
How prompt to foster seeds, that nature sow'd,
A master skill'd his gen'rous care bestow'd,
To teach how concord and how discord meet,
And form one strain methodically sweet?

Alike when active Fancy tried to trace
The rural landscape, or impassion'd face,
How to my aid he brought each written rule,
And free design of Painting's various school?

How, when my thoughts first flow'd in tinkling chime,
He smooth'd the verse, reform'd each faulty rhyme,
Nor check'd the Muse, just waking, in the strain,
Lest love of verse should quench the love of gain,
But smil'd assenting, fann'd the kindling fire,
And sunk the critic in the partial sire?

Much thanks for these; for arts like these have pow'r
To grace the chearful, sooth the peusive hour.
These shall dispense their calm, yet lively, joys,
When study pauses, or when business cloys;
Nor one dull hour drawl sullenly along,
While paint can please, or harmony, or song.

Thro' graver science now my steps to guide,
As years advance, see Marg'ret's dome supply'd
Her arching cloysters and her glimm'ring groves,
All, study claims, all, contemplation loves,
Are amply given; and, if I wish for more,
The town expands, and Thames, thy splendid shore!
Here free to rove, here feast my mind and eyes,
" Here catch the manners living as they rise,"
Here men with books impartially compare,
Learn what they should be, smile at what they are;
For Vanity, the world's despotic queen,
Ere we can know her truly, must be seen;
And if plain sense her steady glass supplies,
The more we see, the more we shall despise.

Permit me then, my Sire, awhile to view,
Thro' that clear perspective, her motley crew;
Nor fear thy son, by Fashion's frippery smit,
Should shun the Christian and pursue the Wit:
But sated quite, relinquishing with joy
Those vain delights, that soon as tasted cloy;

Each passion cool'd, that boils the tide of youth,
Each error purg'd, that dims the sight of truth,
O! may no wish for more his bosom own,
But all his manners speak him all thy son.

For, know, each academic duty paid,
Soon will he haste to his paternal shade;
There, fraught (great task) with Reason's nerve to tame
That hydra of the soul the thirst of fame;
His youthful breast, by years mature refin'd,
May shine the mirror of thy blameless mind,
And, free from public, as domestic, strife,
Slide thro' the tranquil stream of private life;
Yet, still alive to ev'ry social call,
Glow with that charity, which feels for all.

There too to truths divine may he aspire,
Wing'd and conducted by his practis'd Sire:
Pursue his flight, upborn on Faith's strong plume,
Nor fear of youthful Icarus the doom,
From Falsehood's maze sav'd by his guiding clue,
Rise as he rises, keep him still in view,
The Minotaur of Vice beneath him hurl'd,
And 'scap'd that worst of labyrinths, the World.

# STANZAS,

## WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE CAM, 1746.

To court, in May's mild month, the Muse
Along the sedgy bank I stray'd,
Where slow-pac'd Cam his course pursues
Amid the daisy-painted mead.

High o'er my head, the Solar sphere
Flung far and wide his sparkling beams;
His sparkling beams as bright appear
Reflected from the silver streams.

Below each languid Zephyr died,
Each slender reed forgot to play,
Without a rill the even tide
Slided silently away.

Yet, from its surface to its base,
So clear the chrystal fluid spread,
My gazing eye, distinct could trace
The finny inmates of its bed.

At length the Muse her votary join'd,
With me the busy scene she view'd,
And, fancy waking in my mind,
A flow of numbers thus ensued.

" See, how those rose-finn'd perch delight
" High as th' incumbent air to glide,
" Each leaf each straw their chase excite,
" That bouyant sail along the tide.

" On Learning's surface thus the youth
" Too oft devotes each precious hour,
" For modern whim scorns ancient truth,
" And quits the fruit, to smell the flower.

" But hark! I heard a bubbling noise,
" How quick yon trout pursu'd a fly!
" Yet see! the nimble insect plies
" His wing, and safe ascends the sky.

" Say, Muse! to what shall we compare
" The scaly fool's successless aim?
" Tis thus that all deluded are,
" Who merely act, or write for fame.

" See far below, yon eel conceal'd
" In mud its circling volume leads,
" Now thro' the water half reveal'd,
" Now tangled in a grove of reeds;

" So fares the man, who, gravely vain,
" Thro' each profound of Learning wanders,
" Scruples and doubts perplex his brain
" In long and intricate meanders.

" There too a half-gorg'd pike appears,
" Whose maw or frogs or gudgeons sate,
" After a labouring length of years,
" Such is the musty pedant's fate.

" But see, its height and depth between,
" Yon scaly tribe or pause or play,
" Now hanging in the fluid scene,
" Now straying as its currents stray;

" Their course no straws divert above,
" No mud, or reeds obstruct below,
" Freely their oary fins they move,
" As nature dictates, swift or slow.

" So, through life's current let me glide,
" Nor sink too low, nor rise too high,
' Safe if Content my progress guide,
" And golden Mediocrity."

# ISIS.*

## A MONOLOGUE.†

Ω δύστηνος
Τί ποτ' οὐ δή που
Εέγ' ἀπιστουσαν, τοῖς βασιλεὶοι-
σιν ἄγουσι νόμοις,
Καὶ εν ἀφροσυνη καθιλὸντες. SOPHOCLES in Antig.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright
The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,

NOTES.

* It was said, in an advertisement prefixt to the first quarto edition, that, "the following Poem would never have appeared "in print, had not an interpolated copy of it, published in a "country newspaper, scandalously misrepresented the principles "of the Author;" which parody, before the publication of the original, was reprinted in the London Evening Post, and generally supposed to be written by the late Dr. BYROM of Manchester. Very soon after Mr. T. WARTON, afterwards Poet Laureat, printed an elegant answer to it, entitled, the Triumph of Isis. But ere this Author (then young) was convinced that the satire it contained, though mixed as it was with true panegyric, was too severe; he therefore forbore to reprint it in any of the former editions of his Poems. However, as Mr. WARTON's Poem has been, with this reprinted in certain Miscellanies, and as the former holds a place in his volume, it it was thought proper here to give it a place.—Certain it is that the spirit of Jacobitism, which had obtained in both our Universities before the year 1745, was far from being quite extinguished in 1748, when this Poem was written. May the more recent spirit of Jacobinism (if now it infects either of them) have a still quicker termination! (re-published 1797.)

† It was originally entituled an Elegy; but the term is altered as not being written in alternate rhymes, which since Mr. GRAY's exquisite Elegy in the Country Church-yard has generally obtained, and seems to be more suited to that species of Poem.

From dripping moss where sparkling dew-drops fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,
Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the pensive maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
In careless folds loose fell her zoneless vest;
While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all it's grace;
Here, full with life was heav'n-taught Science seen,
Known by the laurel wreath and musing mein:
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate and bland
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;
While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green
At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the Goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke:
" Yes, I cou'd once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories rise.
Yes, Isis! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead,
Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,
While every science nurs'd its growing bays:
While ev'ry youth, with Fame's strong impulse fir'd,
Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd

Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bind his brow,
The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.

" E'en now fond Fancy leads the ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! SIDNEY, RALEIGH, HAMDEN, SOMERS shine.
See HOUGH superior to a tyrant's doom
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome.
Each soul whom Truth could fire, or Virtue move,
Each breast strong panting with its country's love,
All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
That wisely counsell'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring.

" Ah! I remember well yon beachen spray,
There ADDISON first tun'd his polish'd lay;
'Twas there great CATO's form first met his eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majesty.
" My Son, he cry'd, observe this mein with awe,
" In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
" The piercing notes shall strike each *British* ear,
" Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear;
" And, rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
" Each youth shall spurn at Slav'ry's abject reign,

" Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
" And speak, and act, and bleed, in Freedom's cause."

The Hero spoke, the Bard assenting bow'd,
The lay to liberty and Cato flow'd;
While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.

" But ah! how Stillness slept upon the ground,
How mute Attention check'd each rising sound;
Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
When LOCKE walk'd musing forth; ev'n now I view
Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow,
View Candour smile upon his modest cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
'Twas here the Sage his manly zeal exprest,
Here stript vain Falsehood of her gaudy vest;
Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
Ere long to show to Reason's purged eye,
That " NATURE'S FIRST BEST GIFT WAS LIBERTY."

" Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime I stood,
(While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood)
Then vain as Niobe exulting cry'd,
Ilissus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;

Though Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,
Though fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,
Though ev'ry academic green imprest
Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

"Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic boast?
See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coast.
See! Hydra Faction spread its impious reign,
Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain.
Hence frontless crowds that, not content to fright
The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blast the fair face of day; and madly bold,
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd!
Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes resound!
The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now sheds by stealth a partial private gleam
In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
Where a firm few support her sickly head;
Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous train,
Who scour, like Thracia's moon-struck rout, the plain,
Sworn foes like them to all the Muse approves,
All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

"Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear?
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care,
Must these go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their insults through a peaceful land,
And boast, while Freedom bleeds and Virtue groans,
That "Isis taught sedition to her sons?"
Forbid it heav'n! and let my rising waves
Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves,
In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
Is this deny'd? Then point some secret way
Where far far hence these guiltless streams may stray,
Some unknown channel lend, where nature spreads
Inglorious vales and unfrequented meads;
There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,
Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;
Forget that e'er my rapt attention hung
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue,
Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And pleas'd prefer oblivion to disgrace."

# PROTOGENES AND APELLES.*

(ALTERED FROM PRIOR.)

WHEN Poets wrote, and Painters drew,
As Nature pointed out the view;
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
To spoil the well-proportioned piece;
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes;
Ere on the flow'ry land of RHODES
Those Knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
PROTOGENES, historians note,
Liv'd there, a burgess scot and lot;

NOTE.

* The exquisite humour with which PRIOR has enlivened the plain tale which he took from PLINY, it is hoped will not be much impaired by the following few alterations, attempted for no other purpose than to elucidate the original story, which it is thought, has not hitherto been perfectly understood; not from any defect in PLINY's narrative (as his last translator, M. FALCONET would make us believe), but from the blunder of the old Commentators, and the inattention of the latter to the whole passage. The alterations are printed in italics, and Prior's original lines at the bottom of the respective pages.

And, as old PLINY's writings show,
APELLES did the same at Co:
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.

Piqu'd by PROTOGENES's fame,
From Co to RHODES APELLES came
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepare to censure, or commend,
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings,
His servants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' house,
For such in Greece were much in use;—
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me, or thee, to know.

Does 'Squire PROTOGENES live here?
Yes, Sir, says she, with gracious air,
And curtsey low; but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout;
Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
Our VENUS, for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church: 'tis Venus day:
I hope, Sir, you intend to stay
To see our Venus: 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece,

So like th' original, they say;
But I have no great skill that way.
But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
DROMO must take my Master's tea.
At six, Sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my Master, Sir, at home.

Tea, says a Critic, big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after:
Authors, before they write, should read.
'Tis very true;—but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present, would you please
To leave your name?——Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
*APELLES *delicately drew*
*A line retiring from the view,*
*And quick as sportsmen draw their trigger,*
*Produc'd a fine fore-shorten'd figure.*
And will you please, sweetheart, said he,
To show your Master this from me?
By it he presently will know,
How Painters write their names at Co.

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* O'er the plain ground APELLES drew
A circle regularly true. PRIOR.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and curt'sing, Sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my Master:
And, Sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my own self:—safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, Sir, as sure as key or lock———
Your servant, Sir——at six o'clock.

Again at six APELLES came;
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my Master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
**If in the sketch you chose to draw,*
*He found, you'll pardon me, a flaw—*
*And tried to make a nicer line,*
*You must not think the fault was mine;*
*For he, strange man! will have his way.*
*(I'm sure I find it night and day)*
*And when 'twas done, he bade me say,*
Thus write the Painters of this Isle:
Let those of Co remark the style.

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* If, from the perfect line he found,
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus he order'd me to say. P.

She said; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
* APELLES *saw a truer stroke,*
*Now here, now there, his own had broke;*
*This gave the Artist a new hint,*
*With pencil of a different tint,*
*To trace, o'er both the lines together,*
*A third, more elegant than either.*
*And by its subtle intersection,*
*He brought the drawing to perfection.*

*The* COAN *now review'd the piece;*
And live, said he, the Arts of Greece!
Howe'er PROTOGENES and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have express'd
Who truest drew, or coloured best—
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I could design,
† *But now I've made it quite complete;*
*I trust 'twill cause us soon too meet.*

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* Upon the happy line was laid
Such obvious light, such easy shade
That Paris' apple stood confess'd,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast. P.

† And from his artful round I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint.
APELLES view'd the finish'd piece. P.

*It did. Protogenes beheld*
*The Sketch, and own'd himself excell'd.*
*Then to the port he ran in haste*
*And clasp'd with friendly arms his guest.*

The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale;
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name
In characters, which may proclaim,
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts, and country's praise,
**And free from envy, spleen, and spite,*
*Took each their patriotic flight;*
*Like the two worthies of my story,*
*On mutual plumes, to mutual glory.*

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* And, in their working, took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair. P.

# NOTES,

## EXPLANATORY OF THE FOREGOING ALTERATIONS.

### I.

APELLES delicately drew
A line, retiring from the view, &c.

THAT the efforts of APELLES, which PLINY thus describes—"*Abrepto Penicillo Lineam duxit summæ tenuitatis per tabulam*"—was a single outline; or, as DURAND expresses it—"*Un Dessein au simple trait*,"—(of which there are many examples in the drawings of M. Angelo, Raffaelle, and others of the Italian school) has been a matter long decided; and that it either represented a perfect circle, according to PRIOR (who probably borrowed that idea from PERAULT), or any other accurate geometrical figure, cannot reasonably be conjectured. But PLINY afterwards tells us, that this design, after APELLES had drawn it, and PROTOGENES had retouched it; and finally, when APELLES had perfected it, exhibited *tres lineas visum effugientes*.*

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* DURAND translates this phrase, "Trois deseines au simple "trait et de la derniere finesse *que eschappoient la vue par leur* "*subtilite*." This paraphrase give us the idea of three designs *faintly* expressed, so as to be almost invisible: M. FALCONET takes it in the same sense, and accordingly ridicules the idea, which has led me to conclude, that the original drawing was that of a fore-shortened figure, because I think no words can better express this technical term than those which the Author has here used, and which therefore, I have literally translated. If this opinion be admitted, it will make the contest between the two painters what it should be; because, to fore-shorten a figure

II.

And tried to make a nicer line.

*Subtilitas* and *Tenuitas* are the two words which PLINY uses, as it should seem synonimously, to describe the elegance of the Lines which the two Painters alternately drew. DU PILES, in his *Vie de Peintres*, justly remarks, that they relate not so much to the lines themselves, as to the intelligence of the art with which they were traced. I have put the epithet *nicer* here in the mouth of the servant, as the term she would be likely to use to express that idea.

III.

To trace o'er both the lines together.

THIS last exertion of APELLES, PLINY describes thus: *Tertio colore lineas secuit nullum relinquens subtilitati locum.* The older Commentators first imagining that *linea* meant merely what writing-masters call a fine hair-stroke, naturally enough, yet

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accurately, though it may not be one of the greatest beauties, is certainly one of the greatest difficulties of the art: the drawing in question would therefore be principally admired by artists, as PLINY tells us it was—*omnium quidem sed artificum præcipue miraculo.* If I am asked to produce a passage, where the author has used the same terms to imply the same thing, I can only reply, that PLINY, when in a subsequent passage he describes a picture of the Sacrifice by PAUSIAS, in which there was an ox extremely fore-shortened, makes use of a much longer periphrasis—*Quum longitudinem Bovis ostendere velit advorsum eum pinxit non transvorsum et abunde intelligitur magnitudo.* Modern writers, it is certain, deal more in technical terms than the ancients did, and I suspect that if there had been in Latin a technical term for what English painters call *fore-shortened*, and the French *en Raccourci*, PLINY would have thought it too inelegant, if not too inexpressive, for his use; for a good writer, treating on any particular art for public information, avoids the use of such terms as practitioners in the art have invented.

surely absurdly, concluded, that the skill of the two artists consisted in dividing the first into two finer hair-strokes. Had they only adverted to a succeeding paragraph of PLINY which informs us, that this artist made it his practice every day, *lineam ducere*, (whence the Proverb, *Nulla dies sine linea*) they must have discovered that *linea* here signified an *outline* or *contour*, and consequently that one outline might cut another transversely, but not directly through the middle, by which no design whatever could be either altered or improved. If any person, unskilled in drawing, casts his eye on the *fac-simile* etchings of BARTOLOZZI from GUERCINO, he will have a clear conception of this matter. If however he saw the first sketch of any master, corrected twice with ink of two different colours, the thing would be more evident; for PLINY tells us three differently tinged pencils were employed by APELLES and PROTOGENES in this contest.

## IV.

It did. PROTOGENES beheld, &c.

WHAT is here inserted, is almost a mere transcript from PLINY—PROTOGENES victum se confessus ad portum devolavit hospitem quærens.

## V.

And free from envy, &c.

As the two last lines of PRIOR's moral did not perfectly correspond with the story, as now told, it is hoped that the four inserted in their place will convey an equally good meaning to every professor of this and all the rest of the Liberal Arts.

# MATHÆI CASIMIRI.*

## Ode III. Lib. II.

Sonora buxi filia sutilis,
Pendebis altâ, barbite, populo,
Dum ridet äer, et supinas
Sollicitat levis aura frondes.
Te sibilantis lenior halitus,
Perflabit Euri: me juvet interim,
Collum reclinâsse, et virenti
Sic temerè jacuisse ripâ.
Eheu! serenum quæ nebulæ tegunt
Repentè cœlum! quis sonus imbrium!
Surgamus. Heu semper fugaci
Gaudia præteritura passu!

NOTE.

* This elegant little Ode was attempted to be translated, not only on account of its lyrical excellence, but also because the instrument described in it seemed not to be merely a fancied Poetical Lyre, but the real harp of Eolus invented by Athanasius Kircher, (see note to Ode IX. page 51 of this Volume.) This conjecture, it is presumed, will not appear improbable, when it is added that Casimir and Kircher were Jesuits and contemporaries. The mention of Eurus rather than Zephyrus, as a wind more proper to produce the sound, and the other circumstance of hanging it on a high tree, all seem to favour this notion, which if admitted, gives an added and appropriate beauty to the delicate original.

# ODE OF CASIMIR

## TRANSLATED.

Sweet harp, of well-fram'd box the vocal child!
Here shalt thou hang on this tall poplar's spray,
While ether smiles, and breezes mild
Amid its pendant foliage play.
Eurus shall here, but borne on softest wing,
Whisper and pant thy warbling chords among,
While pleas'd my careless limbs I fling
On this green bank, and mark thy song——
But lo! what sudden clouds veil the blue skies!
What rushing sound of rain! Rise we with speed—
Ah always thus, ye light-wing'd joys,
Ye fly, and ere possess'd are fled!

# SONG OF HAROLD THE VALIANT.*

## I.

My ships to far Sicilia's coast
Have row'd their rapid way,
While in their van my well-man'd barque
Spread wide her streamers gay.
Arm'd on the poop, myself a host,
I seem'd in glory's orb to move—
Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

NOTE.

* The original of this song is preserved in an old Icelandic Chronicle, called Knytlinga Saga. It was translated by Bartholinus into Latin, and from him into French by M. Mallet in his Introduction al' Histoire de Dannemarc. Vol. II. page 287 of the Northern Antiquities, taken from the above work, gives it in English prose under the title of an Ode of Harold the Valiant. He was a Norwegian Prince in the middle of the eleventh century. See also five pieces of Runic poetry published by Dr. Percy. It was versified with a view of being inserted in an Introduction to a projected Edition of an History of English Poetry (see Memoirs of Gray, last Edit. Vol. IV. p. 143) and was meant so be a specimen of the first Ballad (properly so called) now extant of northern origin.

II.

To fight the foe in early youth,
I march'd to Drontheim's field;
Numbers were theirs, but valour ours,
Which forc'd that foe to yield.
This right hand made their king a ghost:
His youthful blood now stains the grove—
Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

III.

Rough was the sea, and rude the wind,
And scanty were my crew;
Billows on billows o'er our deck
With frothy fury flew:
Deep in our hold the waves were tost,
Back to their bed each wave we drove—
Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

IV.

What feat of hardihood so bold
But Harold wots it well?
I curb the steed, I stem the flood,
I fight with falchion fell;
The oar I ply from coast to coast,
On ice with flying skates I rove—
Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

V.

Can she deny, the blooming maid,
For she has heard the tale,
When to the South my troops I led,
The fortress to assail?
How, while my prowess thinn'd the host,
Fame bade the world each deed approve—
Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

VI.

On Norway's cloud-cap'd mountains bred,
Whose sons are bow-men brave,
I dar'd, a deed that peasants dread,
To plough old Ocean's wave;
By tempest driven, by dangers crost,
Through wild, unpeopl'd climes to rove—
Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

# SONG.

I.

WHEN first I dar'd by soft surprise
To breathe my love in FLAVIA's ear,
I saw the mixt sensations rise
Of trembling joy and pleasing fear;
Her cheek forgot its rosy hue,
For what has Art with Love to do?

II.

But soon the crimson glow return'd
Ere half my passion was exprest,
The eye that clos'd, the cheek that burn'd,
The quiv'ring lip, the panting breast
Shew'd that she wish'd or thought me true,
For what has Art with Love to do?

III.

Ah! speak, I cry'd, thy soft assent:
She strove to speak, she could but sigh;
A glance, more heav'nly eloquent,
Left language nothing to supply.
She prest my hand with fervour new;
For what has Art with Love to do?

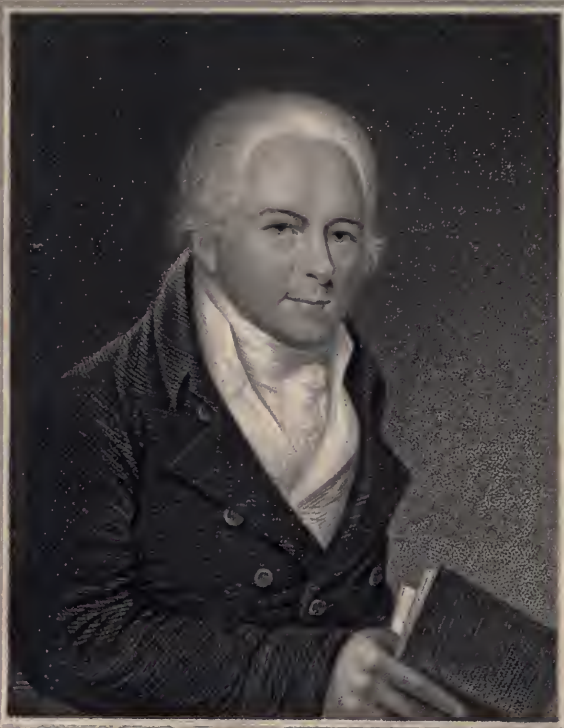
IV.

Ye practis'd nymphs, who form your charms
By Fashion's rules, enjoy your skill;
Torment your swains with false alarms,
And, ere you cure, pretend to kill:
Still, still your sex's wiles pursue,
Such tricks she leaves to Art and You.

V.

Secure of native powers to please,
My FLAVIA scorns all mean pretence;
Her form is elegance and ease,
Her soul is truth and innocence;
And these, O heartfelt extasy!
She gives to Honour, Love, and Me.

July 11, 1765.



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Robt. Cooper Jr.

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THE

# ENGLISH GARDEN:

A

## POEM.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

## A COMMENTARY AND NOTES,

BY W. BURGH, ESQ. LL. D.

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A Garden is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks. And a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely: as if gardening were the greater perfection.

VERULAM.

# PREFACE.

As the Four Books, which compose the following Poem, were published originally at very distant intervals, I thought it expedient, at the conclusion of the last, to subjoin a Postscript, in which I drew up an analysis of each of them in their order, that the general plan of the whole work, and their connection with one another, might be more accurately conceived. That short analysis is now withdrawn, being superseded by a copious and complete Commentary, which the partiality of a very ingenious and learned friend has induced him to write upon it; a work which I am persuaded will be of more utility to those readers, who wish to understand the subject, than the Poem itself will be of entertainment to that more numerous class who read merely to be entertained: for myself, as to amuse was only a secondary motive with me when I composed the work, I freely own that I am more pleased by a species of writing which tends to elucidate the principles of my Poem, and to develope its method, than I should have been with that more flattering, yet less useful one, which interested itself in displaying what little poetical merit it may possess.

Notwithstanding this, I am we ll aware that many persons will think my friend has taken much morc pains than were necessary on this occasion ; and I should agree with them in opinion were the Poem only, and not the subject which it treats, in qucstion : but I would wish them to discriminatc between these two points, and that whatever they may think of the writer's condescension in commenting so largely on the one, they would give him credit for the great additional illustration which hc has thrown upon the other.

Yet as to the Poem itself, I am not without my hopes, that in this new edition I have rendered it somewhat more worthy of the pains which its Commentator has bestowed upon it, and of that approbation which it has already obtained from a very respectable part of the public; having revised it very carefully throughout, and purged it, to the best of my abilities, of many defects in the prior editions. That original sin, however, which the admirers of rhyme, and of rhyme only, have laid to its charge, I have still ventured to retain : to this fault I must still own myself so blind, that in defence of it I shall again reprint what I said before in my former Postscript, and make it the conclusion of my present Preface.

" When I first had the subject in contemplation, I found it admitted of two very different modes of compo-

sition: one was that of the regular Didactic Poem, of which the Georgics of Virgil afford so perfect an example; the other that of the preceptive epistolary essay, the model of which Horace has given in his Epistles *ad Augustum* and *ad Pisones*. I balanced some time which of these I should adopt, for both had their peculiar merit. The former opened a more ample field for picturesque description and poetical embellishment; the latter was more calculated to convey exact precept in concise phrase.* The one furnished better means of illustrating my subject, and the other of defining it; the former admitted those ornaments only which resulted from lively imagery and figurative diction; the latter seemed rather to require the seasoning of wit and satire; this, therefore, appeared best calculated to expose false taste, and

* See Mr. Pope's account of his *design* in writing the Essay on Man, where the peculiar merit of that way, in which he so greatly excelled, is most happily explained. He chose, as he says, "Verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons: verse, becaus precepts, so written, strike more strongly, and are retained more easily: rhyme, because it expresses arguments or instructions more concisely than even Prose itself." As I have lately, in the Preface to my translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, made use of this very reason for translating that Poem into Rhyme, some superficial readers may think that I hereby contradict myself; but the judicious critic will refer Fresnoy's Poem to *Horace's Art of Poetry* as to its proper architype, and rightly deem it, though not an *epistolary*, yet a *preceptive Essay*. Whereas the present work comes under that species of composition which has the *Georgics of Virgil* for its original, than which no two modes of writing can be more dissimilar.

that to elucidate the true. But false taste, on this subject had been so inimitably ridiculed by Mr. Pope in his Epistle to Lord Burlington, that it seemed to preclude all other authors (at least it precluded me) from touching it after him; and therefore, as he had left much unsaid on that part of the art on which it was my purpose principally to enlarge, I thought the didactic method not only more open, but more proper for my attempt. This matter once determined, I did not hesitate as to my choice between blank verse and rhyme; because it clearly appeared, that numbers of the most varied kind were most proper to illustrate a subject *whose every charm springs from variety*, and which, painting nature as *scorning control*, should employ a versification for that end as unfettered as nature itself. Art at the same time, in rural improvements, pervading the province of nature, unseen, and unfelt, seemed to bear a striking analogy to that species of verse, the harmony of which results from measured quantity and varied cadence, without the too studied arrangement of final syllables, or regular return of consonant sounds. I was, notwithstanding, well aware, that by choosing to write in blank verse, I should not court popularity, because I perceived it was growing much out of vogue; but this reason, as may be supposed, did not weigh much with a writer, who meant to combat fashion in the very theme he intended to write upon; and who was also convinced that a mode of English versification, in which so many good

poems, with Paradise Lost at their head, have been written, could either not long continue unfashionable; or if it did, that fashion had so completely destroyed taste, it would not be worth any writer's while, who aimed at more than the reputation of the day, to endeavour to amuse the public."

THE

# ENGLISH GARDEN.

## BOOK THE FIRST.

THE

# ENGLISH GARDEN.

## BOOK THE FIRST.

To thee, divine Simplicity! to thee,
Best arbitress of what is good and fair,
This verse belongs. O, as it freely flows,
Give it thy powers of pleasing: else in vain
It strives to teach the rules, from Nature drawn,
Of import high to those whose taste would add
To Nature's careless graces; loveliest then,
When, o'er her form, thy easy skill has taught
The robe of Spring in ampler folds to flow.
Haste, Goddess! to the woods, the lawns, the vales;
That lie in rude luxuriance, and but wait
Thy call to bloom with beauty. I meanwhile,
Attendant on thy state serene, will mark
Its faery progress; wake th' accordant string;
And tell how far, beyond the transient glare
Of fickle fashion, or of formal art,
Thy flowery works with charm perennial please.

Ye too, ye sister Powers! that, at my birth,
Auspicious smil'd; and o'er my cradle dropp'd

Those magic seeds of fancy, which produce
A Poet's feeling, and a Painter's eye,
Come to your votary's aid. For well ye know
How soon my infant accents lisp'd the rhyme,
How soon my hands the mimic colours spread,
And vainly strove to snatch a double wreath
From Fame's unfading laurel: fruitless aim;
Yet not inglorious; nor perchance devoid
Of friendly use to this fair argument;
If so, with lenient smiles, ye deign to cheer,
At this sad hour,* my desolated soul.
For deem not ye that I resume the strain
To court the world's applause: my years mature
Have learn'd to slight the toy. No, 'tis to sooth
That agony of heart, which they alone,
Who best have lov'd, who best have been belov'd,
Can feel, or pity; sympathy severe!
Which she too felt, when on her pallid lip
The last farewell hung trembling, and bespoke
A wish to linger here, and bless the arms
She left for heav'n. She died, and heav'n is hers!
Be mine, the pensive solitary balm
That recollection yields. Yes, Angel pure!
While Memory holds a seat, thy image still
Shall reign, shall triumph there; and when, as now,
Imagination forms a nymph divine
To lead the fluent strain, thy modest blush,
Thy mild demeanour, thy unpractis'd smile

* Ver. 30, Note I.

Shall grace that Nymph, and sweet Simplicity
Be dress'd (ah meek MARIA!) in thy charms.

Begin the Song! and ye of Albion's sons
Attend; ye freeborn, ye ingenuous few,
Who heirs of competence, if not of wealth,
Preserve that vestal purity of soul
Whence genuine taste proceeds. To you, blest youths,
I sing; whether in academic groves
Studious ye rove; or, fraught with learning's stores,
Visit the Latian plain, fond to transplant
Those arts which Greece did, with her liberty,
Resign to Rome. Yet know, the art I sing
Ev'n there ye shall not learn. Rome knew it not
While Rome was free: Ah! hope not then to find
In slavish superstitious Rome the fair
Remains. Meanwhile, of old and classic aid
Though fruitless be the search, your eyes entranc'd
Shall catch those glowing scenes, that taught a CLAUDE
To grace his canvass with Hesperian hues:
And scenes like these, on Memory's tablet drawn,
Bring back to Britain; there give local form
To each idea; and, if Nature lend
Materials fit of torrent, rock, and shade,
Produce new TIVOLIS. But learn to rein,
O youth! whose skill essays the arduous task,
That skill within the limit she allows.
Great Nature scorns control: she will not bear

One beauty foreign to the spot or soil
She gives thee to adorn: 'tis thine alone
To mend, not change her features. Does her hand
Stretch forth a level lawn? Ah, hope not thou
To lift the mountain there. Do mountains frown
Around? Ah, wish not there the level lawn.
Yet she permits thy art, discreetly us'd,
To smooth the rugged and to swell the plain.
But dare with caution; else expect, bold man!
The injur'd Genius of the place to rise
In self-defence, and, like some giant fiend
That frowns in Gothic story, swift destroy,
By night, the puny labours of thy day.

What then must he attempt, whom niggard Fate
Has fixt in such an inauspicious spot
As bears no trace of beauty? Must he sit
Dull and inactive in the desert waste,
If Nature there no happy feature wears
To wake and meet his skill? Believe the Muse,
She does not know that inauspicious spot
Where Beauty is thus niggard of her store:
Believe the Muse, through this terrestrial vast
The seeds of grace are sown, profusely sown,
Ev'n where we least may hope: the desert hills
Will hear the call of Art; the vallies dank
Obey her just behests, and smile with charms
Congenial to the soil, and all its own.

For tell me, where's the desert? There alone
Where man resides not; or, if chance resides,
He is not there the man his Maker form'd,
Industrious man, by heav'ns first law ordain'd
To earn his food by labour. In the waste
Place thou that man with his primæval arms,
His plough-share, and his spade; nor shalt thou long
Impatient wait a change; the waste shall smile
With yellow harvests; what was barren heath
Shall soon be verdant mead. Now let thy art
Exert its powers, and give, by varying lines,
The soil, already tam'd, its finish'd grace.

Nor less obsequious to the hand of toil,
If Fancy guide that hand, will the dank vale
Receive improvement meet; but Fancy here
Must lead, not follow Labour; she must tell
In what peculiar place the soil shall rise,
Where sink; prescribe what form each sluice shall wear,
And how direct its course; whether to spread
Broad as a lake, or, as a river pent
By fringed banks, weave its irriguous way
Through lawn and shade alternate: for if she
Preside not o'er the task, the narrow drains
Will run in tedious parallel, or cut
Each other in sharp angles; hence implore
Her swift assistance, ere the ruthless spade
Too deeply wound the bosom of the soil.

Yet, in this lowly site, where all that charms
Within itself must charm, hard is the task
Impos'd on Fancy. Hence with idle fear!
Is she not Fancy? and can Fancy fail
In sweet delusions, in concealments apt,
And wild creative power? She cannot fail.
And yet, full oft, when her creative power,
Her apt concealments, her delusions sweet
Have been profusely lavish'd; when her groves
Have shot, with vegetative vigour strong,
Ev'n to their wish'd maturity; when Jove
Has roll'd the changeful seasons o'er her lawns,
And each has left a blessing as it roll'd:
Ev'n then, perchance, some vain fastidious eye
Shall rove unmindful of surrounding charms
And ask for prospect. Stranger! 'tis not here.
Go seek it on some garish turret's height;
Seek it on Richmond's, or on Windsor's brow;
There gazing, on the gorgeous vale below,
Applaud alike, with fashion'd pomp of phrase,
The good and bad, which, in profusion, there
That gorgeous vale exhibits. Here meanwhile
Ev'n in the dull, unseen, unseeing dell
Thy taste contemns, shall Contemplation imp
Her eagle plumes; the Poet here shall hold
Sweet converse with his Muse; the curious Sage,
Who comments on great Nature's ample tome,
Shall find that volume here. For here are caves,

Where rise those gurgling rills, that sing the song
Which Contemplation loves; here shadowy glades,
Where through the tremulous foliage darts the ray,
That gilds the Poet's day-dream; here the turf
Teems with the vegetating race; the air
Is peopled with the insect tribes, that float
Upon the noontide beam, and call the Sage
To number and to name them. Nor if here
The Painter comes, shall his enchanting art
Go back without a boon: for Fancy here,
With Nature's living colours, forms a scene
Which RUISDALE best might rival: crystal lakes,
O'er which the giant oak, himself a grove,
Flings his romantic branches, and beholds
His reverend image in th' expanse below.
If distant hills be wanting, yet our eye
Forgets the want, and with delighted gaze
Rests on the lovely fore-ground; there applauds
The art, which, varying forms and blending hues,
Gives that harmonious force of shade and light,
Which makes the landscape perfect. Art like this
Is only art, all else abortive toil.

Come then, thou sister Muse, from whom the mind
Wins for her airy visions colour, form,
And fixt locality, sweet Painting, come
To teach the docile pupil of my song,
How much his practice on thy aid depends.

Of Nature's various scenes the Painter culls
That for his fav'rite theme, where the fair whole
Is broken into ample parts, and bold;
Where to the eye three well-mark'd distances
Spread their peculiar colouring. Vivid green,
Warm brown, and black opake the fore-ground bears
Conspicuous; sober olive coldly marks
The second distance; thence the third declines
In softer blue, or, less'ning still, is lost
In faintest purple. When thy taste is call'd
To deck a scene where Nature's self presents
All these distinct gradations, then rejoice
As does the Painter, and like him apply
Thy colours; plant thou on each separate part
Its proper foliage. Chief, for there thy skill
Has its chief scope, enrich with all the hues
That flowers, that shrubs, that trees can yield, the sides
Of that fair path, from whence our sight is led
Gradual to view the whole. Where'er thou wind'st
That path, take heed between the scene and eye,
To vary and to mix thy chosen greens.
Here for a while with cedar or with larch,
That from the ground spread their close texture, hide
The view entire. Then o'er some lowly tuft,
Where rose and woodbine bloom, permits its charms
To burst upon the sight; now through a copse
Of beech, that rear their smooth and stately trunks,
Admit it partially, and half exclude,

And half reveal its graces: in this path
How long soe'er the wanderer roves, each step
Shall wake fresh beauties; each short point present
A different picture, new, and yet the same.

Yet some there are who scorn this cautious rule,
And fell each tree that intercepts the scene.
O great POUSSIN! O Nature's darling, CLAUDE!
What if some rash and sacrilegious hand
Tore from your canvass those umbrageous pines
That frown in front, and give each azure hill
The charm of contrast! Nature suffers here
Like outrage, and bewails a beauty lost,
Which Time, with tardy hand, shall late restore.

Yet here the spoiler rests not; see him rise
Warm from his devastation, to improve,
For so he calls it, yonder champian wide.
There on each bolder brow in shapes acute
His fence he scatters; there the Scottish fir
In murky file lifts his inglorious head,
And blots the fair horizon. So should art
Improve thy pencil's savage dignity,
SALVATOR! if where, far as eye can pierce,
Rock pil'd on rock, thy Alpine heights retire,
She flung her random foliage, and disturb'd
The deep repose of the majestic scene.
This deed were impious. Ah, forgive the thought,

Thou more than Painter, more than Poet! He,
Alone thy equal, who was "Fancy's child."

Does then the Song forbid the Planter's hand
To clothe the distant hills, and veil with woods
Their barren summits? No; it but forbids
All poverty of clothing. Rich the robe,
And ample let it flow, that Nature wears
On her thron'd eminence: where'er she takes
Her horizontal march, pursue her step
With sweeping train of forest; hill to hill
Unite with prodigality of shade.
There plant thy elm, thy chesnut; nourish there
Those sapling oaks, which, at Britannia's call,
May heave their trunks mature into the main,
And float the bulwarks of her liberty:
But if the fir, give it its station meet;
Place it an outgard to the assailing north
To shield the infant scions, till possest
Of native strength, they learn alike to scorn
The blast and their protectors. Foster'd thus,
The cradled hero gains from female care
His future vigour; but, that vigour felt,
He springs indignant from his nurse's arms,
Nods his terrific helmet, shakes his spear,
And is that awful thing which heav'n ordain'd
The scourge of tyrants, and his country's pride.

If yet thy art be dubious how to treat
Nature's neglected features, turn thy eye
To those, the masters of correct design,
Who, from her vast variety, have cull'd
The loveliest, boldest parts, and new arrang'd;
Yet, as herself approv'd, herself inspir'd.
In their immortal works thou ne'er shalt find
Dull uniformity, contrivance quaint,
Or labour'd littleness; but contrasts broad,
And careless lines, whose undulating forms
Play through the varied canvass: these transplant
Again on Nature; take thy plastic spade,
It is thy pencil; take thy seeds, thy plants,
They are thy colours; and by these repay
With interest every charm she lent thy art.

Nor, while I thus to Imitation's realm
Direct thy step, deem I direct thee wrong;
Nor ask, why I forget great Nature's fount,
And bring thee not the bright inspiring cup
From her original spring? Yet, if thou ask'st,
Thyself shalt give the answer. Tell me why
Did Raphael steal, when his creative hand
Imag'd the Seraphim, ideal grace
And dignity supernal from that store
Of Attic sculpture, which the ruthless Goth
Spar'd in his headlong fury? Tell me this:
And then confess that beauty best is taught

By those, the favour'd few, whom heav'n has lent
The power to seize, select, and reunite
Her loveliest features; and of these to form
One archetype complete of sovereign grace.
Here Nature sees her fairest forms more fair;
Owns them for hers, yet owns herself excell'd
By what herself produc'd. Here Art and She
Embrace; connubial Juno smiles benign,
And from the warm embrace Perfection springs.

Rouse then each latent energy of soul
To clasp ideal beauty. Proteus-like,
Think not the changeful Nymph will long elude
Thy chase, or with reluctant coyness frown.
Inspir'd by her thy happy art shall learn
To melt in fluent curves whate'er is straight,
Acute, or parallel. For, these unchang'd,
Nature and she disdain the formal scene.
'Tis their demand, that ev'ry step of rule
Be sever'd from their sight: they own no charm
But those that fair Variety creates,
Who ever loves to undulate and sport
In many a winding train. With equal zeal
She, careless Goddess, scorns the cube and cone,
As does mechanic Order hold them dear:
Hence springs their enmity; and he that hopes
To reconcile the foes, as well might aim
With hawk and dove to draw the Cyprian car.

Such sentence past, where shall the Dryads fly
That haunt yon antient vista? Pity, sure,
Will spare the long cathedral isle of shade
In which they sojourn; Taste were sacrilege,
If, lifting there the axe, it dar'd invade
Those spreading oaks that in fraternal files
Have pair'd for centuries, and heard the strains
Of SIDNEY's, nay, perchance, of SURRY's reed.
Yet must they fall, unless mechanic skill,
To save her offspring, rouse at our command
And, where we bid her move, with engine huge,
Each ponderous trunk, the ponderous trunk there move.
A work of difficulty and danger try'd,
Nor oft successful found. But if it fails,
Thy axe must do its office. Cruel task,
Yet needful. Trust me, though I bid thee strike,
Reluctantly I bid thee: for my soul
Holds dear an antient oak, nothing more dear;
It is an antient friend. Stay then thine hand;
And try by saplings tall, discreetly plac'd
Before, between, behind, in scatter'd groups,
To break th' obdurate line. So may'st thou save
A chosen few; and yet, alas, but few
Of these, the old protectors of the plain.
Yet shall these few give to thy opening lawn
That shadowy pomp, which only they can give:
For parted now, in patriarchal pride,
Each tree becomes the father of a tribe;

And, o'er the stripling foliage, rising round,
Towers with parental dignity supreme.

And yet, my Albion! in that fair domain,
Which Ocean made thy dowry, when his love
Tempestuous tore thee from reluctant Gaul,
And bade thee be his Queeu, there still remains
Full many a lovely unfrequented wild,
Where change like this is needless; where no lines
Of hedge-row, avenue, or of platform square
Demand destruction. In thy fair domain,
Yes, my lov'd Albion! many a glade is found,
The haunt of wood-gods only; where if Art
E'er dar'd to tread, 'twas with unsandal'd foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy ground,
And there are scenes, where, tho' she whilom trod,
Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny,
And ruthless Superstition, we now trace
Her footsteps with delight; and pleas'd revere
What once had rous'd our hatred. But to Time,
Not her, the praise is due: his gradual touch
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible; and many a fane
Monastic, which, when deck'd with all its spires,
Serv'd but to feed some pamper'd Abbot's pride,
And awe th' unletter'd vulgar. Generous youth,
Whoe'er thou art, that listen'st to my lay,

And feel'st thy soul assent to what I sing,
Happy art thou if thou can'st call thine own
Such scenes as these: where Nature and where Time
Have work'd congenial; where a scatter'd host
Of antique oaks darken thy sidelong hills;
While, rushing through their branches, rifted cliffs
Dart their white heads, and glitter through the gloom.
More happy still, if one superior rock
Bear on its brow the shiver'd fragment huge
Of some old Norman fortress; happier far,
Ah, then most happy, if thy vale below
Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,
Some mould'ring abbey's ivy-vested wall.

O how unlike the scene my fancy forms,
Did Folly, heretofore, with Wealth conspire
To plan that formal, dull, disjointed scene,
Which once was call'd a Garden. Britain still
Bears on her breast full many a hideous wound
Given by the cruel pair, when, borrowing aid
From geometric skill, they vainly strove
By line, by plummet, and unfeeling sheers,
To form with verdure what the builder form'd
With stone.* Egregious madness; yet pursu'd
With pains unwearied, with expence unsumm'd,
And science doating. Hence the sidelong walls
Of shaven yew; the holly's prickly arms

* Ver. 395, Note II.

Trimm'd into high arcades; the tonsile box
Wove, in mosaic mode of many a curl,
Around the figur'd carpet of the lawn.
Hence too deformities of harder cure:
The terras mound uplifted; the long line
Deep delv'd of flat canal; and all that toil,
Misled by tasteless Fashion, could atchieve
To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine.

Long was the night of error, nor dispell'd
By him that rose at learning's earliest dawn,
Prophet of unborn Science. On thy realm,
Philosophy! his sovereign lustre spread;
Yet did he deign to light with casual glance
The wilds of taste. Yes, sagest VERULAM,*
'Twas thine to banish from the royal groves
Each childish vanity of crisped knot
And sculptur'd foliage; to the lawn restore
Its ample space, and bid it feast the sight
With verdure pure, unbroken, unabridg'd:
For verdure sooths the eye, as roseate sweets
The smell, or music's melting strains the ear.

So taught the Sage, taught a degenerate reign
What in Eliza's golden day was taste.
Not but the mode of that romantic age,
The age of tourneys, triumphs, and quaint masques,

* Ver. 412, Note III.

Glar'd with fantastic pageantry, which dimm'd
The sober eye of truth, and dazzled ev'n
The Sage himself; witness his high-arch'd hedge,
In pillar'd state by carpentry upborn,
With colour'd mirrors deck'd, and prison'd birds.
But when our step has pac'd his proud parterres,
And reach'd the heath, then Nature glads our eye
Sporting in all her lovely carelessness.
There smiles in varied tufts the velvet rose,
There flaunts the gadding woodbine, swells the ground
In gentle hillocks, and around its sides
Thro' blossom'd shades the secret pathway steals.

Thus, with a Poet's power, the Sage's pen
Pourtray'd that nicer negligence of scene,
Which Taste approves. While he, delicious swain,
Who tun'd his oaten pipe by Mulla's stream,
Accordant touch'd the stops in Dorian mood:
What time he 'gan to paint the fairy vale,
Where stands the fane of Venus. Well I ween
That then, if ever, COLIN, thy fond hand
Did steep its pencil in the well-fount clear
Of true simplicity; and "call'd in Art
"Only to second Nature, and supply
"All that the Nymph forgot, or left forlorn." *
Yet what avail'd the song? or what avail'd
Ev'n thine, thou chief of Bards, whose mighty mind,

* Ver. 447, Note IV.

With inward light irradiate, mirror-like
Receiv'd, and to mankind with ray reflex
The sov'reign Planter's primal work display'd?
*That work, where not nice Art in curious knots,
" But Nature boon pour'd forth on hill and dale
" Flowers worthy of Paradise; while all around
" Umbrageous grotts, and caves of cool recess,
" And murmuring waters down the slope dispers'd,
" Or held, by fringed banks, in crystal lakes,
" Compose a rural seat of various view."
'Twas thus great Nature's herald blazon'd high
That fair original impress, which she bore
In state sublime; e'er miscreated Art,
Offspring of Sin and Shame, the banner seiz'd,
And with adulterate pageantry defil'd.
Yet vainly, MILTON, did thy voice proclaim
These her primæval honours. Still she lay
Defac'd, deflower'd, full many a ruthless year:
Alike, when Charles, the abject tool of France,
Came back to smile his subjects into slaves;
Or Belgic William, with his warrior frown,
Coldly declar'd them free; in fetters still
The Goddess pin'd, by both alike opprest.

Go to the proof! Behold what TEMPLE call'd
A perfect Garden. There thou shalt not find
One blade of verdure, but with aching feet

* Ver. 458, Note V.

From terras down to terras shalt descend,
Step following step, by tedious flight of stairs:
On leaden platforms now the noon-day sun
Shall scorch thee; now the dank arcades of stone
Shall chill thy fervour; happy, if at length
Thou reach the Orchard, where the sparing turf*
Through equal lines, all centring in a point,
Yields thee a softer tread. And yet full oft
O'er TEMPLE's studious hour did Truth preside,
Sprinkling her lustre o'er his classic page:
There here his candour own in fashion's spite,
In spite of courtly dulness, hear it own
" There is a grace in wild variety
" Surpassing rule and order."† TEMPLE, yes,
There is a grace; and let eternal wreaths
Adorn their brows who fixt its empire here.
The Muse shall hail the champions that herself
Led to the fair atchievement.‡ ADDISON,
Thou polish'd Sage, or shall I call thee Bard,
I see thee come: around thy temples play
The lambent flames of humour, bright'ning mild
Thy judgment into smiles; gracious thou com'st
With Satire at thy side, who checks her frown,
But not her secret sting. With bolder rage
POPE next advances: his indignant arm
Waves the poetic brand o'er Timon's shades,

* Ver. 481, Note VI.
† Ver. 489, Note VII.
‡ Ver. 493, Note VIII.

And lights them to destruction; the fierce blaze
Sweeps through each kindred vista; groves to groves*
Nod their fraternal farewell, and expire.
And now, elate with fair-earn'd victory,
The Bard retires, and on the bank of Thames
Erects his flag of triumph; wild it waves
In verdant splendor, and beholds, and hails
The King of Rivers, as he rolls along.
KENT is his bold associate; KENT, who felt
The pencil's power: † but, fir'd by higher forms
Of beauty, than that pencil knew to paint,
Work'd with the living hues that Nature lent,
And realiz'd his landscapes. Generous He,
Who gave to Painting, what the wayward Nymph
Refus'd her votary, those Elysian scenes,
Which would she emulate, her nicest hand
Must all its force of light and shade employ.
On thee too, SOUTHCOTE, shall the Muse bestow
No vulgar praise: for thou to humblest things
Could'st give ennobling beauties; deck'd by thee,
The simple farm eclips'd the garden's pride, ‡
Ev'n as the virgin blush of innocence,
The harlotry of art. Nor, SHENSTONE, thou
Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace!
Who knew'st, perchance, to harmonize thy shades
Still softer than thy song; yet was that song

* Ver. 503, Note IX.
† Ver. 511, Note X.
‡ Ver. 522, Note XI.

Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
To pastoral plaint, or tale of slighted love.
HIM too, the living leader of thy powers,
Great Nature! him the Muse shall hail in notes
Which antedate the praise true genius claims
From just posterity: Bards yet unborn
Shall pay to BROWN that tribute, fitliest paid
In strains, the beauty of his scenes inspire.

Meanwhile, ye youths! whose sympathetic souls
Would taste those genuine charms, which faintly smile
In my descriptive song, O visit oft
The finish'd scenes, that boast the forming hand
Of these creative Genii! feel ye there
What REYNOLDS felt, when first the Vatican
Unbarr'd her gates, and to his raptur'd eye
Gave all the god-like energy that flow'd
From MICHAEL'S pencil; feel what GARRICK felt,
When first he breath'd the soul of Shakspeare's page.
So shall your Art, if call'd to grace a scene
Yet unadorn'd, with taste instinctive give
Each grace appropriate; so your active eye
Shall dart that glance prophetic, which awakes
The slumbering wood-nymphs; gladly shall they rise,
Oread and Dryad, from their verdurous beds,
And fling their foliage, and arrange their stems,
As you, and beauty bid: the Naiad train,
Alike obsequious, from a thousand urns

Shall pour their crystalline tide; while hand in hand,
Vertumnus and Pomona bring their stores,
Fruitage, and flowers of ev'ry blush and scent,
Each varied season yields; to you they bring
The fragrant tribute; ye, with generous hand
Diffuse the blessing wide, till Albion smile
One ample theatre of sylvan grace.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

# ENGLISH GARDEN.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

THE

# ENGLISH GARDEN.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

HAIL to the Art, that teaches Wealth and Pride
How to possess their wish, the world's applause,
Unmixt with blame! that bids Magnificence
Abate its meteor glare, and learn to shine
Benevolently mild; like her, the Queen
Of Night, who sailing through autumnal skies,
Gives to the bearded product of the plain
Her ripening lustre, lingering as she rolls,
And glancing cool the salutary ray
Which fills the fields with plenty.* Hail, that Art
Ye swains! for, hark! with lowings glad, your herds
Proclaim its influence, wandering o'er the lawns
Restor'd to them and Nature; now no more
Shall Fortune's minion rob them of their right,
Or round his dull domain with lofty wall
Oppose their jocund presence. Gothic Pomp
Frowns and retires, his proud behests are scorn'd:
Now Taste, inspir'd by Truth, exalts her voice,
And she is heard. "Oh, let not man misdeem;

* Ver. 10, Note XII.

" Waste is not Grandeur, Fashion ill supplies
" My sacred place, and Beauty scorns to dwell
" Where Use is exiled." At the awful sound
The terrace sinks spontaneous; on the green,
Broider'd with crisped knots, the tonsile yews
Wither and fall; the fountain dares no more
To fling its wasted crystal through the sky,
But pours salubrious o'er the parched lawn
Rills of fertility. Oh best of Arts
That works this happy change! true alchymy,
Beyond the Rosicrusian boast, that turns
Deformity to grace, expense to gain,
And pleas'd restores to Earth's maternal lap
The long-lost fruits of AMALTHEA's horn!

When such the theme, the Poet smiles secure
Of candid audience, and with touch assur'd
Resumes his reed ASCRÆAN; eager he
To ply its warbling stops of various note
In Nature's cause, that Albion's listening youths,
Inform'd erewhile to scorn the long-drawn lines
Of straight formality, alike may scorn
Those quick, acute, perplex'd, and tangled paths,
That, like the snake crush'd by the sharpen'd spade,
Writhe in convulsive torture, and full oft,
Through many a dark and unsunn'd labyrinth,
Mislead our step; till giddy, spent, and foiled,
We reach the point where first our race began.

These Fancy priz'd erroneous, what time Taste,
An infant yet, first join'd her to destroy
The measur'd platform; into false extremes
What marvel if they stray'd, as yet unskill'd
To mark the form of that peculiar curve,
Alike averse to crooked and to straight,
Where sweet Simplicity resides; which Grace
And Beauty call their own; whose lambent flow
Charms us at once with symmetry and ease.
'Tis Nature's curve, instinctively she bids
Her tribes of Being trace it. Down the slope
Of yon wide field, see, with its gradual sweep
The ploughing steers their fallow ridges swell;
The peasant, driving through each shadowy lane
His team, that bends beneath th' incumbent weight
Of laughing CERES, marks it with his wheel;
At night, and morn, the milkmaid's careless step
Has, through yon pasture green, from stile to stile,
Imprest a kindred curve; the scudding hare
Draws to her drew-sprent seat, o'er thymy heaths,
A path as gently waving: mark them well;
Compare, pronounce, that, varying but in size,
Their forms are kindred all; go then, convinc'd
That Art's unerring rule is only drawn
From Nature's sacred source; a rule that guides
Her ev'ry toil; or, if she shape the path,
Or scoop the lawn, or gradual, lift the hill.
For not alone to that embellish'd walk,

Which leads to ev'ry beauty of the scene,
It yields a grace, but spreads its influence wide,
Prescribes each form of thicket, copse, or wood,
Confines the rivulet, and spreads the lake.

Yet shall this graceful line forget to please,
If border'd close by sidelong parallels,
Nor duly mixt with those opposing curves
That give the charm of contrast. Vainly Taste
Draws through the grove her path in easiest bend,
If, on the margin of its woody sides,
The measur'd greensward waves in kindred flow:
Oft let the turf recede, and oft approach,
With varied breadth, now sink into the shade,
Now to the sun its verdant bosom bare.
As vainly wilt thou lift the gradual hill
To meet thy right-hand view, if to the left
An equal hill ascends: in this, and all
Be various, wild, and free as Nature's self.

For in her wildness is there oft an art,
Or seeming art, which, by position apt,
Arranges shapes unequal, so to save
That correspondent poise, which unpreserv'd
Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.
Yet fair variety, with all her powers,
Assists the balance: 'gainst the barren crag
She lifts the pastur'd slope; to distant hills

Opposes neighb'ring shades; and, central oft,
Relieves the flatness of the lawn, or lake,
With studded tuft, or island. So to poise
Her objects, mimic Art may oft attain:
She rules the foreground; she can swell or sink
Its surface; here her leafy screen oppose,
And there withdraw; here part the varying greens,
And there in one promiscuous gloom combine
As best befits the Genius of the scene.

Him then, that sov'reign Genius, Monarch sole
Who, from creation's primal day, derives
His right divine to this his rural throne,
Approach with meet obeisance; at his feet
Let our aw'd art fall prostrate. They of Ind,
The Tartar tyrants, Tamerlane's proud race,
Or they in Persia thron'd, who shake the rod
Of power o'er myriads of enervate slaves,
Expect not humbler homage to their pride
Than does this sylvan Despot.* Yet to those
Who do him loyal service, who revere
His dignity, nor aim, with rebel arms,
At lawless usurpation, is he found
Patient and placable, receives well pleas'd
Their tributary treasures, nor disdains
To blend them with his own internal store.

* Ver. 119, Note XIII.

Stands he in blank and desolated state,
Where yawning crags disjointed, sharp, uncouth,
Involve him with pale horror? In the clefts
Thy welcome spade shall heap that fost'ring mould
Whence sapling oaks may spring; whence clust'ring crowds
Of early underwood shall veil their sides,
And teach their rugged heads above the shade
To tower in shapes romantic: nor, around
Their flinty roots, shall ivy spare to hang
Its gadding tendrils, nor the moss-grown turf,
With wild thyme sprinkled, there refuse to spread
Its verdure. Awful still, yet not austere,
The Genius stands; bold is his port, and wild,
But not forlorn, nor savage. On some plain
Of tedious length, say, are his flat limbs laid?
Thy hand shall lift him from the dreary couch,
Pillowing his head with swelling hillocks green,
While, all around, a forest-curtain spreads
Its waving folds, and blesses his repose.
What, if perchance in some prolific soil,
Where Vegetation strenuous, uncontrol'd,
Has push'd her pow'rs luxuriant, he now pines
For air and freedom? Soon thy sturdy axe,
Amid its intertwisted foliage driv'n,
Shall open all his glades, and ingress give
To the bright darts of day; his prison'd rills,
That darkling crept amid the rustling brakes,
Shall glitter as they glide, and his dank caves,

Free to salubrious Zephyrs, cease to weep.
Meanwhile his shadowy pomp he still retains,
His Dryads still attend him; they alone
Of race plebeian banish'd, who to crowd,
Not grace his state, their boughs obtrusive flung.

But chief consult him ere thou dar'st decide
Th' appropriate bounds of Pleasure, and of Use;
For Pleasure, lawless robber, oft invades
Her neighbour's right, and turns to idle waste
Her treasures: curb her then in scanty bounds,
Whene'er the scene permits that just retraint.
The curb restrains not Beauty; sov'reign she
Still triumphs, still unites each subject realm,
And blesses both impartial. Why then fear
Lest, if thy fence contract the shaven lawn,
It does Her wrong? She points a thousand ways,
And each her own, to cure the needful ill.
Where'er it winds, and freely must it wind,
She bids, at ev'ry bend, thick-blossom'd tufts
Crowd their inwoven tendrils: is there still
A void? Lo, Lebanon her cedar lends!
Lo, all the stately progeny of pines
Come, with their floating foliage richly deck'd,
To fill that void! meanwhile across the mead
The wand'ring flocks that browse between the shades
Seem oft to pass their bounds; the dubious eye
Decides not if they crop the mead or lawn.

Browse then your fill, fond foresters! to you
Shall sturdy Labour quit his morning task
Well pleas'd; nor longer o'er his useless plots
Draw through the dew the splendour of his scythe.
He, leaning on that scythe, with carols gay
Salutes his fleecy substitutes, that rush
In bleating chase to their delicious task,
And spreading o'er the plain, with eager teeth
Devour it into verdure. Browse your fill
Fond foresters! the soil that you enrich
Shall still supply your morn and evening meal
With choicest delicates; whether you choose
The vernal blades, that rise with seeded stem
Of hue purpureal; or the clover white,
That in a spiked ball collects its sweets;
Or trembling fescue: ev'ry fav'rite herb
Shall court your taste, ye harmless epicures!
Meanwhile permit that with unheeded step
I pass beside you, nor let idle fear
Spoil your repast, for know the lively scene,
That you still more enliven, to my soul
Darts inspiration, and impels the song
To roll in bolder descant; while, within,
A gleam of happiness primæval seems
To snatch me back to joys my nature claim'd,
Ere vice defil'd, ere slavery sunk the world,
And all was faith and freedom: then was man
Creation's king, yet friend; and all that browse,

Or skim, or dive, the plain, the air, the flood,
Paid him their liberal homage; paid unaw'd
In love accepted, sympathetic love
That felt for all, and blest them with its smiles.
Then, nor the curling horn had learn'd to sound
The savage song of chase; the barbed shaft
Had then no poison'd point; nor thou, fell tube!
Whose iron entrails hide the sulphurous blast,
Satanic engine, knew'st the ruthless power
Of thundering death around thee. Then alike
Were ye innocuous through your ev'ry tribe,
Or brute, or reptile; nor by rage or guile
Had giv'n to injur'd man his only plea
(And that the tyrant's plea*) to work your harm.
Instinct, alas! like wayward Reason, now
Veers from its pole. There was a golden time
When each created being kept its sphere
Appointed, nor infring'd its neighbour's right.
The flocks, to whom the grassy lawn was giv'n,
Fed on its blades contented; now they crush
Each scion's tender shoots, and, at its birth,
Destroy, what, sav'd from their remorseless tooth,
Had been the tree of Jove. Ev'n while I sing,
Yon wanton lamb has cropt the woodbine's pride,
That bent beneath a full-blown load of sweets,
And fill'd the air with perfume; see it falls;
The busy bees, with many a murmur sad,

* Ver. 222, Note XIV.

Hang o'er their honied loss. Why is it thus?
Ah, why must Art defend the friendly shades
She rear'd to shield you from the noontide beam?
Traitors, forbear to wound them! say, ye fools!
Does your rich herbage fail? do acrid leaves
Afford you daintier food? I plead in vain;
For now the father of the fleecy troop
Begins his devastation, and his ewes
Crowd to the spoil, with imitative zeal.

Since then, constrain'd, we must expel the flock
From where our saplings rise, our flow'rets bloom,
The song shall teach, in clear preceptive notes,
How best to frame the fence, and best to hide
All its foreseen defects; defective still,
Though hid with happiest art. Ingrateful sure
When such the theme, becomes the Poet's task:
Yet must he try, by modulation meet
Of varied cadence, and selected phrase,
Exact yet free, without inflation bold,
To dignify that theme, must try to form
Such magic sympathy of sense with sound
As pictures all it sings; while Grace awakes
At each blest touch, and, on the lowliest things,
Scatters her rainbow hues. The first and best
Is that, which, sinking from our eye, divides
Yet seems not to divide the shaven lawn,
And parts it from the pasture; for if there

Sheep feed, or dappled deer, their wandering teeth
Will, smoothly as the scythe, the herbage shave,
And leave a kindred verdure. This to keep
Heed that thy labourer scoop the trench with care;
For some there are who give their spade repose,
When broad enough the perpendicular sides
Divide, and deep descend. To form perchance
Some needful drain, such labour may suffice,
Yet not for beauty: here thy range of wall
Must lift its height erect, and, o'er its head
A verdant veil of swelling turf expand,
While smoothly from its base with gradual ease
The pasture meets its level, at that point
Which best deludes our eye, and best conceals
Thy lawn's brief limit. Down so smooth a slope
The fleecy foragers will gladly browse;
The velvet herbage free from weeds obscene
Shall spread its equal carpet, and the trench
Be pasture to its base. Thus form thy fence
Of stone, for stone alone, and pil'd on high,
Best curbs the nimble deer, that love to range
Unlimited; but where tame heifers feed,
Or innocent sheep, an humbler mound will serve
Unlin'd with stone, and but a greensward trench.
Here midway down, upon the nearer bank
Plant thy thick row of thorns, and, to defend
Their infant shoots, beneath, on oaken stakes,
Extend a rail of elm, securely arm'd

With spiculated paling, in such sort
As, round some citadel, the engineer
Directs his sharp stoccade. But when the shoots
Condense, and interweave their prickly boughs
Impenetrable, then withdraw their guard,
They've done their office; scorn thou to retain,
What frowns like military art, in scenes,
Where peace should smile perpetual. These destroy'd,
Make it thy vernal care, when April calls
New shoots to birth, to trim the hedge aslant,
And mould it to the roundness of the mound,
Itself a shelving hill; nor need we here
The rule or line precise, a casual glance
Suffices to direct the careless sheers.

Yet learn, that each variety of ground
Claims its peculiar barrier. When the foss
Can steal transverse before the central eye,
'Tis duly drawn; but, up yon neighb'ring hill
That fronts the lawn direct, if labour delve
The yawning chasm, 'twill meet, not cross our view;
No foliage can conceal, no curve correct
The deep deformity. And yet thou mean'st
Up yonder hill to wind thy fragrant way,
And wisely dost thou mean; for its broad eye
Catches the sudden charms of laughing vales,
Rude rocks and headlong streams, and antique oaks
Lost in a wild horizon; yet the path

That leads to all these charms expects defence:
Here then suspend the sportsman's hempen toils,
And stretch their meshes on the light support
Of hazel plants, or draw thy lines of wire
In fivefold parallel; no danger then
That sheep invade thy foliage. To thy herds,
And pastur'd steeds an opener fence oppose,
Form'd by a triple row of cordage strong,
Tight drawn the stakes between. The simple deer
Is curb'd by mimic snares; the slenderest twine *
(If sages err not) that the beldame spins
When by her wintry lamp she plies her wheel,
Arrests his courage; his impetuous hoof,
Broad chest, and branching antlers nought avail;
In fearful gaze he stands; the nerves that bore
His bounding pride o'er lofty mounds of stone,
A single thread defies. Such force has fear,
When visionary fancy wakes the fiend,
In brute, or man, most powerful when most vain.

Still must the swain, who spreads these corded guards,
Expect their swift decay. The noontide beams
Relax, the nightly dews contract the twist.
Oft too the coward hare, then only bold
When mischief prompts, or wintry famine pines,
Will quit her rush-grown form, and steal, with ear
Up-prick'd, to gnaw the toils; and oft the ram
And jutting steer drive their entangling horns

* Verse 327, Note XV.

Through the frail meshes, and, by many a chasm,
Proclaim their hate of thraldom. Nothing brooks
Confinement, save degenerate man alone,
Who deems a monarch's smile can gild his chains.
Tir'd then, perchance, of nets that daily claim
Thy renovating labour, thou wilt form,
With elm and oak, a rustic balustrade
Of firmest juncture: happy could thy toil
Make it as fair as firm; yet vain the wish,
Aim but to hide, not grace its formal line.

Let those, who weekly, from the city's smoke,
Crowd to each neighb'ring hamlet, there to hold
Their dusty Sabbath, tip with gold and red
The milk-white palisades, that Gothic now,
And now Chinese, now neither, and yet both,
Checquer their trim domain. Thy sylvan scene
Would fade, indignant at the tawdry glare.

'Tis thine alone to seek what shadowy hues
Tinging thy fence may lose it in the lawn;
And these to give thee Painting must descend
Ev'n to her meanest office; grind, compound,
Compare, and by the distanced eye decide.

For this she first, with snowy ceruse, joins
The ochr'ous atoms that chalybeate rills
Wash from their mineral channels, as they glide,

In flakes of earthy gold; with these unites
A tinge of blue, or that deep azure gray,
Form'd from the calcin'd fibres of the vine;
And, if she blends, with sparing hand she blends
That base metallic drug then only priz'd,
When, aided by the humid touch of Time,
It gives a Nero's or some tyrant's cheek,
Its precious canker. These with fluent oil
Attemper'd, on thy length'ning rail shall spread
That sober olive-green which Nature wears
Ev'n on her vernal bosom; nor misdeem,
For that, illumin'd with the noontide ray,
She boasts a brighter garment, therefore Art
A livelier verdure to thy aid should bring.
Know when that Art, with ev'ry varied hue,
Portrays the living landscape; when her hand
Commands the canvass plane to glide with streams,
To wave with foliage, or with flowers to breathe,
Cool olive tints, in soft gradation laid,
Create the general herbage: there alone,
Where darts with vivid force, the ray supreme
Unsullied verdure reigns; and tells our eye
It stole its bright reflection from the sun.

The paint is spread; the barrier pales retire,
Snatch'd, as by magic, from the gazer's view.
So, when the sable ensign of the night,
Unfurl'd by mist-impelling Eurus, veils

The last red radiance of declining day,
Each scatter'd village, and each holy spire
That deck'd the distance of the sylvan scene,
Are sunk in sudden gloom: the plodding hind,
That homeward hies, kens not the cheering site
Of his calm cabin, which, a moment past,
Stream'd from its roof an azure curl of smoke,
Beneath the sheltering coppice, and gave sign
Of warm domestic welcome from his toil.

Nor is that cot, of which fond Fancy draws
This casual picture, alien from our theme.
Revisit it at morn; its opening latch,
Though Penury and Toil within reside,
Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny
Glowing with health and beauty (such the dower
Of equal heav'n): See how the ruddy tribe
Throng round the threshold, and, with vacant gaze,
Salute thee; call the loiterers into use,
And form of these thy fence, the living fence
That graces what it guards. Thou think'st, perchance,
That, skill'd in Nature's heraldry, thy art
Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,
Marshall'd each rose, that to the eye of June
Spreads its peculiar crimson; do not err,
The loveliest still is wanting; the fresh rose
Of Innocence, it blossoms on their cheek,
And, lo, to thee they bear it! striving all,

In panting race, who first shall reach the lawn,
Proud to be call'd thy shepherds. Want, alas!
Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
In many a tatter'd fold, yet still those limbs
Are shapely; their rude locks start from their brow,
Yet, on that open brow, its dearest throne,
Sits sweet Simplicity. Ah, clothe the troop
In such a russet garb as best befits
Their pastoral office; let the leathern scrip
Swing at their side, tip thou their crook with steel,
And braid their hat with rushes, then to each
Assign his station; at the close of eve,
Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote
The flock, and when the matin prime returns,
Their care to set them free; yet watching still
The liberty they lend, oft shalt thou hear
Their whistle shrill, and oft their faithful dog
Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock
From wrong or robbery. The livelong day
Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads;
They bask on sunny hillocks, or desport
In rustic pastime, while that loveliest grace,
Which only lives in action unrestrain'd,
To ev'ry simple gesture lends a charm.

Pride of the year, purpureal Spring! attend,
And, in the cheek of these sweet innocents
Behold your beauties pictur'd. As the cloud

That weeps its moment from thy sapphire heav'n,
They frown with causeless sorrow; as the beam,
Gilding that cloud, with causeless mirth they smile.
Stay, pitying Time! prolong their vernal bliss.
Alas! ere we can note it in our song,
Comes manhood's feverish summer, chill'd full soon
By cold autumnal care, till wint'ry age
Sinks in the frore severity of death.

Ah! who, when such life's momentary dream,
Would mix in hireling senates, strenuous there
To crush the venal hydra, whose fell crests
Rise with recruited venom from the wound!
Who, for so vain a conflict, would forego
Thy sylvan haunts, celestial Solitude!
Where self-improvement, crown'd with self-content,
Await to bless thy votary? Nurtur'd thus
In tranquil groves, list'ning to Nature's voice,
That preach'd from whispering trees, and babbling brooks,
A lesson seldom learnt in Reason's school,
The wise Sidonian liv'd:* and, though the pest
Of lawless tyranny around him rag'd;
Though Strato, great alone in Persia's gold,
Uncall'd, unhallow'd by the people's choice,
Usurp'd the throne of his brave ancestors,
Yet was his soul all peace; a garden's care
His only thought, its charms his only pride.

* Ver. 470, Note XVI.

But now the conquering arms of Macedon
Had humbled Persia. Now Phænicia's realm
Receives the Son of Ammon; at whose frown
Her tributary kings or quit their thrones,
Or at his smile retain; and Sidon, now
Freed from her tyrant, points the victor's step
To where her rightful sov'reign, doubly dear
By birth and virtue, prun'd his garden grove.

'Twas at that early hour, when now the sun
Behind majestic Lebanon's dark veil
Hid his ascending splendor; yet through each
Her cedar-vested sides, his flaunting beams
Shot to the strand, and purpled all the main,
Where Commerce saw her Sidon's freighted wealth,
With languid streamers, and with folded sails,
Float in a lake of gold. The wind was hush'd;
And, to the beach, each slowly-lifted wave,
Creeping with silver curl, just kist the shore,
And slept in silence. At this tranquil hour
Did Sidon's senate, and the Grecian host,
Led by the conqueror of the world, approach
The secret glade that veil'd the man of toil.

Now near the mountain's foot the chief arriv'd,
Where, round that glade, a pointed aloe screen,
Entwin'd with myrtle, met in tangled brakes,
That barr'd all entrance, save at one low gate,

Whose time-disjointed arch, with ivy chain'd,
Bad stoop the warrior train. A pathway brown
Led through the pass, meeting a fretful brook,
And wandering near its channel, while it leapt
O'er many a rocky fragment, where rude Art
Had eas'd perchance, but not prescrib'd its way.

Close was the vale and shady; yet ere long
Its forest sides retiring, left a lawn
Of ample circuit, where the widening stream
Now o'er its pebbled channel nimbly tript
In many a lucid maze. From the flower'd verge
Of this clear rill now stray'd the devious path,
Amid ambrosial tufts where spicy plants,
Weeping their perfum'd tears of myrrh, and nard,
Stood crown'd with Sharon's rose; or where, apart,
The patriarch palm his load of sugar'd dates
Shower'd plenteous; where the fig, of standard strength,
And rich pomegranate, wrapt in dulcet pulp
Their racy seeds; or where the citron's bough
Bent with its load of golden fruit mature.
Meanwhile the lawn beneath the scatter'd shade
Spread its serene extent; a stately file
Of circling cypress mark'd the distant bound.

Now, to the left, the path ascending pierc'd
A smaller sylvan theatre, yet deck'd
With more majestic foliage. Cedars here,

Coeval with the sky-crown'd mountain's self,
Spread wide their giant arms; whence, from a rock
Craggy and black, that seem'd its fountain head,
The stream fell headlong; yet still higher rose,
Ev'n in th' eternal snows of Lebanon,
That hallow'd spring; thence, in the porous earth
Long while ingulph'd, its crystal weight here forc'd
Its way to light and freedom. Down it dash'd;
A bed of native marble pure receiv'd
The new-born Naiad, and repos'd her wave,
Till with o'erflowing pride it skimm'd the lawn.

Fronting this lake there rose a solemn grot,
O'er which an ancient vine luxuriant flung
Its purple clusters, and beneath its roof
An unhewn altar. Rich Sabæan gums
That altar pil'd; and there with torch of pine
The venerable Sage, now first descry'd,
The fragrance incense kindled. Age had shed
That dust of silver o'er his sable locks,
Which spoke his strength mature beyond its prime,
Yet vigorous still, for from his healthy cheek
Time had not cropt a rose, or on his brow
One wrinkling furrow plough'd; his eagle eye
Had all its youthful lightning, and each limb
The sinewy strength that toil demands, and gives.

The warrior saw, and paus'd: his nod withheld

The crowd at awful distance, where their ears,
In mute attention, drank the Sage's prayer.
" Parent of Good (he cried) behold the gifts
" Thy humble votary brings, and may thy smile
" Hallow his custom'd offering. Let the hand
" That deals in blood, with blood thy shrines distain;
" Be mine this harmless tribute. If it speaks
" A grateful heart, can hecatombs do more?
" Parent of Good! they cannot. Purple Pomp
" May call thy presence to a prouder fane
" Than this poor cave; but will thy presence there
" Be more devoutly felt? Parent of Good!
" It will not. Here then, shall the prostrate heart,
" That deeply feels thy presence, lift its pray'r.
" But what has he to ask who nothing needs,
" Save what, unask'd, is from thy heav'n of heav'ns
" Giv'n in diurnal good? yet, holy Power!
" Do all that call thee Father thus exult
" In thy propitious presence? Sidon sinks
" Beneath a tyrant's scourge. Parent of Good!
" Oh free my captive country."—Sudden here
He paus'd and sigh'd. And now, the raptur'd crowd
Murmur applause: he heard, he turn'd, and saw
The King of Macedon with eager step
Burst from his warrior phalanx. From the youth,
Who bore its state, the conqueror's own right hand
Snatch'd the rich wreath, and bound it on his brow.
His swift attendants o'er his shoulders cast

The robe of empire, while the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd him King of Sidon. Stern he stood,
Or, if he smil'd, 'twas a contemptuous smile,
That held the pageant honours in disdain.
Then burst the people's voice, in loud acclaim,
And bade him be their Father. At the word,
The honour'd blood, that warm'd him, flush'd his cheek;
His brow expanded; his exalted step
March'd firmer; graciously he bow'd the head,
And was the Sire they call'd him. " Tell me, King,"
Young Ammon cry'd, while o'er his bright'ning form
He cast the gaze of wonder, " how a soul
" Like thine could bear the toils of Penury?"
" Oh grant me, Gods!" he answer'd, " so to bear
" This load of Royalty. My toil was crown'd
" With blessings lost to kings; yet, righteous Powers!
" If to my country ye transfer the boon,
" I triumph in the loss. Be mine the chains
" That fetter sov'reignty; let Sidon smile
" With, your best blessings, Liberty and Peace."

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

# ENGLISH GARDEN.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

THE

# ENGLISH GARDEN.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

CLOS'D is that curious ear, by Death's cold hand,
That mark'd each error of my careless strain
With kind severity; to whom my Muse
Still lov'd to whisper, what she meant to sing
In louder accent; to whose taste supreme
She first and last appeal'd, nor wish'd for praise,
Save when his smile was herald to her fame.
Yes, thou art gone; yet Friendship's fault'ring tongue
Invokes thee still; and still, by Fancy sooth'd,
Fain would she hope her GRAY attends the call.
Why then, alas! in this my fav'rite haunt
Place I the urn, the bust, the sculptur'd lyre,*
Or fix this votive tablet, fair inscrib'd
With numbers worthy thee, for they are thine?
Why, if thou hear'st me still, these symbols sad
Of fond memorial? Ah! my pensive soul!
He hears me not, nor ever more shall hear
The theme his candour, not his taste approv'd.

* Ver. 12, Note XVII.

Oft, ‘ smiling as in scorn,’ oft would he cry,
“ Why waste thy numbers on a trivial art,
“ That ill can mimic even the humblest charms
“ Of all-majestic Nature?” at the word
His eye would glisten, and his accents glow
With all the Poet’s frenzy, “ Sov’reign Queen!
“ Behold, and tremble, while thou view’st her state
“ Thron’d on the heights of Skiddaw: call thy art
“ To build her such a throne; that art will feel
“ How vain her best pretensions. Trace her march
“ Amid the purple craggs of Borrowdale;
“ And try like those to pile thy range of rock
“ In rude tumultuous chaos. See! she mounts
“ Her Naiad car, and, down Lodore’s dread cliff
“ Falls many a fathom, like the headlong Bard
“ My fabling fancy plung’d in Conway’s flood;
“ Yet not like him to sink in endless night:
“ For, on its boiling bosom, still she guides
“ Her buoyant shell, and leads the wave along;
“ Or spreads it broad, a river, or a lake,
“ As suits her pleasure; will thy boldest song
“ E’er brace the sinews of enervate art
“ To such dread daring? Will it ev’n direct
“ Her hand to emulate those softer charms
“ That deck the banks of Dove, or call to birth
“ The bare romantic craggs, and copses green,
“ That sidelong grace her circuit, whence the rills,
“ Bright in their crystal purity, descend

" To meet their sparkling Queen? around each fount
" The hawthorns crowd, and knit their blossom'd sprays
" To keep their sources sacred. Here, even here,
" Thy art, each active sinew stretch'd in vain,
" Would perish in its pride. Far rather thou
" Confess her scanty power, correct, controul,
" Tell her how far, nor farther, she may go;
" And rein with Reason's curb fantastic Taste."

Yes, I will hear thee, dear lamented Shade,
And hold each dictate sacred. What remains
Unsung shall so each leading rule select
As if it still guided by thy judment sage;
While, as still modell'd to thy curious ear,
Flow my melodious numbers; so shall praise,
If ought of praise the verse I weave may claim,
From just posterity reward my song.

Erewhile to trace the path, to form the fence,
To mark the destin'd limits of the lawn,
The Muse, with measur'd step, preceptive, pac'd.
Now from the surface with impatient flight
She mounts, Sylvanus! o'er thy world of shade
To spread her pinions. Open all thy glades,
Greet her from all thy echoes. Orpheus-like,
Arm'd with the spells of harmony she comes,
To lead thy forests forth to lovelier haunts,
Where Fancy waits to fix them; from the dell

Where now they lurk she calls them to possess
Conspicuous stations; to their varied forms
Allots congenial place; selects, divides,
And blends anew in one Elysian scene.

Yet, while I thus exult, my weak tongue feels
Its ineffectual powers, and seeks in vain
That force of ancient phrase which, speaking, paints,
And is the thing it sings. Ah Virgil! why,
By thee neglected, was this loveliest theme
Left to the grating voice of modern reed?
Why not array it in the splendid robe
Of thy rich diction, and consign the charge
To Fame thy handmaid, whose immortal plume
Had born its praise beyond the bounds of Time?

Countless is Vegetation's verdant brood
As are the stars that stud yon cope of heaven;
To marshal all her tribes in order'd file,
Generic, or specific, might demand
His science, wond'rous Swede! whose ample mind,
Like ancient Tadmor's philosophic king,
Stretch'd from the hyssop creeping on the wall
To Lebanon's proudest cedars. Skill like this,
Which spans a third of Nature's copious realm,
Our art requires not, sedulous alone
To note those general properties of form,
Dimension, growth, duration, strength, and hue,

Then first imprest, when, at the dawn of time,
The form-deciding, life-inspiring word
Pronounc'd them into being. These prime marks
Distinctive, docile Memory makes her own,
That each its shadowy succour may supply
To her wish'd purpose; first, with needful shade,
To veil whate'er of wall, or fence uncouth
Disgusts the eye, which tyrant Use has rear'd,
And stern Necessity forbids to change.

Lur'd by their hasty shoots, and branching stems,
Planters there are who choose the race of pine
For this great end, erroneous; witless they
That, as their arrowy heads assault the sky,
They leave their shafts unfeather'd: rather thou
Select the shrubs that, patient of the knife,
Will thank thee for the wound, the hardy thorn,
Holly, or box, privet or pyracanth.
They, thickening from their base, with tenfold shade
Will soon replenish all thy judgment prun'd.

But chief with willing aid, her glittering green
Shall England's laurel bring; swift shall she spread
Her broad-leav'd shade, and float it fair and wide,
Proud to be call'd an inmate of the soil.
Let England prize this daughter of the East *
Beyond that Latian plant, of kindred name,

* Ver. 122, Note XVIII.

That wreath'd the head of Julius; basely twin'd
Its flattering foliage on the traitor's brow
Who crush'd his country's freedom. Sacred tree,
Ne'er be thy brighter verdure thus debas'd!
Far happier thou, in this sequester'd bower,
To shroud thy Poet, who with fost'ring hand,
Here bade thee flourish, and with grateful strain
Now chaunts the praise of thy maturer bloom.
And happier far that Poet, if secure
His hearth and altars from the pilfering slaves
Of power, his little eve of lonely life
May here steal on, blest with the heartfelt calm
That competence and liberty inspire.

Nor are the plants which England calls her own
Few or unlovely, that, with laurel join'd
And kindred foliage of perennial green,
Will form a close-knit curtain. Shrubs there are
Of bolder growth, that, at the call of Spring,
Burst forth in blossom'd fragrance: lilacs rob'd
In snow-white innocence, or purple pride;
The sweet syringa yielding but in scent
To the rich orange; or the woodbine wild
That loves to hang, on barren boughs remote,
Her wreaths of flowery perfume. These beside,
Myriads, that here the Muse neglects to name,
Will add a vernal lustre to thy veil.

And what if chance collects the varied tribes,
Yet fear not thou but unexpected charms
Will from their union start. But if our song
Supply one precept here, it bids retire
Each leaf of deeper dye, and lift in front
Foliage of paler verdure, so to spread
A canvass, which when touch'd by Autumn's hand
Shall gleam with dusky gold, or russet rays.
But why prepare for her funereal hand
That canvass? she but comes to dress thy shades,
As lovelier victims for their wintry tomb.
Rather to flowery Spring, to Summer bright,
Thy labour consecrate; their laughing reign,
The youth, the manhood of the growing year,
Deserves that labour, and rewards its pain.
Yet, heedful ever of that ruthless time
When Winter shakes their stems, preserve a file
With everduring leaf to brave his arm,
And deepening spread their undiminish'd gloom.

But, if the tall defect demands a screen
Of forest shade high tow'ring, some broad roof
Perchance of glaring tile that guards the stores
Of Ceres; or the patch'd disjointed choir
Of some old fane, whose steeple's Gothic pride
Or pinnacled, or spir'd, would bolder rise
'In tufted trees high bosom'd,' here allot
Convenient space to plant that lofty tribe

Behind thy underwood, lest, o'er its head
The forest tyrants shake their lordly arms,
And shed their baleful dews. Each plant that springs
Holds, like the people of some free-born state,
Its right fair franchis'd; rooted to a spot
It yet has claim to air; from liberal heav'n
It yet has claim to sunshine, and to showers:
Air, showers, and sunshine are its liberty.

That liberty secur'd, a general shade,
Dense and impervious, to thy wish shall rise
To hide each form uncouth; and, this obtain'd,
What next we from the Dryad powers implore
Is grace, is ornament: For see! our lawn,
Though cloth'd with softest verdure, though reliev'd
By many a gentle fall and easy swell,
Expects that harmony of light and shade,
Which foliage only gives. Come then, ye plants!
That, like the village troop when Maia dawns,
Delight to mingle social; to the crest
Of yonder brow we safely may conduct
Your numerous train; no eye obstructed there
Will blame your interpos'd society:
But, on the plain below, in single stems
Disparted, or in sparing groups distinct,
Wide must ye stand, in wild, disorder'd mood,
As if the seeds from which your scions sprang
Had there been scatter'd from the affrighted beak

Of some maternal bird whom the fierce hawk
Pursued with felon claw. Her young meanwhile
Callow, and cold, from their moss-woven nest
Peep forth; they stretch their little eager throats
Broad to the wind, and plead to the lone spray
Their famish'd plaint importunately shrill.

Yet in this wild disorder Art presides,
Designs, corrects, and regulates the whole,
Herself the while unseen. No cedar broad
Drops his dark curtain where a distant scene
Demands distinction. Here the thin abele
Of lofty bole, and bare, the smooth'd-stemm'd beech,
Or slender alder, give our eye free space
Beneath their boughs to catch each lessening charm
Ev'n to the far horizon's azure bound.

Nor will that sov'reign arbitress admit,
Where'er her nod decrees a mass of shade,
Plants of unequal size, discordant kind,
Or rul'd by Foliation's different laws;
But for that needful purpose those prefers
Whose hues are friendly, whose coëval leaves
The earliest open, and the latest fade.

Nor will she, scorning truth and taste, devote
To strange, and alien soils, her seedling stems;
Fix the dank sallow on the mountain's brow,

Or, to the moss-grown margin of the lake,
Bid the dry pine descend. From Nature's laws
She draws her own: Nature and she are one.

Nor will she, led by Fashion's lure, select,
For objects interpos'd, the pigmy race
Of shrubs, or scatter with unmeaning hand
Their offspring o'er the lawn, scorning to patch
With many a meagre and disjointed tuft
Its sober surface: sidelong to her path
And polish'd foreground she confines their growth
Where o'er their heads the liberal eye may range.

Nor will her prudence, when intent to form
One perfect whole, on feeble aid depend,
And give exotic wonders to our gaze.
She knows and therefore fears the faithless train:
Sagely she calls on those of hardy class
Indigenous, who, patient of the change
From heat to cold which Albion hourly feels,
Are brac'd with strength to brave it. These alone
She plants and prunes, nor grieves if nicer eyes
Pronounce them vulgar. These she calls her friends,
That veteran troop who will not for a blast
Of nipping air, like cowards, quit the field.

Far to the north of thy imperial towers,
Augusta! in that wild and Alpine vale,

Through which the Swale, by mountain-torrents swell'd,
Flings his redundant stream, there liv'd a youth
Of polish'd manners; ample his domain,
And fair the site of his paternal dome.
He lov'd the art I sing; a deep adept
In Nature's story, well he knew the names
Of all her verdant lineage; yet that skill
Misled his taste; scornful of every bloom
That spreads spontaneous, from remotest Ind
He brought his foliage; careless of its cost,
Ev'n of its beauty careless: it was rare,
And therefore beauteous. Now his laurel screen,
With rose and woodbine negligently wove,
Bows to the axe; the rich magnolias claim
The station; now Herculean beeches fell'd
Resign their rights, and warm Virginia sends
Her cedars to usurp them; the proud oak
Himself, ev'n he, the sov'reign of the shade,
Yields to the fir that drips with Gilead's balm.
Now Albion gaze at glories not thy own!
Pause, rapid Swale! and see thy margin crown'd
With all the pride of Ganges: vernal showers
Have fix'd their roots; nutritious summer suns
Favour'd their growth; and mildest autumn smil'd
Benignant o'er them: vigorous, fair, and tall,
They waft a gale of spices o'er the plain.
But Winter comes, and with him watery Jove,
And with him Boreas in his frozen shroud;

The savage spirit of old Swale is rous'd;
He howls amidst his foam. At the dread sight
The aliens stand aghast; they bow their heads.
In vain the glassy penthouse is supply'd:
The pelting storm with icy bullets breaks
Its fragile barrier; see! they fade, they die.

Warn'd by his error, let the planter slight
These shiv'ring rarities; or if, to please
Fastidious Fashion, he must needs allot
Some space for foreign foliage, let him chuse
A sidelong glade, shelter'd from east and north,
And free to southern and to western gales;
There let him fix their station; thither wind
Some devious path, that, from the chief design
Detach'd, may lead to where they safely bloom.
So in the web of epic song sublime
The Bard Mæonian interweaves the charm
Of softer episode, yet leaves unbroke
The golden thread of his majestic theme.

What else to shun of formal, false, or vain,
Of long-lin'd vistas or plantations quaint
Our former strains have taught. Instruction now
Withdraws; she knows her limits; knows that Grace
Is caught by strong perception, not from rules;
That undrest Nature claims for all her limbs
Some simple garb peculiar, which, howe'er

Distinct their size and shape, is simple still:
This garb to chuse, with clothing dense, or thin,
A part to hide, another to adorn,
Is Taste's important task; preceptive song
From error in the choice can only warn.

But vain that warning voice; vain ev'ry aid
Of Genius, Judgment, Fancy, to secure
The planter's lasting fame: There is a power,
A hidden power, at once his friend, and foe:
'Tis Vegetation. Gradual to his groves
She gives their wish'd effect; and, that display'd,
Oh, that her power would pause! but active still,
She swells each stem, prolongs each vagrant bough,
And darts with unremitting vigour bold
From Grace to wild luxuriance. Happier far
Are you, ye sons of CLAUDE! who, from the mine,
The earth, or juice of herb or flower concrete,
Mingle the mass whence your Arcadias spring;
The beauteous outline of your pictur'd shades
Still keeps the bound you gave it; time that pales
Your vivid hues, respects your pleasing forms.
Not so our landscapes: though we paint like you,
We paint with growing colours; ev'ry year
O'erpassing that which gives the breadth of shade
We sought, by rude addition mars our scene.

Rouse then, ye hinds! e'er yet yon closing boughs
Blot out the purple distance, swift prevent

The spreading evil: thin the crowded glades,
While yet of slender size each stem will thrive
Transplanted: twice repeat the annual toil;
Nor let the axe its beak, the saw its tooth
Refrain, whene'er some random branch has stray'd
Beyond the bounds of beauty; else full soon,
Ev'n e'er the planter's life has past its prime,
Will Albion's garden frown an Indian wild.

Forboding fears avaunt! be ours to urge
Each present purpose by what favouring means
May work its end design'd; why deprecate
The change that waits on sublunary things,
Sad lot of their existence? shall we pause
To give the charm of Water to our scene,
For that the congregated rains may swell
Its tide into a flood? or that yon Sun,
Now on the Lion mounted, to his noon
Impells him, shaking from his fiery mane
A heat may parch its channel? O, ye caves,
Deepen your dripping roofs! this feverish hour *
Claims all your coolness; in your humid cells
Permit me to forget the planter's toil;
And, while I woo your Naiads to my aid,
Involve me in impenetrable gloom.

Blest is the man (if bliss be human boast)
Whose fertile soil is wash'd with frequent streams,

* Ver. 354, Note XIX.

And springs salubrious: he disdains to toss
In rainbow dews their crystal to the sun;
Or sink in subterranean cisterns deep;
That so, through leaden siphons upwards drawn,
Those streams may leap fantastic. He his ear
Shuts to the tuneful trifling of the Bard,*
Who trick'd a gothic theme with classic flowers,
And sung of fountains bursting from the shells
Of brazen tritons, spouting through the jaws
'Of gorgons, hydras, and chimæras dire.'

Peace to his manes! let the nymphs of Seine
Cherish his fame. Thy Poet, Albion! scorns,
Ev'n for a cold unconscious element
To forge the fetters he would scorn to wear.
His song shall reprobate each effort vile,
That aims to force the Genius of the stream
Beyond his native height; or dares to press
Above that destin'd line th' unwilling wave.

Is there within the circle of thy view
Some sedgy flat, where the late-ripen'd sheaves
Stand brown with unblest mildew? 'tis the bed
On which an ample lake in crystal peace
Might sleep majestic. Pause we yet; perchance
Some midway channel, where the soil declines,
Might there be delv'd, by levels duly led
In bold and broken curves: for water loves

* Ver. 366, Note XX.

A wilder outline than the woodland path,
And winds with shorter bend.* To drain the rest
The shelving spade may toil, till wint'ry showers
Find their free course down each declining bank.
Quit then the thought: a river's winding form,
With many a sinuous bay, and island green,
At less expense of labour and of land,
Will give thee equal beauty! seldom art
Can emulate that broad and bold extent
Which charms in native lakes; and, failing there,
Her works betray their character and name,
And dwindle into pools. Not that our strain,
Fastidious, shall disdain a small expanse
Of stagnant fluid, in some scene confin'd,
Circled with varied shade, where, through the leaves,
The half-admitted sunbeam trembling plays
On its clear bosom; where aquatic fowl
Of varied tribe, and varied feather sail;
And where the finny race their glittering scales
Unwillingly reveal: There, there alone,
Where bursts the general prospect on our eye,
We scorn these wat'ry patches: Thames himself,
Seen in disjointed spots, where Sallows hide
His first bold presence, seems a string of pools,
A chart and compass must explain his course.

He, who would seize the river's sov'reign charm,
Must wind the moving mirror through his lawn

* Ver. 388, Note XXI.

Ev'n to remotest distance; deep must delve
The gravelly channel that prescribes its course;
Closely conceal each terminating bound
By hill or shade oppos'd; and to its bank
Lifting the level of the copious stream,
Must there retain it. But, if thy faint springs
Refuse this large supply, steel thy firm soul
With stoic pride; imperfect charms despise:
Beauty, like Virtue, knows no groveling mean.

Who but must pity that penurious taste,
Which down the quick-descending vale prolongs,
Slope below slope, a stiff and unlink'd chain
Of flat canals; then leads the stranger's eye
To some predestin'd station, there to catch
Their seeming union, and the fraud approve?
Who but must change that pity into scorn,
If down each verdant slope a narrow flight
Of central steps decline, where the spare stream
Steals trickling; or, withheld by cunning skill,
Hoards its scant treasures, till the master's nod
Decree its fall: Then down the formal stairs
It leaps with short-liv'd fury; wasting there,
Poor prodigal! what many a Summer's rain
And many a Winter's snow shall late restore.

Learn that, whene'er in some sublimer scene
Imperial Nature of her headlong floods

Permits our imitation, she herself
Prepares their reservoir; conceal'd perchance
In neighb'ring hills, where first it well behoves
Our toil to search, and studiously augment
The wat'ry store with springs and sluices drawn
From pools, that on the heath drink up the rain.
Be these collected, like the miser's gold,
In one increasing fund, nor dare to pour,
Down thy impending mound, the bright cascade,
Till richly sure of its redundant fall.

That mound to raise alike demands thy toil,
Ere art adorn its surface. Here adopt
That facile mode which his inventive powers *
First plann'd, who led to rich Mancunium's mart
His long-drawn line of navigated stream.
Stupendous task! in vain stood tow'ring hills
Oppos'd; in vain did ample Irwell pour
Her tide transverse: he pierc'd the tow'ring hill,
He bridg'd the ample tide, and high in air,
And deep through earth, his freighted barge he bore.
This mode shall temper ev'n the lightest soil
Firm to thy purpose. Then let taste select
The unhewn fragments, that may give its front
A rocky rudeness; pointed some, that there
The frothy spouts may break; some slanting smooth,
That there in silver sheet the wave may slide.

* Ver. 452, Note XXII.

Here too infix some moss-grown trunks of oak
Romantic, turn'd by gelid lakes to stone,
Yet so dispos'd as if they owed their change
To what they now control. Then open wide
Thy flood-gates; then let down thy torrent: then
Rejoice; as if the thund'ring Tees* himself
Reign'd there amid his cataracts sublime.

And thou hast cause for triumph! Kings themselves,
With all a nation's wealth, an army's toil,
If Nature frown averse, shall ne'er achieve
Such wonders: Nature's was the glorious gift;
Thy art her menial handmaid. Listening youths!
To whose ingenuous hearts I still address
The friendly strain, from such severe attempt
Let Prudence warn you. Turn to this clear rill,
Which, while I bid your bold ambition cease,
Runs murmuring at my side: O'er many a rood
Your skill may lead the wanderer; many a mound
Of pebbles raise, to fret her in her course
Impatient: louder then will be her song:
For she will 'plain, and gurgle, as she goes,
As does the widow'd ring-dove. Take, vain Pomp!
Thy lakes, thy long canals, thy trim cascades,
Beyond them all true taste will dearly prize
This little dimpling treasure. Mark the cleft,
Through which she bursts to day. Behind that rock

* Ver. 471, Note XXIII.

A Naiad dwells: LINEIA is her name;*
And she has sisters in contiguous cells,
Who never saw the sun. Fond Fancy's eye,
That inly gives locality and form
To what she prizes best, full oft pervades
Those hidden caverns, where pale chrysolites,
And glittering spars dart a mysterious gleam
Of inborn lustre, from the garish day
Unborrow'd. There, by the wild Goddess led,
Oft have I seen them bending o'er their urns,
Chaunting alternate airs of Dorian mood,
While smooth they comb'd their moist cerulean locks
With shells of living pearl. Yes, let me own,
To these, or classic deities like these,
From very childhood was I prone to pay
Harmless idolatry. My infant eyes
First open'd on that bleak and boist'rous shore,
Where Humber weds the nymphs of Trent and Ouse
To His, and Ocean's Tritons: thence full soon
My youth retir'd, and left the busy strand
To Commerce and to Care. In Margaret's grove,†
Beneath whose time-worn shade old Camus sleeps,
Was next my tranquil station: Science there
Sat musing; and to those that lov'd the lore
Pointed, with mystic wand, to truths involv'd
In geometric symbols, scorning those,
Perchance too much, who woo'd the thriftless muse.

* Ver. 492, Note XXIV. † Ver. 512, Note XXV.

Here, though in warbling whisper oft I breath'd
The lay, were wanting, what young Fancy deems
The life-springs of her being, rocks, and caves,
And huddling brooks, and torrent-falls divine.
In quest of these, at Summer's vacant hour,
Pleas'd would I stray, when in a northern vale,
So chance ordain'd, a Naiad sad I found
Robb'd of her silver vase; I sooth'd the nymph
With song of sympathy, and curst the fiend
Who stole the gift of Thetis.* Hence the cause
Why, favour'd by the blue-ey'd sisterhood,
They sooth with songs my solitary ear.

Nor is LINEIA silent—"Long," she cries,
"Too long has Man wag'd sacrilegious war
"With the vext elements, and chief with that,
"Which elder Thales, and the Bard of Thebes
"Held first of things terrestrial; nor misdeem'd:
"For, when the Spirit creative deign'd to move,
"He mov'd upon the waters. O revere
"Our power: for were its vital force withheld,
"Where then were Vegetation's vernal bloom,
"Where its autumnal wealth? but we are kind
"As powerful; O let reverence lead to love,
"And both to emulation! Not a rill,
"That winds its sparkling current o'er the plain,
"Reflecting to the Sun bright recompense
"For ev'ry beam he lends, but reads thy soul

* Verse 528, Note XXIV.

" A generous lecture. Not a pansy pale,
" That drinks its daily nurture from that rill,
" But breathes in fragrant accents to thy soul,
' So by thy pity cheer'd, the languish'd head
' Of poverty might smile.' Who e'er beheld
" Our humble train forsake their native vale
" To climb the haughty hill? Ambition, speak!
" He blushes, and is mute. When did our streams,
" By force unpent, in dull stagnation sleep?
" Let Sloth unfold his arms and tell the time.
" Or, if the tyranny of Art infring'd
" Our rights, when did our patient floods submit
" Without recoil? Servility retires,
" And clinks his gilded chain. O, learn from us,
" And tell it to thy nation, British Bard!
" Uncurb'd Ambition, unresisting Sloth,
" And base Dependance are the fiends accurst
" That pull down mighty empires. If they scorn
" The awful truth, be thine to hold it dear.
" So, through the vale of life, thy flowing hours
" Shall glide serene; and, like LINEIA's rill,
" Their free, yet not licentious course fulfill'd,
" Sink in the Ocean of Eternity."

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

# ENGLISH GARDEN.

## BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE

# ENGLISH GARDEN.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

NOR yet, divine SIMPLICITY, withdraw
That aid auspicious, which, in Art's domain,
Already has reform'd whate'er prevail'd
Of foreign, or of false; has led the curve
That Nature loves through all her sylvan haunts;
Has stol'n the fence unnotic'd that arrests
Her vagrant herds; giv'n lustre to her lawns,
Gloom to her groves, and, in expanse serene,
Devolv'd that wat'ry mirror at her foot,
O'er which she loves to bend and view her charms.

And tell me thou, whoe'er hast new-arrang'd
By her chaste rules thy garden, if thy heart
Feels not the warm, the self-dilating glow
Of true benevolence. Thy flocks, thy herds,
That browse luxurious o'er those very plots
Which once were barren, bless thee for the change;
The birds of air (which thy funereal yews
Of shape uncouth, and leaden sons of earth,
Antæus and Enceladus, with clubs

Uplifted, long had frighted from the scene)
Now pleas'd return, they perch on ev'ry spray,
And swell their little throats, and warble wild
Their vernal minstrelsy; to heav'n and thee
It is a hymn of thanks: do thou, like heav'n,
With tutelary care reward their song.

Erewhile the Muse, industrious to combine
Nature's own charms, with these alone adorn'd
The genius of the scene; but other gifts
She has in store, which gladly now she brings,
And he shall proudly wear. Know, when she broke
The spells of Fashion, from the crumbling wreck
Of her enchantments sagely did she cull
Those reliques rich of old Vitruvian skill,
With what the sculptor's hand in classic days
Made breathe in brass or marble; these the hag
Had purloin'd, and dispos'd in Folly's fane;
To him these trophies of her victory
She bears; and where his awful nod ordains
Conspicuous means to place. He shall direct
Her dubious judgment, from the various hoard
Of ornamental treasures, how to choose
The simplest and the best; on these his seal
Shall stamp great Nature's image and his own,
To charm for unborn ages.—Fling the rest
Back to the beldame, bid her whirl them all
In her vain vortex, lift them now to day,

Now plunge in night, as, through the humid rack
Of April cloud, swift flits the trembling beam.

But precepts tire, and this fastidious age
Rejects the strain didactic: try we then
In livelier narrative the truths to veil
We dare not dictate. Sons of Albion, hear!
The tale I tell is full of strange event,
And piteous circumstance; yet deem not ye,
If names I feign, that therefore facts are feign'd:
Nor hence refuse (what most augments the charm
Of storied woe) that fond credulity
Which binds th' attentive soul in closer chains.

At manhood's prime ALCANDER's duteous tear
Fell on his father's grave. The fair domain,
Which then became his ample heritage,
That father had reform'd; each line destroy'd
Which Belgic dulness plann'd; and Nature's self
Restor'd to all the rights she wish'd to claim.

Crowning a gradual hill his mansion rose
In antient English grandeur: Turrets, spires,
And windows, climbing high from base to roof
In wide and radiant rows, bespoke its birth
Coëval with those rich cathedral fanes,
(Gothic ill-nam'd) where harmony results
From disunited parts; and shapes minute,

At once distinct and blended, boldly form
One vast majestic whole. No modern art
Had marr'd with misplac'd symmetry the pile.
ALCANDER held it sacred: On a height,
Which westering to its site the front survey'd,
He first his taste employ'd: for there a line
Of thinly scatter'd beech too tamely broke
The blank horizon. "Draw we round yon knowl,"
ALCANDER cry'd, "in stately Norman mode,
"A wall embattled; and within its guard
"Let every structure needful for a farm
"Arise in Castle-semblance; the huge barn
"Shall with a mock portcullis arm the gate,
"Where Ceres entering, o'er the flail-proof floor
"In golden triumph rides; some tower rotund
"Shall to the pigeons and their callow young
"Safe roost afford; and ev'ry buttress broad,
"Whose proud projection seems a mass of stone,
"Give space to stall the heifer, and the steed.
"So shall each part, though turn'd to rural use,
"Deceive the eye with those bold feudal forms
"That Fancy loves to gaze on." This achiev'd,
Now nearer home he calls returning Art
To hide the structure rude where Winter pounds
In conic pit his congelations hoar,
That Summer may his tepid beverage cool
With the chill luxury; his dairy too
There stands of form unsightly: both to veil,

He builds of old disjointed moss-grown stone
A time-struck abbey.* An impending grove
Screens it behind with reverential shade;
While bright in front the stream reflecting spreads,
Which winds a mimic river o'er his lawn.
The fane conventual there is dimly seen,
The mitred window, and the cloister pale,
With many a mouldering column; ivy soon
Round the rude chinks her net of foliage spreads;
Its verdant meshes seem to prop the wall.

One native glory, more than all sublime,
ALCANDER's scene possest: 'twas Ocean's self——
He, boist'rous king, against the eastern cliffs
Dash'd his white foam; a verdant vale between
Gave splendid ingress to his world of waves.
Slanting this vale the mound of that clear stream
Lay hid in shade, which slowly lav'd his lawn:
But there set free, the rill resum'd its pace,
And hurried to the main. The dell it past
Was rocky and retir'd: here art with ease
Might lead it o'er a grot, and filter'd there,
Teach it to sparkle down its craggy sides,
And fall and tinkle on its pebbled floor.
Here then that grot he builds, and conchs with spars,
Moss petrified with branching corallines
In mingled mode arranges: all found here

* Ver. 101, Note XXVII.

Propriety of place; what view'd the main
Might well the shelly gifts of Thetis bear.
Not so the inland cave: with richer store
Than those the neighb'ring mines and mountains yield
To hang its roof, would seem incongruous pride,
And fright the local genius from the scene.*

One vernal morn, as urging here the work
Surrounded by his hinds, from mild to cold
The season chang'd, from cold to sudden storm,
From storm to whirlwind. To the angry main
Swiftly he turns and sees a laden ship
Dismasted by its rage. "Hie, hie we all,"
ALCANDER cry'd, "quick to the neighb'ring beach."
They flew; they came but only to behold,
Tremendous sight! the vessel dash its poop
Amid the boiling breakers. Need I tell
What strenuous arts were us'd, when all were us'd,
To save the sinking crew? One tender maid
Alone escap'd, sav'd by ALCANDER's arm,
Who boldly swam to snatch her from the plank
To which she feebly clung; swiftly to shore,
And swifter to his home the youth convey'd
His clay-cold prize, who at his portal first
By one deep sigh a sign of life betray'd.

A maid so sav'd, if but by nature blest

* Ver. 131, Note XXVIII.

With common charms, had soon awak'd a flame
More strong than Pity, in that melting heart
Which Pity warm'd before. But she was fair
As poets picture Hebe, or the Spring;
Graceful withal, as if each limb were cast
In that ideal mould whence RAPHAEL drew
His Galatea:* Yes, the impassion'd youth
Felt more than pity when he view'd her charms.
Yet she (ah, strange to tell) though much he lov'd,
Suppress as much that sympathetic flame
Which love like his should kindle: Did he kneel
In rapture at her feet? she bow'd the head,
And coldly bad him rise; or did he plead,
In terms of purest passion, for a smile?
She gave him but a tear: his manly form,
His virtues, ev'n the courage that preserv'd
Her life, beseem'd no sentiment to wake
Warmer than gratitude; and yet the love
Withheld from him she freely gave his scenes;
On all their charms a just applause bestow'd;
And, if she e'er was happy, only then
When wand'ring where those charms were most display'd.

As through a neighb'ring grove, where ancient beech
Their awful foliage flung, ALCANDER led
The pensive maid along, "Tell me," she cry'd,
"Why, on these forest features all intent,

* Ver. 157, Note XXIX.

" Forbears my friend some scene distinct to give
" To Flora and her fragrance? Well I know
" That in the general landscape's broad expanse
" Their little blooms are lost; but here are glades,
" Circled with shade, yet pervious to the sun,
" Where, if enamell'd with their rainbow-hues,
" The eye would catch their splendour: turn thy taste,
" Ev'n in this grassy circle where we stand,
" To form the plots; there weave a woodbine bower,
" And call that bower NERINA's." At the word
ALCANDER smil'd; his fancy instant form'd
The fragrant scene she wish'd; and Love, with Art
Uniting, soon produc'd the finish'd whole.

Down to the south the glade by Nature lean'd;
Art form'd the slope still softer, opening there
Its foliage, and to each Etesian gale
Admittance free dispensing; thickest shade
Guarded the rest.—His taste will best conceive
The new arrangement, whose free footsteps, us'd
To forest haunts, have pierc'd their opening dells,
Where frequent tufts of sweetbriar, box, or thorn,
Steal on the greensward, but admit fair space
For many a mossy maze to wind between.
So here did Art arrange her flow'ry groups
Irregular, yet not in patches quaint,*
But interpos'd between the wand'ring lines

* Ver. 201, Note XXX.

Of shaven turf which twisted to the path,
Gravel or sand, that in as wild a wave
Stole round the verdant limits of the scene;
Leading the eye to many a sculptur'd bust
On shapely pedestal, of sage, or bard,
Bright heirs of fame, who living lov'd the haunts
So fragrant, so sequester'd. Many an urn
There too had place, with votive lay inscrib'd
To freedom, friendship, solitude, or love.

And now each flow'r that bears transplanting change,
Or blooms indigenous, adorn'd the scene:
Only NERINA's wish, her woodbine bower,
Remain'd to crown the whole. Here, far beyond
That humble wish, her lover's genius form'd
A glittering fane, where rare and alien plants
Might safely flourish;* where the citron sweet,
And fragrant orange, rich in fruit and flowers,
Might hang their silver stars, their golden globes,
On the same odorous stem: Yet scorning there
The glassy penthouse of ignoble form,
High on Ionic shafts he bad it tower
A proud rotunda; to its sides conjoin'd
Two broad piazzas in theatric curve,
Ending in equal porticos sublime.
Glass roof'd the whole, and sidelong to the south
'Twixt ev'ry fluted column, lightly rear'd

* Ver. 218, Note XXXI.

Its wall pellucid. All within was day,
Was genial summer's day, for secret stoves
Through all the pile solstitial warmth convey'd.

These led through isles of fragrance to the dome,
Each way in circling quadrant. That bright space
Guarded the spicy tribes from Afric's shore,
Or Ind, or Araby, Sabæan plants
Weeping with nard, and balsam. In the midst
A statue stood, the work of Attic art;
Its thin light drapery, cast in fluid folds,
Proclaim'd its ancientry; all save the head,
Which stole (for love is prone to gentle thefts)
The features of NERINA; yet that head,
So perfect in resemblance; all its air
So tenderly impassion'd; to the trunk,
Which Grecian skill had form'd, so aptly join'd
PHIDIAS himself might seem to have inspir'd
The chissel, brib'd to do the am'rous fraud.
One graceful hand held forth a flow'ry wreath,
The other prest her zone; while round the base
Dolphins, and Triton shells, and plants marine
Proclaim'd, that Venus, rising from the sea,
Had veil'd in Flora's modest vest her charms.

Such was the fane, and such the Deity
Who seem'd, with smile auspicious, to inhale
That incense which a tributary world

From all its regions round her altar breath'd:
And yet, when to the shrine ALCANDER led
His living goddess, only with a sigh,
And starting tear, the statue and the dome
Reluctantly she view'd. And "why," she cry'd,
"Why would my best preserver here erect,
"With all the fond idolatry of love,
"A wretch's image whom his pride should scorn,
"(For so his country bids him)? Drive me hence,
"Transport me quick to Gallia's hostile shore,
"Hostile to thee, yet not, alas! to her,
"Who there was meant to sojourn: there, perchance,
"My father, wafted by more prosp'rous gales,
"Now mourns his daughter lost; my brother there
"Perhaps now sooths that venerable age
"He should not sooth alone. Vain thought! perchance
"Both perish'd at Esopus—do not blush,
"It was not thou that lit the ruthless flame;
"It was not thou, that like remorseless Cain,
"Thirsted for brother's blood: thy heart disdains
"The savage imputation. Rest thee there,
"And, though thou pitiest, yet forbear to grace,
"A wretched alien, and a rebel deem'd,
"With honours ill-beseeming her to claim.
"My wish, thou know'st, was humble as my state;
"I only begg'd a little woodbine bower,
"Where I might sit and weep, while all around
"The lilies and the blue bells hung their heads

" In seeming sympathy." " Does then the scene
" Displease?" the disappointed lover cry'd;
" Alas! too much it pleases," sigh'd the fair;
" Too strongly paints the passion which stern Fate
" Forbids me to return;" " Dost thou then love
" Some happier youth?" " No; tell thy generous soul
" Indeed I do not." More she would have said,
But gushing grief prevented. From the fane
Silent he led her, as from Eden's bower
The sire of men his weeping partner led,
Less lovely, and less innocent than she.

Yet still ALCANDER hop'd what last she sigh'd
Spoke more than gratitude: the war might end;
Her father might consent; for that alone
Now seem'd the duteous barrier to his bliss.
Already had he sent a faithful friend
To learn if France the reverend exile held:
That friend return'd not. Meanwhile ev'ry sun
Which now (a year elaps'd) diurnal rose
Beheld her still more pensive; inward pangs,
From grief's concealment, hourly seem'd to force
Health from her cheek, and quiet from her soul.
ALCANDER mourn'd the change, yet still he hop'd;
For Love to Hope his flickering taper lends,
When Reason with his steady torch retires:
Hence did he try by ever-varying arts,
And scenes of novel charm her grief to calm.

Nor did he not employ the syren powers
Of Music and of Song; or Painting, thine,
Sweet source of pure delight! But I record
Those arts alone, which form my sylvan theme.

At stated hours, full oft had he observ'd,
She fed with welcome grain the household fowl
That trespass'd on his lawn; this wak'd a wish
To give her feather'd fav'rites space of land,
And lake appropriate: in a neighb'ring copse
He plann'd the scene; for there the crystal spring,
That form'd his river, from a rocky cleft
First bubbling broke to day; and spreading there
Slept on its rushes. "Here my delving hinds,"
He cry'd, "shall soon the marshy soil remove,
"And spread, in brief extent, a glittering lake
"Chequer'd with isles of verdure; on yon rock
"A sculptur'd river-god shall rest his urn;
"And through that urn the native fountain flow.
"Thy wish-for bower, NERINA, shall adorn
"The southern bank; the downy race, that swim
"The lake, or pace the shore, with livelier charms,
"Yet no less rural, here will meet thy glance,
"Than flowers inanimate." Full soon was scoop'd
The wat'ry bed, and soon, by margin green
And rising banks, inclos'd; the highest gave
Site to a rustic fabric, shelving deep
Within the thicket, and in front compos'd

Of three unequal arches, lowly all
The surer to expel the noontide glare,
Yet yielding liberal inlet to the scene;
Woodbine with jasmine carelessly entwin'd
Conceal'd the needful masonry, and hung
In free festoons, and vested all the cell.
Hence did the lake, the islands, and the rock,
A living landscape spread; the feather'd fleet,
Led by two mantling swans, at ev'ry creek
Now touch'd, and now unmoor'd; now on full sail,
With pennons spread and oary feet they ply'd
Their vagrant voyage; and now, as if becalm'd,
'Tween shore and shore at anchor seem'd to sleep.
Around those shores the fowl that fear the stream
At random rove: hither hot Guinea sends
Her gadding troop; here midst his speckled dames
The pigmy chanticleer of Bantam winds
His clarion; while, supreme in glittering state,
The peacock spreads his rainbow train, with eyes
Of sapphire bright, irradiate each with gold.
Meanwhile from ev'ry spray the ring-doves coo,
The linnets warble, captive none,* but lur'd
By food to haunt the umbrage: all the glade
Is life, is music, liberty, and love.

And is there now to pleasure or to use
One scene devoted in the wide domain

* Ver. 358, Note XXXII.

Its master has not polish'd? Rumour spreads
Its praises far, and many a stranger stops
With curious eye to censure or admire.
To all his lawns are pervious; oft himself
With courteous greeting will the critic hail,
And join him in the circuit. Give we here
(If Candour will with patient ear attend)
The social dialogue ALCANDER held
With one, a youth of mild yet manly mein,
Who seem'd to taste the beauties he survey'd.

" Little, I fear me, will a stranger's eye
" Find here to praise, where rich Vitruvian art
" Has rear'd no temples, no triumphal arcs;
" Where no Palladian bridges span the stream,
" But all is homebred Fancy." " For that cause,
" And chiefly that," the polish'd youth reply'd,
" I view each part with rapture. Ornament,
" When foreign or fantastic, never charm'd
" My judgment; here I tread on British ground;
" With British annals all I view accords.
" Some Yorkist, or Lancastrian baron bold,
" To awe his vassals, or to stem his foes,
" Yon massy bulwark built; on yonder pile
" In ruin beauteous, I distinctly mark
" The ruthless traces of stern HENRY's hand.

" Yet," cry'd ALCANDER, (interrupting mild

The stranger's speech) " if so yon ancient seat,
" Pride of my ancestors, had mock'd repair,
" And by Proportion's Greek or Roman laws
" That pile had been rebuilt, thou wouldst not then,
" I trust, have blam'd, if, there on Doric shafts
" A temple rose; if some tall obelisk
" O'ertopt yon grove, or bold triumphal arch
" Usurpt my castle's station."—" Spare me yet
" Yon solemn ruin," the quick youth return'd,
" No mould'ring aqueduct, no yawning crypt
" Sepulchral, will console me for its fate."

" I mean not that," the master of the scene
Reply'd; " though classic rules to modern piles
" Should give the just arrangement, shun we here
" By those to form our ruins; much we own
" They please, when, by PANINI's pencil drawn,
" Or darkly grav'd by PIRANESI's hand,
" And fitly might some Tuscan garden grace;
" But Time's rude mace has here all Roman piles
" Levell'd so low, that who, on British ground
" Attempts the task, builds but a splendid lie
" Which mocks historic credence. Hence the cause
" Why Saxon piles or Norman here prevail:
" Form they a rude, 'tis yet an English whole."

" And much I praise thy choice," the stranger cry'd;
" Such chaste selection shames the common mode,

" Which, mingling structures of far distant times,
" Far distant regions, here, perchance, erects
" A fane to Freedom, where her BRUTUS stands
" In act to strike the tyrant; there a tent,
" With crescent crown'd, with scymitars adorn'd,
" Meet for some BAJAZET; northward we turn,
" And lo! a pigmy pyramid pretends
" We tread the realms of PHAROAH; quickly thence
" Our southern step presents us heaps of stone
" Rang'd in a DRUID circle. Thus from age
" To age, from clime to clime incessant borne,
" Imagination flounders headlong on,
" Till, like fatigu'd VILLARIO,* soon we find
" We better like a field." " Nicely thy hand
" The childish landscape touches," cries his host,
" For Fashion ever is a wayward child;
" Yet sure we might forgive her faults like these,
" If but in separate or in single scenes
" She thus with Fancy wanton'd: should I lead
" Thy step, my friend, (for our accordant tastes
" Prompt me to give thee that familiar name)
" Behind this screen of elm, thou there might'st find
" I too had idly play'd the truant's part,
" And broke the bounds of judgment." " Lead me there,"
Briskly the youth return'd, " for having prov'd
" Thy Epic Genius here, why not peruse
" Thy lighter Ode or Eclogue?" Smiling thence

* Ver. 427, Note XXXIII.

ALCANDER led him to the woodbine bower
Which last our song describ'd, who seated there,
In silent transport view'd the lively scene.

" I see, his host resum'd, " my sportive art
" Finds pardon here; not ev'n yon classic form,
" Pouring his liquid treasures from his vase,
" Though foreign from the soil, provokes thy frown.*
" Try we thy candor farther: higher art,
" And more luxurious, haply too more vain,
" Adorns yon southern coppice." On they past
Through a wild thicket, till the perfum'd air
Gave to another sense its prelude rich
On what the eye should feast. But now the grove
Expands; and now the rose, the garden's Queen,
Amidst her blooming subjects' humbler charms,
On ev'ry plot her crimson pomp displays.
" Oh Paradise!" the ent'ring youth exclaim'd,
" Groves whose rich trees weep odorous gums and balm,
" Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
" Hang amiable, Hesperian fables true,
" If true here only."† Thus, in Milton's phrase
Sublime, the youth his admiration pour'd,
While passing to the dome; his next short step
Unveil'd the central statue; " Heav'ns! just Heav'ns,"
He cry'd, " 'tis my NERINA." " Thine, mad youth?
" Forego the word," ALCANDER said, and paus'd;

* Ver 448, Note XXXIV. † Ver. 462, Note XXXV.

His utterance fail'd; a thousand clust'ring thoughts,
And all of blackest omen to his peace,
Recoil'd upon his brain, deaden'd all sense,
And at the statue's base him headlong cast,
A lifeless load of being.—Ye, whose hearts
Are ready at Humanity's soft call
To drop the tear, I charge you weep not yet,
But fearfully suspend the bursting woe:
NERINA's self appears; the further isle
She, fate-directed, treads. Does she too faint?
Would Heav'n she could! it were a happy swoon
Might soften her fixt form, more rigid now
Than is her marble semblance. One stiff hand
Lies leaden on her breast; the other rais'd
To heav'n, and half-way clench'd; steadfast her eyes,
Yet viewless; and her lips, which op'd to shriek,
Can neither shriek nor close. So might she stand
For ever: He whose sight caus'd the dread change,
Though now he clasps her in his anxious arm,
Fails to unbend one sinew of her frame;
'Tis ice; 'tis steel. But see, ALCANDER wakes;
And waking, as by magic sympathy,
NERINA whispers, "all is well, my friend;
"'Twas but a vision; I may yet revive——
"But still his arm supports me; aid him, friend,
"And bear me swiftly to my woodbine bower:
"For there indeed I wish to breathe my last."

So saying, her cold cheek, and parched brow,
Turn'd to a livid paleness; her dim eyes
Sunk in their sockets; sharp contraction prest:
Her temples, ears, and nostrils: signs well known
To those that tend the dying.* Both the youths
Perceiv'd the change; and had stern Death himself
Wav'd his black banner visual o'er their heads,
It could not more appall. With trembling step,
And silent, both convey'd her to the bower.

Her languid limbs there decently compos'd,
She thus her speech resum'd: "Attend my words
"Brave CLEON! dear ALCANDER! generous pair:
"For both have tender interest in this heart
"Which soon shall beat no more. That I am thine
"By a dear father's just commands I own,
"Much-honour'd CLEON! take the hand he gave,
"And with it, Oh, if I could give my heart,
"Thou wert its worthy owner. All I can,
"(And that preserv'd with chastest fealty)
"Duteous I give thee, CLEON it is thine;
"Not ev'n this dear preserver, e'er could gain
"More from my soul than friendship—that be his;
"Yet let me own, what, dying, sooths the pang,
"That, had thyself and duty ne'er been known,
"He must have had my love." She paus'd; and dropt
A silent tear: then prest the stranger's hand;

* Ver. 499, Note XXXVI.

Then bow'd her head upon ALCANDER's breast,
And " bless them both, kind Heav'n!" she pray'd and died.

" And blest art thou," cry'd CLEON, (in a voice
Struggling with grief for utterance) blest to die
" Ere thou hadst question'd me, and I perforce
" Had told a tale which must have sent thy soul
" In horror from thy bosom. Now it leaves
" A smile of peace upon those pallid lips,
" That speaks its parting happy. Go, fair saint!
" Go to thy palm-crown'd father! thron'd in bliss,
" And seated by his side, thou wilt not now
" Deplore the savage stroke that seal'd his doom;
" Go hymn the Fount of Mercy, who, from ill
" Educing good, makes ev'n a death like his,
" A life surcharg'd with tender woes like thine,
" The road to joys eternal. Maid, farewell!
" I leave the casket that thy virtues held
" To him whose breast sustains it; more belov'd,
" Perhaps more worthy, yet not loving more
" Than did thy wretched CLEON." At the word
He bath'd in tears the hand she dying gave,
Return'd it to her side, and hasty rose.
ALCANDER starting from his trance of grief,
Cry'd " Stay, I charge thee stay:" " and shall he stay,"
CLEON reply'd, " whose presence stabb'd thy peace?
" Hear this before we part: That breathless Maid
" Was daughter to a venerable Sage,

" Whom Boston, when with peace and safety blest,
" In rapture heard pour from his hallow'd tongue
" Religion's purest dictates. 'Twas my chance,
" In early period of our civil broils,
" To save his precious life: And hence the Sire
" Did to my love his daughter's charms consign;
" But, till the war should cease, if ever cease,
" Deferr'd our nuptials. Whither she was sent
" In search of safety, well, I trust, thou know'st;
" He meant to follow; but those ruthless flames,
" That spar'd nor friend nor foe, nor sex nor age,
" Involv'd the village, where on sickly couch
" He lay confin'd, and whither he had fled
" Awhile to sojourn. There (I see thee shrink)
" Was he, that gave NERINA being, burnt!
" Burnt by thy countrymen! to ashes burnt!
" Fraternal hands and christian lit the flame.—
" Oh thou hast cause to shudder. I meanwhile
" With his brave son a distant warfare wag'd:
" And him, now I have found the prize I sought,
" And finding lost, I hasten to rejoin;
" Vengeance and glory call me." At the word,
Not fiercer does the tigress quit her cave
To seize the hinds that robb'd her of her young,
Than he the bower. " Stay, I conjure thee, stay,"
ALCANDER cry'd; but ere the word was spoke
CLEON was seen no more. " Then be it so,"
The youth continued, clasping to his heart

The beauteous corse, and smiling as he spoke,
(Yet such a smile as far out-sorrows tears)
" Now thou art mine entirely—Now no more
" Shall duty dare disturb us—Love alone—
" But hark! he comes again—Away vain fear!
" 'Twas but the fluttering of thy feather'd flock.
" True to their custom'd hour, behold they troop
" From island, grove, and lake. Arise my love,
" Extend thy hand—I lift it, but it falls.
" Hence then, fond fools, and pine! NERINA's hand
" Has lost the power to feed you. Hence and die."

Thus plaining, to his lips the icy palm
He lifted, and with ardent passion kiss'd;
Then cry'd in agony, " on this dear hand,
" Once tremblingly alive to Love's soft touch,
" I hop'd to seal my faith:" This thought awak'd
Another sad soliloquy, which they,
Who e'er have lov'd, will from their hearts supply,
And they who have not will but hear and smile.

And let them smile; but let the scorners learn
There is a solemn luxury in grief
Which they shall never taste; well known to those,
And only those, in Solitude's deep gloom
Who heave the sigh sincerely: Fancy there
Waits the fit moment; and, when Time has calm'd
The first o'erwhelming tempest of their woe,

Piteous she steals upon the mourner's breast
Her precious balm to shed: Oh, it has power,
Has magic power to soften and to sooth,
Thus duly minister'd. ALCANDER felt
The charm, yet not till many a ling'ring moon
Had hung upon her zenith o'er his couch,
And heard his midnight wailings. Does he stray
But near the fated temple, or the bower?
He feels a chilly monitor within
Who bids him pause. Does he at distance view
His grot? 'tis darken'd with NERINA's storm,
Ev'n at the blaze of noon. Yet there are walks
The lost one never trod; and there are seats
Where he was never happy by her side,
And these he still can sigh in. Here at length,
As if by chance, kind Fancy brought her aid,
When wand'ring through a grove of sable yew,
Rais'd by his ancestors: their Sabbath-path
Led through its gloom, what time too dark a stole
Was o'er Religion's decent features drawn
By puritanic zeal. Long had their boughs
Forgot the sheers; the spire, the holy ground
They banish'd by their umbrage. " What if here,"
Cry'd the sweet soother, in a whisper soft,
" Some open space were form'd, where other shades,
" Yet all of solemn sort, cypress and bay
" Funereal, pensive birch its languid arms
" That droops, with waving willows deem'd to weep,

" And shiv'ring aspens mixt their varied green;
" What if yon trunk, shorn of its murky crest,
" Reveal'd the sacred fane?" ALCANDER heard
The Charmer; ev'ry accent seem'd his own,
So much they touch'd his heart's sad unison.
" Yes, yes," he cry'd, " Why not behold it all?
" That bough remov'd shews me the very vault
" Where my NERINA sleeps, and where, when heav'n
" In pity to my plaint the mandate seals,
" My dust with her's shall mingle." Now his hinds,
Call'd to the task, their willing axes wield:
Joyful to see, as witless of the cause,
Their much-lov'd lord his sylvan arts resume.
And next, within the centre of the gloom,
A shed of twisting roots and living moss,
With rushes thatch'd, with wattled oziers lin'd,
He bids them raise:* it seem'd a hermit's cell;
Yet void of hour-glass, scull, and maple dish,
Its mimic garniture: ALCANDER's taste
Disdains to trick, with emblematic toys,
The place where he and Melancholy mean
To fix NERINA's bust, her genuine bust,
The model of the marble. There he hides,
Close as a miser's gold, the sculptur'd clay;
And but at early morn and latest eve
Unlocks the simple shrine, and heaves a sigh:
Then does he turn, and through the glimm'ring glade

* Ver. 646, Note XXXVII.

Cast a long glance upon her house of death;
Then views the bust again, and drops a tear.
Is this idolatry, ye sage ones say?——
Or, if ye doubt, go view the num'rous train
Of poor and fatherless his care consoles;
The sight will tell thee, he that dries their tears
Has unseen angels hov'ring o'er his head,
Who leave their heav'n to see him shed his own.

Here close we, sweet SIMPLICITY! the tale,
And with it let us yield to youthful bards
That Dorian reed we but awak'd to voice
When Fancy prompted, and when Leisure smil'd;
Hopeless of general praise, and well repaid,
If they of classic ear, unpall'd by rhyme,
Whom changeful pause can please, and numbers free,
Accept our song with candour. They perchance,
Led by the Muse to solitude and shade,
May turn that art we sing to soothing use,
At this ill-omen'd hour, when Rapine rides
In titled triumph; when Corruption waves
Her banners broadly in the face of day,
And shews th' indignant world the host of slaves
She turns from Honour's standard. Patient there,
Yet not desponding, shall the sons of Peace
Await the day, when, smarting with his wrongs,
Old England's Genius wakes; when with him wakes
That plain integrity, contempt of gold,

Disdain of slav'ry, liberal awe of rule
Which fixt the rights of people, peers, and prince,
And on them founded the majestic pile
Of BRITISH FREEDOM; bad fair Albion rise
The scourge of tyrants; sovereign of the seas;
And arbitress of empires. Oh return,
Ye long-lost train of Virtues! swift return
To save ('tis ALBION prompts your Poet's prayer)
Her throne, her altars, and her laureat bowers.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

# COMMENTARY

AND

# NOTES.

# COMMENTARY

ON THE

# FIRST BOOK.

## INTRODUCTION.

GARDENING imparts to rural scenery what a noble and graceful deportment confers upon the human frame: it is not an imitative art, it is more, it is an endeavour to bestow on each individual reality, those beauties which judicious imitation would select from many, and combine in one fictitious representation. That the son of Achilles was as much inferior in person to his father, as the most perfect human forms are to the finest statues, is the declaration of the skilful Philostratus; and amounts to a full acknowledgment of the inferiority of individual nature to selective art. If, therefore, by any means the original can be brought under the obedience of those laws, by which she is imitated to advantage, an art is then devised as much superior to those which merely deal in imitation, as motion and reality are superior to fiction and inanimate rest: it is only in right of their constitution and laws, that the imitative arts are entitled

to any preference; but these are now transferred and set over a more noble dominion. (A)

To establish their empire, and pronounce their decrees in the province of Landscape, is the purpose of the foregoing Poem; to mark the connexion, to point out the principles, and sometimes to extend the application of the precepts delivered by the Poet, is the purpose of this Commentary: it was written originally in the margin of the Poem, and has been so fortunate as not only to receive the approbation, but actually now to appear before the world, under the sanction of its Author. Thus honoured, it is little solicitous concerning the reception it may there meet with: for should it even come short of the favourable expectations he has been pleased to entertain, and fail to promote the delightful art it is designed to serve, one private end, at least, must still be answered, and my best pride will receive its ample satisfaction from seeing my name thus publicly connected with that of Mr. Mason.

From what is here said, it is obvious that the poetical merits of the English Georgic are not under my consideration; it will be inferred, perhaps, that I am precluded from giving an opinion on that head; I am so: yet why have I studiously considered and noted the Poem? The necessary answer to this question will give my judgment; in terms very general, I grant; but thus

alone, by leaving it for others to draw the inference, I am enabled to evade the prohibition I am under.

I confess that the subject also, exclusive of the manner in which it has been treated, has charms for me sufficient to engage my attention: If reason has her sports, they are worthy the pursuit of reason; and I am far from concurring with the mathematical reader of Virgil, who, having perused the Æneid, laid down the book, and then contemptuously pronounced that it might, perhaps, be very good; but for his part he could not see the use of it, because, forsooth, it proved nothing.

In the class with this sentence we must also rank the surly and sullen speculation which would insinuate reflections on an art that successfully undertakes to embellish and render Nature universally lovely. To extinguish the finest faculty of the human mind, or pervert the natural taste for the pleasures thence derived, will not, I trust, however arrogantly claimed, be generally considered as the business of reason; and therefore we are constrained to account for the savage and cynical censures which would deprive us of the delights of Poetry and Gardening, by referring them to an absolute ignorance of the respective subjects, and a total defect of the imagination.

But it is so far from being the true business of reason

to degrade, that to cultivate and enlarge the imagination is, perchance, the happiest fruit of her genuine researches. It is by means of this sense of the intellect that our convictions, in a thousand instances, become our pleasures; and by facilitating the comprehension of remote objects it is that reason renders them the objects of this faculty; we are thus rendered sensible of the beauty of holiness, the beauty of virtue, the beauty of system, and even of the beauty of theorem; and shall an easier accessibility derogate from our sense of the beauty of nature? when reason is not disgraced in thus referring her issues to the imagination, I can see no just cause why our educated sense of beauty should be sullenly refused the full enjoyment of those objects which, by the benevolent Author of Nature, were originally adapted to her immediate possession.

It is not however without some discriminating powers of the mind that the beauties of Nature are even discerned; the imagination must be correct and pure to select with judgment the scenes that are most worthy of contemplation. And if to enjoy require an act of the cultivated understanding, it will not be denied that to open the sources of enjoyment, and to design and execute, so as to give pleasure to the taste of an improved intellect, demands the exertion of much greater powers of the mind. What, for example, can be accomplished without a critical knowledge of the rules of composition,

and a vigorous fancy to forecast, in each particular instance, the future effects of their judicious application? Can a ready observation to detect a latent grace, and to discern the advantages it is capable of receiving from art, be dispensed with? And can the ignorance of any mechanical science be supposed in the genuine Gardener, whose occupation is a perpetual display of even consummate skill in the comprehensive theories of Painting and Architecture? But, referring my reader to the Author's motto, let me here cease farther to apologize for the liberality of an art which he, who of all mankind best understood the true business of reason, has not disdained to consider as "the perfection of civility," or to rank as "the purest of human pleasures."

The plan of the ENGLISH GARDEN is made to correspond with its subject, which is single, and in which the parts, however numerous, are evidently the parts of one uniform whole. The practical precepts, delivered in the three latter books of the Poem in like manner, are but the amplifications of one fundamental and universally pervading principle, to the doctrine and establishment of which, as a common basis, the commencing book has been accordingly assigned by the Poet.

## THE COMMENTARY.

Ver. 1 THE Poem begins with an invocation to SIMPLICITY, the inseparable attendant upon genuine Beauty and Grace; and this with much judgment, because the interference of Simplicity is necessary to controul the natural tendency of Art, which is ever more apt to overcharge her work, than fall short of the golden mean, which is the perfection of Nature, and of every artifice to imitate or adorn her. A defective taste, like a phlegmatic disposition, requires provocatives to excite an interest: Where the wit of Terence or Addison would fail to obtain a smile, the boisterous and ribbald jest will be attended by acclamations of joy; and actual afflictions are required to extort a tear from the eye that can view the fictitious miseries of the stage without emotion. In like manner it is that gaudy hues, violent contrasts, and a surface rough with sculpture and fluttering projections, invite the admiration of such as are blind to the harmony of colouring, the tender varieties of light and shadow, the graces of well-poised disposition, and the majestic dignity of just proportion: And from the same principle, it is probable, that the formal magnificence of our antient gardens would, on a comparison, find a more

general suffrage than the delicious domestic scenes Ver.
which are peculiar to our day: for the sumptuous art, which obliterates what it should only adorn, and thus obtrudes itself alone upon the eye, solicits the vulgar and will thence obtain a preference to that which, modestly ministering to Nature, sets forward only her charms and withdraws itself from observation. To correct and strengthen the judgment, and consequently to reform this vicious taste, is the great purpose of the Poet; and while he is about to teach, he seeks to place the conduct of his Poem under the same just restrictions that he prescribes to the kindred art which forms its subject.—That sweet Simplicity, which should thus preside in every art, is excellently described by Quintilian: "Quen-" dam purum, qualis etiam in feminis amatur, ornatum " habet; et sunt quædam velut é tenui diligentia circa " proprietatem significationemque munditiæ. Alia copiâ " locuples, alia floribus læta; virium non unum genus, " nam quicquid in suo genere satis effectum est valet." *Institut.* Lib. VIII.

The assistance of the two sister muses of poetry and 18
painting, is likewise invoked to promote a kindred art, an art in which the attributes of both are engaged: for that taste which is required either to enjoy, to design, or critically to instruct in the means to design the beauties of scenery, must result from an union of the Poet's delicate feelings, and the painter's practiced judgment to

Ver. 18 select the objects by which they are best excited. Ever since the days of Simonides, who declared painting to be silent poetry, and poetry to be speaking picture, critics of all ranks and sizes have touched, and some have even extensively expatiated upon the affinity of these two arts. To prove that Gardening is of their sisterhood, it might be enough to say, that she makes her address to the same mental source of pleasure, and so rank the whole doctrine under the equally acknowledged assertion of antiquity, that all the arts are of one family. Gardening, I grant, has heretofore in a manner withdrawn herself from her relations; for while Nature gave laws to these, and seemed to preside over their friendly society, she alone refused to comply with the dictates which, if possible, more nearly concerned her than the rest. A vigorous imagination, with a correct judgment, were the qualifications which all her sisters sought for in their votaries; while she, with a wayward obstinacy, addicted herself to the tasteless minions of fortune, and only required that her woers should be endowed with wealth. What wonder then that she has been put down from her station, and that her claim to be numbered among the liberal arts has not been universally acknowledged? But having now become sensible of her own depravity, reformed her errors, and placed herself under the direction of Nature; having lent her whole attention to the laws by which the family is governed; and taken the rules of her present and future conduct from

them; her pretensions are no longer problematical: she assumes a dignity that renders her worthy of the rank to which she is restored; has become a favourite in the train of Nature, the common mistress of them all; and Painting, who has chiefly taken her under tuition, like the preceptor of Scipio, declares, that while she imparts, she derives instruction from her ready pupil. Ver.

Having thus, in the poetical mode of invocation, generally intimated the qualifications that are equally requisite in the 'pupil of his song' as in the precepts which teach his art, after a few episodical lines, upon which, for the reason already assigned, I feel myself with much regret precluded from expatiating, the Poet addressing himself to such of the youth of England, as are enabled by the means of a sufficient fortune and an unvitiated taste of beauty to carry his lessons into execution, slides into his subject with an assurance to so many of them as are in pursuit of classical knowledge, that the Art of Gardening was unknown to ancient Rome; and to such as visit the Continent, that it is not even now to be learned in the detail by travel into modern Italy; but that foreign countries, and particularly that of Italy will, notwithstanding, contribute natural beauties adapted to improve or form the taste, and afford scenes well worthy of our imitation. These, however, we are instructed, not indiscriminately, or too ambitiously to aim at adopting, for this important reason (which is the first general precept 25 50 54 61 63 71 83

Ver. laid down) that every effort to improve the scenery must correspond with the original nature of the place, or else most certainly prove abortive. (B)

88 But although objects which are inapplicable be thus proscribed, it does not therefore follow that we should despair of giving beauty to any spot, however seemingly defective; for the seeds of grace are universally disseminated; and though we cannot any where raise such as are foreign from the soil, and as it were exotic; yet such
102 as are indigenous will rise, and attain to their full matu-
107 rity and perfection under the cultivation of industry and taste. The very heath, for example, of all things apparently the least susceptible of a picturesque appearance, may be fertilized, and receive a cheerful aspect from the hand of toil; and Taste succeeding to this may carry the
111 work so much farther, as to bestow upon it even beauty and grace: but as the soil must be reclaimed, in order to its affording the materials of verdure and foliage to Taste, it is evident here that labour must go before; while
114 in the improvement of the dank vale, which affords another instance of their united powers, it is equally evident that Taste must take the lead, and precede, or at
123 least conduct the works of labour; for if not, the waters may be drawn off by the straightest, as being the shortest lines; and these again be so placed as to form angular intersections: whereas Taste, being at once possessed of her materials here, will prescribe that bed or channel

in which they may spread or run in the most beautiful manner; and hence it is that labour must, in this and similar cases, be the attendant instead of the harbinger of taste. Ver.

And here the valley thus improved is described; the beauties which Nature has contributed, and the corresponding charms which fancy has bestowed, are peculiarized: Time is supposed to have imparted maturity to its groves, and ripened all its beauties to the precise idea of the planter, and it is accordingly found altogether suited to contemplation, and the pleasures of seclusion and learned retirement: the cave, the rill, and the shadowy glade, adapt it to the Poet; its copious vegetation, and numerous insect inhabitants to the naturalist; while from the general disposition of its wood and water, and the accidents of light, which its various parts are formed to catch, the painter may derive improvement to his art. But it is not for the mere pleasure of dwelling on the lovely scene, that the Poet has thus minutely described its parts; he had another view, and has accordingly made his description the conveyance of an important censure on that indiscriminating zeal for prospect, which requires and is only delighted with the extent of unselected objects; and also an exemplification of this doctrine, that a single scene, though not comprehending distances, may yet, by a judicious disposition of light and shadow, be put into possession of sufficient variety to 129 150 153 160 164 142 173

Ver. render a landscape, thus formed merely of a foreground, complete and perfect within itself.

179 If then it appears, that Fancy be of such power as thus to give charms to reluctant Nature, it follows that we should exert ourselves to improve this faculty; and to this end it is laid down as a maxim, that we should con-
184 sult the laws by which painting is governed, and apply them to the sister art of Gardening. But of these, the first is to make a happy selection of objects for the pencil; and therefore, as greatness of parts, a receding gradation of hues and limiting outlines, and three distances, marked each with their respective characters, and bearing to each other a due proportion, are the objects of the
193 painter's choice, so, if they can be attained, they are recommended to the Gardener, as the most desirable scenery for the exercise of his imagination and his art.

198 But of these three distances, supposing them possessed, the foreground is that part which is usually most at the disposal of a proprietor, and is consequently of the highest importance. Wherever a man stands, the contiguous objects immediately before him form a foreground to the scene he is looking at; and by the foreground how much the general prospect is affected, there are few who delight in landscape that have not perceived. The general harmony of a scene results from a due proportion of its parts; but the greater distances are seldom within

the power of art: How then shall art, thus limited in the extent of her dominion, attempt to harmonize the whole scene? To this I answer, by a judicious adaption and disposition of the objects through which the eye beholds it. A path is a series of foregrounds; and to adapt each part of this to the various combinations of the distant objects, which always result from change of place or aspect, is the proper business of art. The effect of aspect on a scene, and the pleasure arising from an agreeable series of foregrounds, must be strongly felt by such as sail upon a fine river between beautiful banks: by this means we always, as it were, carry water with us, and render it a permanent ingredient in a continually changing landscape. The means then prescribed for obtaining a similar permanency in a beautiful foreground are the direction of the path from which the general scenery is to be viewed;—a selection of well-adapted greens which shall contrast or mix their colouring into it;—such interruptions as may frequently give the charm of renewal to what we had been for a time deprived of;—the absolutely unintervening foliage of shrubbery beneath the eye;—and the shade of forest foliage above it; in which latter case, the best portions of the distant scene may be selected, and beheld from between the stems of the trees, which should be so situated as sometimes by affording lateral limits to reduce the view even to the strictest rules of composition;—and thus from the varieties of the foreground the general scene is also perpetually varied.

Ver. 198 203 205 207 209 211

Ver. 216 But, as there are many who are not sensible of the beauty of this last feature in a foreground, and hence might too hastily think of removing every forest tree in front, as only an interruption to the scene, a caution is suggested against such a practice: to prove its necessity, the picturesque principle is resorted to, and exemplified in the wooded foregrounds of Claude Lorrain and G. Poussin; and, as from these it would be impossible to retrench even a single bough without an injury to the general composition of the scene, so Nature is said to suffer a similar injury, if her foregrounds are injudiciously deprived of their shade.—And as, again, the same defective taste which would thus strip the foreground 225 where trees are an important feature, if possessed of power to reach the distances, might there be induced to plant in such a manner, as to give them no importance whatever; to counteract the uniform operation of aerial perspective, by spotting the remote hills with little circumscribed clumps of dark foliage; and to intersect by angular fences what is formed to please only by the singleness and majesty of the whole, the picturesque principle, with which the general rules respecting foregrounds are here concluded, is made the means of com- 225 mencing a new subject, and is accordingly extended to the distant scenes, and in this case exemplified in the distances of Salvator Rosa; for, as it would be impossible, among the sublime objects, of which these, for the most part, consist, without absolutely subverting the dignity of his whole composition, to introduce the petty

contrasts resulting from deep shadowed, but narrowly limited plantations, so Nature is said to suffer a similar injury, if minute inclosures and formal foliage be allowed to disturb the awful tranquillity of her more majestic scenes. And the reason is obvious: the whole should be viewed together, and not in parts, which would, on account of their remote situation, very distinctly show their extremities to the eye; whereas in the foreground, neighbourhood entirely precludes the possibility of this effect. Ver.

The end and spirit of this precept then being to preserve proportion and harmony in the relative extent and colouring of those parts which enter into the composition of the distant scenery, it will clearly follow that no broad and sober contrasts are precluded by the prohibition. Of nearer objects, Nature defines with accuracy at once the outline and the shadow; but losing at a distance the intenseness of both, she exhibits them with blended and doubtful extremities; like twilight, she diminishes their opposition, and consequently exclaims against whatever should attempt to give it an unadapted strength: hence dark patches of ill-consorted wood, which rather seem to stick out from, than compose a part of, the scene, are her abhorrence. But it is not therefore a woody distance that is obnoxious either to her or her Poet; on the contrary, he inculcates this farther doctrine, that extensive clothing will be productive of the same uniform and 225

Ver. and simple greatness, as extent of any other character whatsoever; but he ascertains its manner of application, and instructs us, in these cases, to give a forest extent of wood to distances even the extremest, and unite them all by one uninterrupted length of foliage. But extent and continuity are insisted on as indispensable here: for as in the sublime ferocity of the scenes, last considered, no little additions were admitted to interrupt the general union; so where the character of the distance is forest extent, for the same reason, little intermissions are equally precluded. For as clumps and acute divisions
225 are there said to form a disproportionate contrast, so here the very same defect would result from formal extremities, or circumscribed interruptions of wood, when opposed to the general hue of the foliage. And here
253 the particular foliage, by which this great effect is best obtained, is specified, and the oak, the elm, and the chesnut are recommended to the planter; their hues are sufficiently similar, and consequently that species of variety alone, which is naturally incident to distances, is aimed at. No fictitious protuberances are affected by the means of paler verdure, nor, although the fir be permitted, as a protection to the other trees, to afford a temporary shade, are sudden, and therefore incongruous, breaks sought after by the admission of darker greens; the scene is left to obtain its variety from the effects of light upon its surface; and these, let no man doubt, will be sufficient for his purpose: for from the undulating

form of this the light and shadow will borrow not only Ver.
extent and breadth, but soft and uncertain limits; and
even that diversity of colour which is thus judiciously
declined by art, will be amply repaid by the ordinary
accidents resulting from the vicissitudes of weather, and
the several seasons of the day.

Thus then we see the picturesque principle exempli- 264
fied, and applied to the living scenery of Nature; but
we are not, for this reason, to conceive that Nature is
thus rendered subservient to an art over which she has
not herself previously presided; for, though she may not
in every portion of her works have exhibited the full
perfection of beauty, yet in some she probably has; and
though, wherever these lovely features occur, she may 264
not, in every instance, have combined them to the great-
est possible advantage; yet in some she has certainly
displayed the charms of harmonious composition. Had
she done this universally, or where she has done it, were
it the talent of every man to observe and to generalize
the principle on which she has proceeded, it would be
unnecessary here to call in the aid of an imitative art; 280
but when to those alone who have cultivated this, the skill
to select and recombine the beauties of Nature, has been
heretofore in a manner confined, to those it cannot be
deemed unreasonable to refer the Gardener for instruc-
tion in the conduct of his own art. To grace and adorn
the person of the great original herself is his pleasing

Ver. province; and surely he is the most likely to succeed in the discharge of this duty who most diligently investigates the principles on which she has already been imitated with the happiest success. From those then who, with the highest taste and most discriminating powers of selection, have transferred the beauties of nature to the canvas, we may, without derogation, submit to receive instruction, and learn ourselves to select, to digest, and to dispose our superiour materials, according to rules of composition that have been primarily dictated by herself.

It is not, therefore, by declining the study of Nature, that we are desired to aim at attaining that abstract idea of beauty to which we should for ever refer our designs and works, but by studying her through the medium of an art which, upon her own principles, has combined and improved her features; thus we are ascertained of success, and having once got possession of this general archetype, we see every species of littleness fly before it; every symptom of mechanism withdraws, and every trace of geometric order is obliterated; the angle declines into the waving curve, and parts, before acutely divided, now melt into each other with soft and easy transitions.

And such a transition the Poet may be said to have here exemplified in his own method. We had before been instructed how far the powers of fancy were able

to contend with the difficulties started by nature herself, Ver.
and to remove what appeared to be even deformity;
and now from a general rule, in which his abhorrence of
mechanick order is inculcated, we are carried to the
consideration of her equal powers to reform the absurdi-
ties introduced by antecedent art. The right lined Vista 324
consequently, however sanctified by time or circum-
stance, is condemned to fall, while only such of its trees
as can survive removal, or such as, by concealment of 328
their line, may plead for mercy, can hope to avert the 336
stroke of the axe: from these few, however, a consider-
able effect is promised; and thus Art, in concurrence 342
with Nature and acting only as her handmaid, is seen re-
storing to beauty scenes, which without that concur-
rence, she had herself previously deformed. (C).

We have now seen the picturesque principle establish-
ed, and we have traced its operations in the improvement
of defective nature, and the reformation of erroneous
art. We have seen it also more agreeably occupied in
selecting, heightening, and arranging the features of an
extensive landscape originally beautiful: we are now to
contemplate its effect upon the only species of rural view
that has not yet been brought under its direction: But
in this instance the precept is caution; and so very ten-
derly is Art permitted to touch the almost-finished work
of Nature, that its interference seems rather to be pro-
hibited than invited here. If indeed the scene fall short

Ver. of the Poet's description, and yet consist of parts that are capable of being rendered conformable to it, it is then the delightful office of Art to break new ground,
348 and for the first time to enter into the shadowy wild, which bears no mark of ever having heretofore been invaded by the hand of man: but here good taste will hold sacred the deep solemnity, the silent and solitary grandeur of its dark recesses; it will move on without impressing a distinguishable vestige, and will only, as it
355 were, by stealth admit the human eye to the enjoyment of their secluded beauties. If time indeed, giving to oblivion every unpleasing idea of their former designation, has handed over to Nature, and she adopting them has blended with her own offspring the antient seats of
360 tyranny and superstition, fancy has little more to do than to enjoy the vale, whose woody sides, forming a gloomy contrast to the rocks that glitter through them, are over-hung by the majestick ruins of a castle; or in the bottom of perhaps the same valley to contemplate the more awful remains of an abbey standing on the margin of a stream, by which the whole is watered: for what indeed remains for her to do? If absolute neglect has obscured the beauties of the scene, or rendered it, perhaps, inaccessible, an access must be obtained, and its beauties must be retrieved from a circumstance equivalent to annihilation: but this is the utmost that is allowed to Art, and even in the performance of these
360 necessary offices, the principal attention must be paid to

the concealment and disguise of its interference. Hence Ver.
the Poet, instead of imparting his instruction in this instance in the form of precept, has conveyed it by a description, and finding so little matter for maxim, instead of a lesson, has given us an archetype for our imitation.

From the contemplation of scenes like these, the Poet 386
now suddenly directs our observation to the geometrical absurdities of our antient gardens, and by thus artfully bringing them into immediate comparison, excites our just indignation against their unnatural and sumptuous puerilities: Our eye, but now in the enjoyment of Nature's loveliest freest forms, beholds, with disgust, the narrow restraint under which she has heretofore been oppressed. Where Art takes Nature for its archetype, Nature may herself improve under the conduct of that Art; but where on the contrary its source is in itself, or to be found rather in the principles than the visible performances of Nature, the works of Art like this, are never to be adopted in her domains. Painting presents a mirrour to her form; and before this she may dress herself to the improvement of her charms: but what can Architecture contribute to heighten them? Having never borrowed from her, it has nothing to restore; and to be- 386
come a borrower herself, is a condescension beneath the dignity of her character; and consequently, however graceful, however majestic the works of this fine art

Ver. may rise, their beauties are their own, they are peculiar to themselves, and in no respect applicable to the forms
392 of Nature, who will therefore scorn to wear them. Boundless in her easy variety she disdains the restrictions of the line and plummet, and, that substitute for the chizzel, the sheers. Yet such were the antient implements of the Gardener; by these the green arcade was formed, and the dwarf vegetable trimmed into the mosaic pavement of the parterre; by these its angular extremities and quick, smooth slope were given to the terras: by these the winding currents of water were compelled to stagnate in straight canals; and, to use the language of an old French writer, by these they were effectually prevented from ever degenerating into rivers again.

The History of Gardening in England, from the days of Elizabeth to our own time, finds here an easy introduction, it is accordingly related, and hence we learn the antiquity of that formal mode which has just been condemned; we also learn that however obstinately it held its ground, it had yet in every age come under the censure of the wisest and most discerning men; that
498 yielding at last to their remonstrances and ridicule, it began to give way about the commencement of the present century; and, consequently, that at that period the style which forms the subject of the Poem may be said to have had its rise, although it has but very lately at-
536 attained to its perfection. To the works of those great

masters therefore who have brought it to this high state, as before to the works of the painter, we are now referred, with an earnest assurance, that by them we shall see the principles of the art exemplified, and from the study of their practice, be enabled to correct our taste and extend our fancy; that by exercising these, and giving an actual existence to whatever ideal forms and combinations we may have derived from all the sources that have now been laid open to us, we may bestow beauty upon even the ordinary features of natural scenery, and enter into the refined enjoyment of whatever Nature has, in this kind, created most lovely and complete. (D)

Having now brought the Commentary on the First Book to a conclusion, and throughout endeavoured to maintain and strengthen the great principle of rural beauty which has been prescribed by the Poet, I seem to hear an objection started to the justice of the doctrine, and to be asked in what manner the practice of the Gardener, who, for the most part, makes excessive neatness an object in his scenes, is to be reconciled with that species of beauty which consists in roughness of surface, and which appears to have been always aimed at by the Painter of Landscape.

To this, in the first place, I answer, that the objection does not affect the general composition, which is still

moulded according to the picturesque idea; and, secondly, that it cannot affect the distances, which are beyond the reach of any such subordinate consideration. How far then does it extend? Only to the foreground; and even in this, not to the design, but the pencilling; for, exclusive of the surface, the form may be preserved to the most fastidious expectations of the Painter. What then remains? not the drawing of the picture, for that is allowed to be correct, but just the manner of handling that small domestic portion which lies immediately beneath the eye. And, surely, when it comes to be considered, that in generalizing a principle, and applying it to a new subject, some variety must always result from the application; and this not from any mutability of the principle itself, but from the diversity of the objects with which it is combined, a variety so extremely trivial, can hardly be admitted as an objection to the introduction of the picturesque principle into the Art of Gardening; it falls before this self-evident proposition, that a rural scene in reality, and a rural scene upon canvas, are not precisely one and the same thing.

But that point, in which they differ here, is not itself without a guiding principle: Utility sets up her claim, and declares, that however concurrent the genuine beauty of Nature and Picture may be, the Garden Scene is hers, and must be rendered conformable to the purposes of human life; if to these every consonant charm

of painting be added, she is pleased; but by no means satisfied, if that which is convertible to use be given absolutely to wildness. The wildness of Nature, therefore, is irretrievably set aside, and consequently, it is only that kind of beauty which wears the stamp of human interference that can be cultivated here. Admit that desart Nature is best arrayed in the rough garb which painting chuses to imitate; yet in the English Garden, even in her very finest scenery, it is not desirable to preserve her in such a state of useless purity, that it shall appear as if no human footstep had even trod the ground. The presence of the mansion must for ever refute the supposition. Neatness must, consequently, supersede this savage air, for mere slovenly accommodation is, of all defects, the most disgusting; it is a mean between wildness and cultivation, which makes each destructive of the other, and, consequently, instead of being both, is really neither. To neatness, therefore, the surface of the foreground must be given: the claims of utility must be complied with, for the rudeness of Nature is precluded, and this alone remains; but even from this no small share of picturesque beauty may be made to arise, and smoothness itself, if thus the means and reasons of creating it appear, and that the shaven lawn be seen covered with the flocks which have been the instruments of its polish, will be found in a very extensive degree to conform to the principle originally prescribed. But I will now go even further, and aver, that it altogether conforms: The

Arts which imitate Nature are necessarily defective in one point, they cannot imitate her motion; and hence they are driven to seek for some substitute that may be productive of the same effect. A roughness of surface is produced by quick contrasts of contiguous light and shade, which resulting in the appearance of frequent projection and retirement, the eye, by the rapid succession of these, is affected in exactly the same manner as if the parts were actually moving before it: But is this roughness, therefore, necessary in Nature herself? It certainly is not; and the reason is, that possessing a real, it would be superfluous to adopt the means by which only a fictitious motion is atchieved: the PRINCIPLES of Painting, therefore, are universally received; and thus THE ENGLISH GARDEN, exempted from the necessity of using them, is found only not to accept of the artificial resources of Picture.

# COMMENTARY

ON THE

# SECOND BOOK.

THE Poet having, in the former Book, proposed every general principle relating to the Art of Gardening, it would have been allowable for him to have laid down his pen, and left his readers, in each particular instance, to have made the application as well as they could for themselves: but reflecting on the difficulty of carrying general theories into practice, he has himself condescended to take his pupil by the hand, and to teach him to apply his rules in every portion of his subject. He enters accordingly in the following Books into the detail, and instructs us in the means of executing every part of that great whole, with which we had been previously made acquainted; we have seen the picture; we have admired the composition; and even contemplated its greater features; but we are now to imitate it; we must, therefore, descend to subordinate considerations; we are no longer to consider the effect alone, but to inquire into the means by which it is produced; and to the specu-

Ver. lative part of gardening, henceforward learn to afford the assistance of manual operation.

The regard that is due to utility, and the necessity which subsists of rendering even beauty no more than an adjunct to this in the English Garden, has been already intimated: to some reflections on the happy effects of their union the present portion of the subject now
1 naturally leads the mind; and, accordingly, the second Book opens with an Address to an Art which thus benevolently turns magnificence from the cultivation of sumptuous trifles to the improvement of that which is
18 beneficial to mankind. But here, while we attend to the precept conveyed in this apostrophe, we must be exceedingly on our guard not to misapply it, or imagine, that by converting beautiful objects to any other than their appropriate use, we are acting under its direction: the genuine spirit and tendency of the rule, is not to turn ornament to use; it is the converse of this, and instructs us only to make utility the subject of ornament (E). But even this law is not without its liberal construction: in the great it must, perhaps, be literally interpreted; yet, like poetry, gardening will frequently acquiesce in a fiction of utility, accept of an end for a use, and stamp the means which effect it, and the just adaption of the ornaments to the seeming purpose, with the name and characters of truth.

Under the authority of this general maxim then, it is Ver.
obvious that the ancient formal style of gardening must 35
necessarily fall: the gardener will endeavour to restore
to Nature, whatever she has been so long deprived of:
but as in the infancy of his art there is danger, that in
destroying the right-lined disposition of his ground, he
should, as was really the fact, run into the opposite ex- 47
treme, a caution is suggested against all excessive and
overstrained curvatures, and that easy line, which is a 51
a mean between them, and which is spontaneously traced
in the pathway of every being that moves under the un- 56
affected direction of Nature, is described as the only
legitimate source of beauty and genuine grace; of this
soft and melting curve the application, we are told, must
be universal; and that not only the pathway, and the 71
outline of wood and water must be guided by it, but that
the form of the surface of the ground itself must come
under its direction.

But however gracefully it may flow, and however
considered in itself, it may appear to be an absolute
stranger to geometric rules, yet, as all parallelisms must 82
thence derive their source, even this curve must not be
matched with its own parallel: the greensward, there-
fore, through which the pathway winds, must be varied
in its breadth, and the neighbouring objects stand at
that variety of distance that contrast may result; in like 86
manner, the surface of the ground should be diversified 90

Ver. in its form; and in every instance, whether of hill, ground-plan, or plantation, the idea of pairs must be diligently avoided. Without this equality, the balance
92 may be sufficiently maintained, and the means of preserving it are prescribed by Nature herself; it is not by copying one feature from another, that she proceeds to create a harmony of parts, she accomplishes this end with more variety, nor finds it even necessary to place her correspondencies at an equal distance from the point of view; for to the remote mountain she frequently opposes the neighbouring shade or rock, and thus satisfies the expectations of the eye with difference and uniformity at once. Hence then art should derive its rule, and by a like opposition of dissimilar objects, give poize and regularity to the general composition of
105 her works: the foreground is her proper district, here therefore every object, whether of surface or plantation, may be formed according to the taste of the proprietor; their mutual adaption is, consequently, at his disposal, and he is accordingly instructed in the manner of suiting both their forms and hues, not only to each other, but to the distant scenery which is beheld from among them.

110 But in this, and every other operation of art, the particular character of the scene must be most attentively considered, and cultivation assume a manner from the subject with which it connected; thus the introduction

of soil, sufficient to maintain the vegetation of forest trees among the rocky clefts, may prove the means of removing the black and desolated air of a scene, whose proper character is majesty; and thus by a junction of wood and rock, and thence a happy contrast of gloom and glitter, dignity may be made to supersede a cold and forbidding aspect. The swelling hillock may be made to vary the fatiguing sameness of the flat, while this again, opposed by plantations, may result in an animated and cheerful landscape; and in like manner variety may be introduced into the very thicket, its uniform darkness may be chequered by clearing away the inferior wood, while the remaining shade will borrow dignity from the contrasted light that is thus admitted into it; the rivulet too should here be allowed to sparkle in the sun and assist the opposition; and thus we see not only the balance well adjusted, but the cure that may, by attention to its genius, be applied to the defects of each particuliar species of scenery. Ver. 126 139 145 152

But of all the purposes on which the character of a scene should be consulted, that is the most important, which determines the mode of adapting ornament to use, without permitting it to encroach upon the limits by which it should be restricted; of these, as we have already observed, it is the business of the gardener to make such a union, that neither may prove injurious to the other; ornament must not infringe the claims of utility, while at the same time, it is essential that utility 159

Ver. should not sordidly reject the ornament with which it is becomingly arrayed. But it is a truth, which experi-
161 ence will speedily evince, that nothing is more difficult than to preserve the proper boundary of these; pleasure in its wantonness would seek to appropriate what should be destined to more profitable purposes; and there is hardly to be found a profitable purpose to which ground may be turned, that is not likely to invade the equitable claims of pleasure; the very sheep, in their browsing, thus destroy the bloom and foliage which give beauty to the pathway that steals round their pasture. Where then is the remedy to be found? in the fence, alone; we
167 must ascertain their respective limits; we must divide and yet not disunite, and the expedient is as practicable as it is necessary; the fence, by winding freely, may for ever be withdrawn from the eye, and the very foliage,
170 which it serves to protect, will, at every bend, conceal it from the view. The form of the ground, in each particular instance will instruct in some peculiar means of
178 disguising the division, but in all it should be drawn with that bold line, that the trees and shrubbery which adorn the pathway, should frequently project into, and appear to blend themselves with the field; while the field, in like manner, should frequently be seen to form recesses among these projected trees; and here, when the sheep go into these, they will seem to be uncontroled, and the only evidence to the contrary will afterwards be, that nothing has been destroyed.

Having thus far spoken of the fence, as the necessity for its concealment, and the general form of its line are concerned, the Poem now enters into a more practical discussion of the various kinds that may be resorted to, and the properest means to render them at once effectual and invisible; and of these, the first that is recommended to our choice, is that which is commonly known by the name of the sunk fence; by this the ground which is seen beyond it, provided its manner of cultivation be any thing similar, appears so intimately and continuously united with that on which we stand ourselves, that it is almost always with surprise the division is discovered; and hence, as expressive of that passion, it obtained, when first invented, the name of the Ha! Ha! The mode of constructing this is specified, and is as follows: Dig deep a trench, and to the base of the side from which you look, and which must be perpendicular and fronted with stone, the opposite side must be gently sloped from the level of the soil; the verdure of this slope must be preserved, and the wall which sustains the neighbouring side, must be covered on its top also with the green turf, a little raised above the surface of the soil. This is the strongest manner of constructing the sunk fence; but the greatest strength is not in every instance necessary; it may, indeed, be requisite, in order to restrain the deer, but cattle of a tamer kind, will be turned without it; the perpendicularity and the stone front of the nearer bank

Ver. 245 260 265 272 284

Ver. may, therefore, be here dispensed with, and in their
288 place a slope, and at midway down a row of thorns, defended when young with pointed pales, may be substituted; but this must be kept from surmounting the level
300 of the lawn, and its surface made always parallel to the banks on which it grows.

305 But the form of the surface of the ground, the direction in which it is to run, and the nature of the inconvenience to be excluded, must, in every particular case, determine the sort of fence that should be made use of;
306 that which we have already seen is best applied, when its line runs directly across the eye, for in this instance it becomes absolutely invisible; but, on the contrary, it
308 becomes, of all deformities, itself the most disgusting, if ascending the hill in front, or in any other manner offering its end to the view, it exhibits only a gaping interruption of the otherwise continuous surface: in these cases, therefore, we must have recourse to new expedients, and if sheep only are to be excluded from the pathway, a sufficient defence against their inroads may be obtained from net-work, or wire extended upon
319 common stakes; three rows of stronger cordage stretched between posts must be opposed to horses and oxen (F); but as these are all liable to a thousand injuries and a
330 swift decay, and consequently will require a troublesome
336 degree of attention to keep them in repair, a more durable substitute, but chiefly where the division is at some

little distance, is allowed of, and for this purpose a well Ver.
constructed paling of wood-work is recommended; but 350
as this again might very probably obtrude itself upon the eye, while it is not possible that a fence of any kind can be an ornament, we are instructed in the best means of mitigating the necessary evil, and preventing its becoming a defect.

The means then are briefly these; give to your paling 362
no tawdry glare, but as near as possible the colour of the ground against which it is seen; for thus the eye shall blend them together, and thus the ground in a manner shall absorb the fence. And here the Poet, strongly feeling, and wishing to inculcate, the necessity of this precept, is exceedingly particular, and has left it only for me to reduce his farther instructions on this head, to the form of a recipe, in which, however, I am obliged to omit the quantity of each ingredient, because it must always depend upon the circumstances of the scenery in which the paint is made use of; take then white-lead, 367
oker, blue-black, and a proportionably small quantity of verdigrease, and making of these an oil paint, spread it on the pailing: the effect of this, if used with judge- 393
ment, will be found fully answerable to the most sanguine expectations; the limits, as it were, retire from the view, and use and beauty, which seemed to have suffered a momentary divorce, are now indistinguishably united again.

Ver. 407 But there is a fence of which the concealment is not equally necessary, a fence which genuine taste will even rejoice to contemplate, for of genuine taste humanity is the inseparable associate; on the children, therefore, of the labouring peasants, we are previously desired to confer the charge of superintending all our boundaries, and guarding them from the invasions of herds and flocks; in order to adapt them to this little stewardship, to change 430 their weeds of poverty for a more cleanly and comfortable attire; and arming the infant shepherds with the proper implements of their picturesque office, to employ and post them where they may be even conspicuously seen.

460 From this benevolent precept, the Poet is naturally led to consider the blessings and mental improvements which attend upon the active occupations and the contemplative retirement of the Gardener, and concludes the book with an Episode in which they are eminently illustrated. The scenery of the piece is well deserving of our attentive observation, and the sentiment, however poetically blazoned, stands firm upon the basis of historic evidence.

Cicero has spoken of retirement in terms not very different from those which introduce the tale of Abdalonimus: "Quis enim hoc non dederit nobis, ut cum "operâ nostrâ Patria sive non possit uti, sive nolit, ad

" eam vitam revertamur, quam multi docti homines, for- Ver.
" tasse non recte, sed tamen multi etiam reipublicæ præ- 460
" ponendam putaverunt." *Cic. Epist. lib.* ix. *epist.* vi. But surely, the Poet has spoken more decisively like a patriot than even this great deliverer of his country himself; he has not preferred secession to the cause of the public; on the contrary, he has described it as a means of cultivating every talent for its service, and a sort of watch-tower from which to look out for the happy moment when they may be called into action; and in the conduct of his Hero, has presented it to us in the light of a school, in which the lessons of magnanimity and moderation are taught; and in which the well-disposed mind, abstracted from the pursuits of the world, will learn the duty of foregoing every private indulgence when the sacrifice may render us the fortunate instruments of restoring prosperity to our country, or extending the happiness of our species.

I do not exclusively challenge for Gardening the whole of those attributes which have been by a thousand writers ascribed to Agriculture at large, any more than I should exclusively claim to the most perfect knowledge of architectural ordonnance the entire eulogy that might be pronounced on the art of constructing habitations. Without the stately column or fretted roof the Savage might receive protection from the storm, and without the picturesque scene the nerves of labour might be

braced, and the markets supplied with the ordinary productions of the field: But on the other hand, without some portion of these refinements, are Agriculture and Architecture adapted to the exercise or reception of an English Gentleman? Certainly they are not; and yet as we are now instructed to dispose the Garden-scene, the occupations of the Farm are not excluded from it; the purposes of life are not only attended to, but consulted. Magnificence is no longer a tyrant, deriving his honours from the desolation of his territories; assuming a milder royalty, he now seeks his chief glory from their fertile state; he sets his polish upon accommodation, and it is henceforward utility that the King delighteth to honour. What, therefore, can now be said in the praise of Agriculture that may not be extended to Gardening? with this additional felicity, that being endowed with pleasures of its own, it counteracts the guilty temptations of fashionable vice, and renders the favourites of fortune partakers with the peasant in the blessings of innocency and health, without, at the same time, imposing upon them the necessity of sharing in his toil; enjoying at once the opportunities of salubrious exercise and contemplative leisure, unaffected by the little cares of the world, and unalienated by seeing their unamiable influence upon others, exempt, so far as human nature can be exempt, from the assaults of irretrievable disappointment, contentment, which generates the love of man, and a sense of gratitude which, if not the thing itself, must necessarily

result in the love of God, take possession of their hearts, and assume the conduct of their virtuous lives; and hence, with the man who tills his own ground, the Gardener may be justly characterized as " one who inflicts no terror; who entertains no hostile disposition, but is an universal friend; whose hands, unstained with blood, are devoutly consecrated to that God who blesses his orchards, his vintage, his threshing-floor, and his plough; who vindicates his equality in an equal state, and strenuously opposes himself to the unconstitutional encroachments of aristocratic or monarchic power." (G)

# COMMENTARY

ON THE

# THIRD BOOK.

In an apostrophe to his memory, the Poet now introduces his late lamented friend, Mr. Gray, as delivering his opinion on the subject of the present Poem, and declaring the preference which he gave to the works of Nature over every effort of Art. We are not, however, to conceive that he condemned her just exertions, because he prefers the more majestic sublimity of Nature; the contrary inference will follow from the precept with which he closes his animated counsel: for after he has showed the inferiority of Art's creative powers, he yet proceeds to regulate her conduct, and stating her proper office, advises her to conform to the canon of Nature, and only to curb every fantastic or capricious variation from her great example. (H)

The subject of the English Garden is not, like that of Thomson's Seasons, a mere descriptive eulogy on the luxuriances and beauties of Nature; it is preceptive,

and its end is to polish husbandry, and instruct us in the art of preserving those very beauties as far as may be reconcilable with the necessities of cultivation : these had, in the ancient mode of Gardening, been altogether superseded ; to teach the means, therefore, of recalling them is, surely, not setting up Art as a rival to Nature, it is making it subservient and contributary to her ends. If the rude magnificence of untouched Nature could consist with appropriation, it would be unnecessary to prescribe any rule ; but when we know that it cannot, and that heretofore a false idea of beauty has been entertained, shall we, therefore, depreciate the value of the lesson that conveys a better ? Or shall we, because the praise of Nature is higher than that of Art, declare that Art is not deserving of our attention ? The argument, that on this ground would militate against the English Garden, will be found to go a great deal farther, and extend to the subversion of every other imitative art as well as the Art of Gardening. Ver. 1

As we have all along considered the garden as a picture, so we are under the necessity of considering the unadorned and naked soil, as the painter's canvas, and, consequently, of looking on every means of ornament as the pencils and colours with which he is to work. But the canvas, with the coarse outlines of the scene, are supplied by Nature ; the former Book has corrected the drawing ; and now we come to give it all the variety of

Ver. tints that WOOD and WATER can afford; from these it is true the landscape will derive its most important charms of light and shadow, they are nevertheless represented only in the light of superadded, though natural, ornaments, as not being essential to the existence of the scene which, considered in this light, we see may
63 subsist without them. From the conduct of the pathway, the fence, and the ground-plan, therefore, the subject now changes first to the proper disposition of WOOD; and the picturesque purposes of planting being to conceal deformities and create ornament, the planter,
87 though it is declared unnecessary for him to be an adept in all the science of the naturalist, with respect to the
96 classification of trees, is yet required skilfully to know their several forms, their sizes, their colours, their manner of growing, and other external characters, in order that he may be always able to apply them respectively to those purposes which they are best adapted to answer; for his ignorance of these may lead him into bad mis-
108 takes; the pine, for instance, by its quick growth and branching arms, seems well calculated to shut out the low wall or fence from the view, yet a better acquaintance with its habits, will show its unfitness; for as it
115 rises, it is found to shake off those very arms that might serve to tempt the planter to use it. Box, therefore, and holly, &c. are declared more eligible here, because they are found to thicken below, and being planted not for their own beauty, but to hide what is defective in other

objects, may be brought by the pruning knife to any form that most effectually promotes this end. But above all plants, the laurel has received a preference from the Poet, as at once both answering this purpose, and being in itself also positively beautiful. With these evergreens, it is farther recommended to blend such indigenous shrubs as are of early bloom, and though the utmost nicety of selection be not attended to, yet we are promised a good general effect, one rule only being observed, which is to range the darker foliage behind, as a ground to fling forward that which has a brighter hue, and, in Autumn, by their undecaying verdure, to give brilliancy to the russet colour which is acquired by the dying deciduous leaves; but this latter reason is not insisted on, the Spring and Summer being deemed of more important consideration: in order, however, to prevent any breach in the skreen from the decay of leaves in Winter, the greatest care must be taken to preserve the line of evergreens entire.

Ver.
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Such is the remedy for low deformities, but to exclude those of loftier stature, the intervention of forest trees, so planted as not to overhang the underwood-shrubbery, is required; and these may be so managed, as that while they conceal a part, they may, at the same time, convert the remainder of a structure even into an ornamental object. When the barn-like choir and chancel of a country church, for instance, are, by means of such a

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Ver. skreen as this, shut out from the view, what can afford a more pleasing appearance than the tower which remains among the deep-shadowing foliage that has served to conceal them?

It only now remains to consider planting in the light of ornament, and as it serves at once to harmonize, and give energy to that opposition of light and shade which results, perhaps, too tenderly from the easy surface of the soil. To the general maxims delivered in the first book upon this subject, the following more particular precepts are therefore now added, and taken together, the whole may be considered as a complete code of all the laws that relate to this subject.

Where the ground is so elevated, as to be itself an obstruction, the interposition of foliage cannot any farther abridge the view. Plant boldly, therefore, on such a brow, it is itself your object; its beauty must arise from the richness of its vesture, and consequently the trees with which it is clothed must be closely planted together; but on the plain beneath, they must be set single, or at wide intervals, and this without any seeming order or the visible interference of art.

Art must, however, in reality interfere, and that for many purposes; the indiscriminating hand might else exclude an eligible distance by the interposition of trees,

which spread their tops and hang their impenetrable branches, while, under her correction, the scene may be preserved, and sufficient wood obtained by planting only such as bear an airy foliage on light and lofty stems. Ver.

She must superintend the choice of trees destined to form either clumps or an extensive shade, and for this purpose select such only as are of similar character, size, and colour, and also bear their leaves in the same season. 219

She will hearken to the dictates of Nature, and carefully avoiding every transgression against her laws, will adapt her plants only to such soils and situations as are favourable to their culture. 226

Avoiding disproportion, she will forbear to plant the lawn with low clumps of shrubbery, and, instead of incongruously attempting there to interpose their diminutive stature for the sake of variety, will range them contiguous to the pathway, where alone they can have consequence, and where the eye may either dwell upon their peculiar beauties, or altogether look beyond them. 232

She will teach us also to cultivate only the hardy indigenous race of trees, and to avoid the introduction of exotics into the general scene, from which an ill-adapted climate will soon snatch them, and so leave a blank. 240

Ver. This doctrine the Poet has enforced and exemplified in
252 a fictitious tale, which, however, he concludes with a little abatement of his interdiction; for he allows, that if a taste for foreign plants must be gratified, it may be indulged in some lateral seclusion from the general scene sheltered from every rougher blast, and open only in mild and favourable aspects.

301 The subject of planting being now concluded with a very brief recapitulation, referring the particular instances to good taste, and limiting every precept that would
313 attempt to regulate this to little more than prohibitory caution, a subsequent evil is suggested, which is the overgrowth of trees beyond the line they were intended to describe, by means of which, when the effect is obtained it is almost as soon lost; but the planter whose materials (in this differing from those of the painter) will not retain their forms, is assured of his remedy in attention; and of being able to restore his outline by introducing the axe and pruning knife to cut off the luxuriance that has infringed those limits which his picturesque idea had originally prescribed.

343 Care then, we perceive, is necessary to preserve what taste had created, but this necessity, we are told, should not yet discourage us from the pursuit of beauty: muta-
349 bility is a common lot, and the possibility of winter-torrents might be equally well urged against the introduction

of water into a scene, or that it is liable to be dried away Ver.
by violent summer heats. And here the Poet, by means 350
of this exemplification, with great address changes his
theme from Wood to Water; he seems to pant be- 354
neath the fervours he has just described, and seeking a
refuge in the coolness of the element he has named,
assumes the latter as a subject which the heat he sus-
tains has rendered grateful to his mind.

The tendency which Nature has bestowed upon every 359
portion of her works, is vindicated to them as a species
of right, and that of fluidity being an active descent to
the lowest beds, the false principles upon which the
French, as described by Rapin, have endeavoured to
give an upward current to water by means of jet d'eaux,
with all their fantastic varieties, are censured as an in-
fringement of its equitable claims, while the dank bottom
ground, which is, on that account, unfavourable to ve- 379
getation, is declared to be the proper receptacle of this
element. Here then, if sufficiently copious, let it spread;
or, if more scantily supplied, and that the declivity of 381
the soil be such as to afford it a channel, let it rather
assume the form of a river; for to this, extent which is 382
in general beyond the reach of art, and yet the usual
character of natural lakes, is not required. But, be the
disposition what it may, we are desired in either case to
give to water an air of freedom in its outline, and a 385
bolder curve than that which has been already prescribed

Ver. for the pathway; the natural reason of which precept is, that the base of every little inequality in the ground jets into and turns it, and consequently, as it is unable to climb and surmount these, it must receive them as limits to its bed or channel. These, it is true, the torrent may cut or wear away, and hence the rocky and perpendicular bank has its original; but unless we have the means to supply a torrent speed to our artificial rivers, this species of margin is not a proper subject for our imitation.

398 Though the river has obtained a preference on account of the difficulty of giving sufficient greatness to the lake, the latter is not, however, proscribed, and the smallest extent of water is allowed of for the purpose of reflecting foliage and its accidents, and as a scene for waterfowl, &c. provided that it be in a sequestered situation, and well surrounded with forest-trees; but unless so bounded, these diminutive pools are declared to be absolutely inadmissible, nothing being more obnoxious to the eye than such palpable patches; for even the greatest rivers, if by their windings they are rendered seemingly discontinuous, and are caught only at broken intervals, are adjudged disgusting, being thus reduced to pools, unless indeed they afford a considerable stretch of water contiguous to the beholder's station, in which case the eye is carried on to their distances, and thus unites their divided parts without any other assistance.

Fill then the channel you give to the water, provided the best effect of river is sought for, in order that it may not be interrupted in its windings, but still demonstrate its own continuance; but when this has in reality found its determination, let the eye there encounter some strong feature of wood or hill seemingly interposed; for beyond this, if conducted with judgment, the imagination will certainly continue to prolong the stream. And here a consideration of the necessity we lie under of procuring abundant supplies of water for all these purposes, leads the Poet to a direct prohibition of every attempt to introduce this great natural ornament, unless we can give it perfection from such supplies. Ver. 415 419

The flat lake and low-bedded river being thus dismissed, we now come to the rules which teach the streams to descend with beauty from their higher sources to the vallies underneath. But first, the false taste of our ancestors, which conducted water thus circumstanced down by steps, as it were, and for resting places, disposed it in short canals, so ranged one beneath another as in profile to afford the appearance of stairs, but of length and continuance from some one favoured point of view, is censured as deserving only our contempt, which we ought to bestow still more liberally on that mode of communication which conveys it from those above to those below by flights of narrow stairs, whether it is suffered at all times to trickle down, or hoarded, on 423 429

Ver. account of its scarcity, to be devolved only at long and
488 arbitrary intervals; for the cascade, such as Nature has exhibited, and such alone is recommended to our present purpose, requires an abundant store of water, which must first be provided ere imitation is attempted, and in-
450 stead of narrow steps requires a vast mound to fall over
462 (I), which, when raised, must have its front beautified with rocks to shape the fall, and give it the majestic rudeness of Nature. (K)

473 But as the possession of these more magnificent features of landscape is beyond the limits of most men's power, every attempt to atchieve them without a previous certainty of success is discouraged, and we are desired to acquiesce in the enjoyment of the little rivulet which waters almost every scene; nay its improvement, if requisite, is permitted; but this must be made to correspond exactly with its character: it is not the office of genuine art here to stagnate the lively stream into width of lake, or by retarding its current to give it the form
490 of a slow-moving river; on the contrary, she will try to fret, and so to increase its murmuring course as to continue it still, only in a higher degree, what Nature originally formed it.

On the secluded margin of one of these clear rivulets, the Poet presenting himself as seated, there testifying the fitness of such a situation to excite Fancy, and in a

short history of his own life giving an instance how con- Ver.
stantly he has been enamoured of this kind of aquatic
scenery, proceeds to confer a form and voice upon the
lovely stream that has so strongly captivated his imagi-
nation. That voice which he has thus bestowed, he ac-
cordingly makes her now raise, and concludes the book
with a recital of the Song, in which she aptly renders
the several qualities of her little current so many examples 531
of virtue to human Nature; her reflection of the ray she
receives from the sun reads to man a lesson of gratitude; 542
the nurture afforded to every little flower that embroiders 546
her banks, of extensive benevolence; she seeks the low-
liest vale for the path of her waters, and thence rebukes 549
the aspiring career of ambition; she calls on Sloth to 552
mark her brisk and unceasing current; and swelling to
an indignunt torrent effectually to resist the tyranny of
Art, contemptuously derides the servile spirit; she then 555
commissions her Poet to report her counsels, and with a 559
warning voice to pronounce the vices she has reprobated
to be the cause of a nation's overthrow; but, if neglected,
himself to take the lesson and monopolize the profits he
is denied the means of communicating; and thus we
become almost persuaded that we find the assertion of
Shakespear's Duke in *As you like it*, even literally
verified, the little brook has instructed us in good;

" And thus a life exempt from public haunt
" Finds tongues in trees, books in the running streams,
" Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

# COMMENTARY

ON THE

# FOURTH BOOK.

SIMPLICITY having already reformed the taste and corrected the false principles of Gardening; delineated the genuine curve of Nature; instructed us in the means of uniting Beauty with Use, and to this end concealed the necessary fence which forms their common limit; having promulgated the laws of Planting, and directed the proper course or bed for Water, is once more invoked to continue her assistance, while the Poet proceeds now to the consideration of artificial ornaments, that is, of such works of Architecture and Sculpture as may, without derogation from its dignity, be admitted into the Garden Scene.

But this is not the whole, for the fourth Book not only extends to artificial ornament, but is a kind of recapitulation of all that has gone before, which, exclusive of variety, the declared purpose of its Author, gives, even in point of strict propriety, a preference to the form of a

tale in which it is conceived; for were it preceptively written, it must have been restricted to its single subject, while the ordinary rules of composition allow a latitude and allot the business of exemplification and enforcement to the conclusion. The demesne of ALCANDER accordingly shews us not the example only from which we may, on the present portion of the subject, deduce for ourselves the rule, but in its general disposition demonstrates the great advantage of attending to every rule that has been already prescribed. Ver.

These, however, have been considered in their respective places, and therefore it only remains for me to discuss the principles of artificial ornament as they are set forth in the practice of ALCANDER.

All vestiges of former Art being obliterated, and Nature restored to her original simplicity, the study of congruity in ornament is the first maxim that offers itself to our observation; and, therefore, if the principal structure or mansion be Gothic, the ornamental buildings should be made to agree with it. Even such necessary structures as the offices of a farm, seldom ornamental in themselves, may at a proper distance, receive this character; by being masked with the fictitious ruins of a castle they will appear as if the reliques of an antient fortress had been turned to the purposes of husbandry, and thus, instead of offending the sight, be converted to

Ver. a correspondent and even a noble object; while a
80 mouldering abbey will better serve to conceal those
95 domestic structures that stand nearer to the view.

But not only the mutual agreement of buildings should be attended to, but their agreement with the circumstances of the scene in which they are introduced; the Castle, for instance, should derive the probability of having stood in former ages, from a situation in which it is probable that a former age would have placed it for the purposes of defence and strength; to this, therefore, an elevated situation is adapted, while a secluded recess and contiguity to running water, are not among the least essential characters of the Abbey, which should, now that time is supposed to have passed over it, stand backed with wood, and so sunk in shade as to give it an air of antique solemnity; for the great and venerable tree will be considered as a kind of witness to its age, while diligence should be used to bring forward the growth of ivy to assist in giving credit to the fiction.

Still farther, in every ornamental building of whatsoever kind, an agreement of its parts among themselves is to be maintained; in those already instanced it is requisite that every character of each should be preserved with the most scrupulous precision: omission of parts indeed may be justified by the supposition of ruin and decay: but what can palliate the absurdity of annexing

parts unknown to antiquity, and altogether foreign from the original purposes of such a structure. Ver.

These are the greatest possible artificial features, and as they must necessarily preclude all littleness, and consequently exceed the abilities of most improvers, they are converted to uses which must, undoubtedly, be somewhere complied with, and which will, therefore, defray at least some part of the charges. These also belong to the general scenery, and consequently admit of no dispensation either with respect to their greatness, or propriety in the manner of constructing them. The inference is obvious: where the execution, from its proper point of view, cannot amount to absolute deception, let the attempt be altogether relinquished: to fictitious buildings of this nature I have never yet heard an objection (and many an objection I have heard) that in substance extended farther than to such as are ill performed, and against such I am as ready to give my voice as the severest critic that has ever passed judgment upon them. (L)

But, apart from the general, there is also another 119
species of scenery to which alone the ornament may be referred without considering its relation to the whole: thus, if the valley be so sunk as to make no part of the prospect, the structure that adorns it may be adapted rather to this of which it will constitute an important

Ver. feature, than to the whole, of which, by the supposition, it makes no part at all; to this retired valley, therefore, if watered by a rapid stream, the grotto is well adapted, for the water trickling through its roof, will serve to keep it always cool for refreshment; but even here within itself, consistency of ornament must be attended to; and whether the scene in which it is placed be inland, or in view of the ocean, the building must only be incrusted with the productions that are natural to its situation and the soil.

173 The Flower-Garden also comes under this description; and therefore it is required, that it shall stand apart from the general scene, and be whatever it is within itself; some glade or sheltered seclusion is consequently its pro-
194 per situation. The form and disposition of the flower-beds, though very irregular, must not appear broken into too many round and disjointed patches, but only seem to interrupt the green-sward walks, which, like the mazy berbage that in forest-scenes usually surround the underwood tufts of thorn, wind carelessly among them, and running from side to side through every part of the scene, frequently meet the gravel path that leads round the
11 whole. The Flower-Garden being professedly a work of art, will no more desire to catch prospects beyond its own limits, than it seeks to be seen from without itself;
306 the internal scenery, therefore, must consist of objects adapted to a neighbouring eye, present it with graceful, architectural forms, and call to mind, by their emblems,

the virtues and the arts that deserve our cultivation, or Ver.
by their busts the names of men, who, by cultivating
these, have deserved our grateful remembrance.

But among all the ornaments of the Flower-Garden, 212
the conservatory is intitled to the pre-eminence; great,
however, as it may be rendered, it is not yet requisite that
its style should coincide with that of the mansion; it
stands in a separate scene, there forms the principal
feature, and, consequently, instead of receiving, should
itself prescribe the mode to which every inferior orna-
ment must be made to conform.

Separation from the general scene is likewise requisite 314
for the recess where domestic fowl are reared; and as
these are of two kinds, the land and the aquatic, their
little demesne must consist of parts adapted to the
habits of each; the lake studded with small islands, and
surrounded with a grassy bank, will afford them every
accommodation of this nature; and the narrowness of
the space required will give propriety to the introduc-
tion of some classic emblematical ornaments; while 325
the whole animated plot may be enjoyed from a bower 334
or rustic seat, so situated as at once to comprehend it all,
and so circumstanced as to shut out the glare of the
noontide sun by the means of climbing shrubbery, which
will serve at the same time to invest the wall and con-
ceal the masonry of which this bower must necessarily
be constructed.

Ver. These three consistencies, for such they may be called with the scene, with each other, and of each within itself, being thus declared necessary to artificial ornament, and exemplified in a Gothic scheme, the manner of maintaining them, where the mansion or principal structure is of Greek architecture, is now prescribed;
388 and here, instead of the majestic Ruin, the great ornaments of the general scene should rather consist of the Temple, the Obelisk, the Column, or triumphal Arch. The fragment, however, of the Gothic structure is not to be considered as an inconsistency in England; it may be the residue of an age that actually once existed; it has consequently a kind of prescriptive right to its station, and should not therefore be obliged to conform; while
400 the Greek buildings that are raised to suit the mansion, must be made to appear its modern contemporaries, the idea of a Greek ruin in England being a contradiction both to history and experience.

403 Every argument to prove the necessity of maintaining consistency, being in a manner exhausted, it remained only for the Poet with ridicule to explode the heterogenous miscellanies of buildings which have been sometimes drawn together from remote parts of the earth, and by a comic painting of the puerile chaos to render it contemptible in our eyes.

639 As it seems to have been our Author's intention to select from the variety of buildings, which have usually

found a place in our modern gardens, such as were Ver.
capable of being introduced with the greatest congruity, and, when so introduced, capable of producing the best effect, he could not well overlook, that most common of them all, the Hermitage; he has therefore allotted to it a situation retired and solitary; but, as the melancholy circumstances of his tale led him to do, he has also made it a kind of monumental structure; here as elsewhere, both by example and precept, conveying to us these important lessons, that such melancholy memorials should only be raised where a real interest in their object gives them propriety, and that where the circumstance recorded is near the heart, simplicity should be most studi- 648
ously consulted, as emblems and unappropriated ornaments must necessarily prove contemptible to a mind which is too much in earnest to derive any pleasure from fiction. (M)

Although it has been my province to divide what the Poet has most closely interwoven; to decompound, as it were, this part of the Poem, and separate the preceptive maxims from the tender narrative in which they are involved, I cannot, however, conclude without observing, that this book appears to me to be *unique* in its kind, as combining with infinite address in one natural whole, the dramatic, the descriptive, and the didactic *genera* of writing. To elucidate the last, is all that I have attempted; and if what I have written tends, in any sort, to give the

Ver. less attentive kind of readers a clear conception of the general plan of the Poem, and of the connexion of its parts with each other, it will add considerably to the pleasure I have already enjoyed in this agreeable occupation.

665 Having now finished the whole of his subject, he concludes this book, as he had done the first, with an address to those of his countrymen, who have a relish for the politer arts; but as an interval of more than ten years had past between the times when the first and fourth books were written, that art, therefore, which in the former he exhorts them to practice for the embellishment of a then prosperous country, in the latter he recommends, merely for the purpose of amusement and
672 self-consolation, at a period when the freedom and prosperity of that country lay oppressed beneath the weight of an immoral, a peculating, a sanguinary, and desolating system. History, when she transmits the records of the year 1781, will best convince posterity that this conclusion of the Poem had in it as much propriety when it was written, as they will feel that it has pathos when they peruse it.

It is reserved for me to conclude this Commentary in a happier hour: when a great and unexpected ministerial revolution gives us good reason to hope that the sword which was drawn to obliterate the rights of man-

kind, and cut up the securities of property, will soon hide its disappointed and guilty edge in its scabbard; that commerce will once more return with opulence to our shores: and that a just, a generous, and a liberal policy will scorn to restrain her benefits to a single district of a great and united empire. I have only to ask of Heaven to hasten the maturity of these blessings; to give them perpetuity! and, instead of suffering a barbarous and debilitating luxury to grow upon that prosperity of which it has thus afforded us a prospect, to invigorate our very amusements, and teach us with a manly and patriot pride, in the hours of peace and relaxation, to aim at lifting our country to that superiority in genuine Arts, which we have so lately begun to vindicate to her in just and honourable Arms.

THE END OF THE COMMENTARY.

*May* 30, 1782.

# NOTES

UPON THE

# POEM

AND

# COMMENTARY.

Such of the following Notes as are marked with Numeral letters and the number of the Verse refer to the Poem, and were inserted by the Author in the former quarto Editions of its separate books. Those marked with the capital letters of the Alphabet and the Page refer to the Commentary.

# NOTES

UPON

# BOOK THE FIRST

AND ITS

# COMMENTARY.

## Note I. Verse 30.

*At this sad hour, my desolated soul.*

THIS Poem was begun in the year 1767, not long after the death of the amiable person here mentioned. *See Epitaph I. in this Volume.*

## Note A. Page 316.

I think it proper to apprize my reader, that I use the general term GARDENING for that peculiar species of modern improvement which is the subject of the Poem, as it is distinguished from common horticulture and planting.——The Gardener in my sense, and in that of the Poet, bears the same relation to the Kitchen-gardener that the Painter does to the House-Painter.

Note B. Page 324.

The few descriptions of gardens which occur in the writers of antiquity, cut off all hope of obtaining any classical aid to the art. In that of Alcinous, the charm consists not in the happy disposition of the little plot, for it was hedged in and contained only four acres, but in the supernatural eternity of its bloom and verdure, and the perpetual maturity of its fruits. The hanging gardens of Babylon, and of the Egyptian Thebes, like the pastures on the roof of Nero's golden palace, are rather to be considered as the caprices of architecture. The younger Cyrus, according to Xenophon's account of his occupations, had, perhaps, a more just idea of magnificence, yet still the orderly arrangement of his quincunxes, could never have consisted with the picturesque principle. If we turn to the primitive Romans, their Agrarian laws, however ill executed, directly operated against this art, and we find Cincinatus called not from his garden, but his farm to assume the government of his country; and as to the Liternum of Scipio, that simplicity of life, which is so highly applauded by Seneca, and the very little care he took even to accommodate himself there, will give us reason to believe, that he rather neglected than over-polished his villa. Cicero was a professed admirer of *topiary works*, which exactly correspond with the green statuary, the espalier, and trellis-work of our own old gardens: "Trahitur

" enim cupressus in picturas opere historiali, venatus " classesve, et imagines rerum tenui folio, brevique et " virente supervestiens." *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib.* vi. *cap.* 33.

From the laboured description which the Younger Pliny has given us of his own Thuscan villa, we may at once infer the truth of our Poet's panegyric on the general appearance of Italy, and also that gardening had not improved at Rome beneath the imperial yoke. Nothing can exceed the beauty of that scenery which this elegant writer has laid before us: " A theatre, such as " Nature alone could construct, is presented to our eye: " a valley is extended at the foot of the surrounding " Appenine, whose loftiest summits are crowned with " old patrician forests, while the descending sides are " covered with foliage, there only interrupted where " some bold projections lift their heads above it: vine- " yards extended on every side occupy the base of the " mountain, while the valley beneath looks cheerful " with meadows and corn-fields, and all the varieties of " inclosure and cultivation; the whole is fertilized by " eternal rills which are yet no where collected in a " stagnant lake, but hurry down the declivities of the " ground into the Tiber, which, forming here a vast " navigable stream, and reflecting the whole landscape " from his smooth surface, divides the valley in the " midst." Such are the glowing scenes of Italy, and

how well adapted they are to the canvas, Pliny himself has perceived; for he declares, "the view before him "to resemble a picture beautifully composed rather than "a work of Nature accidentally delivered."

And now having contemplated the prospect, it is time to turn our eye to the proprietor, and the character of that foreground from which he was pleased to enjoy it. Behold him then hemmed in by a narrow inclosure, surrounded with a graduated mound, tracing, perhaps, his own or his gardener's name scribbled in some sort of herbage upon a formal parterre, or ranging in allies formed of boxen pyramids and unshorn apple-trees placed alternately, in order, as he declares himself, "happily to blend rusticity with the works of more "polished art;" nay, it is even possible that seated now upon a perforated bench, so contrived as, under the pressure of his weight, to fling up innumerable jets d'eau, he then takes in the view of this "vast Theatre of Na-"ture" from between the figures of fantastic monsters, or the jaws of wild beasts, into which he has shorn a row of box-trees at the foot of an even sloping terras. In brief, in a foreground probably designed, but certainly applauded by the Younger Pliny, no vestige of Nature is suffered to remain; and if, from a man of his erudition and accomplishments, we receive no better a model for our imitation, I believe we may safely infer, that however lovely Italian scenery in general may be to the eye,

the search of classic aid to the Art of Gardening must prove absolutely fruitless: By one of his contemporaries, it is true, the defective taste of his age was observed, but the censure affords an argument of its universality, while it exempts only the sensible individual who pronounced it.

> In vallem Egeriæ descendimus et speluncas
> Dissimileis veris. Quanto præstantius esset
> Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
> Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.
>
> *Juven. Sat.* III. *ver.* 17.

The villa of the Gordiani, described by J. Capitolinus, is in much the same style, nor does that of Dioclesian seem to have possessed any advantage over it.

I should not name the fictitious garden of Psyche, as delineated in very general terms by Apuleius, but for the purpose of introducing one of a much later date, described by his commentator Beroaldus, and so illustrating the equally defective taste of modern "superstitious Italy." "Behold then the fairest and most "magnificent seat subsisting in the territories of Bologna in the year 1510; and we find its beauties to "consist of a marble fountain, in a green inclosure, "throwing the water up by the means of siphons; of a "fish-pond annexed to this; and of a long and right-

" lined canal between two parallel stone-walls, while " another stone-wall of ten feet high, but broad enough " at top to admit of two persons walking abreast on it, " completely excludes the view of the country and of " the natural river from which this canal is supplied " with water." In the year 1550, we find a Cardinal â Valle, at Rome, employed in erecting a hanging garden on the columns of his palace. Strada, who was himself a Roman, gives us his own idea of a perfect garden in the middle of the last century, and like that of Pliny, it principally consists of jet d'eau and green statuary: and Bishop Burnet, in the year 1685, describes the Borromean garden in the Lago Maggiore, as " rising from the " lake by five rows of terrasses on the three sides of the " garden that are watered by the lake; the stairs are " noble, the walls are all covered with oranges and " citrons, and a more beautiful spot of a garden cannot " be seen." He afterwards informs us, in more general terms, that " the gardens of Italy are made at great cost: " the statues and fountains are very rich and noble; the " grounds are well laid out, and the walks are long and " even, but they are so high scented by plots made " with box, that there is no pleasure to walk in them; " they also lay their walks between hedges that one is " much confined in them. In many of their gardens " there goes a course of water round the walls, about a " foot from the ground, in a channel of stone that goes " round the side of the wall." So here is an Italian

garden, walled round, watered by fountains, and an elevated stone channel at its extremities, and divided into box-plots by long, even, high-hedged walks; "but they "have no gravel," he says, "to make these firm and "beautiful like those we have in England;" and hence, perhaps, it is that the judgment of Addison, who visited that country but a little after, may be accounted for; "for," he says, "their gardens then contained a large "extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mix-"ture of garden and forest, which represent every where "an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that "neatness and elegance which we meet with in our "own country;" but he bestows the same encomium upon the gardens of France, where there is but little reason to believe that he really found a better style than that which prevailed at home; he desired to reform a mode that disgusted him; he saw the fault and wished to avoid it, but had never formed an idea of the perfection to which it was possible the art could be carried; whatever differed from the obnoxious track he had been used to afforded him satisfaction, and this he probably exaggerated to himself, and was glad to make use of as an example to his doctrines. It is not very likely, that Mr. Addison, if he were still living, would now bestow the exalted title of heroic poets upon the designers of Kensington Gardens: but the fact is, we were in his time the apes of France in this as well as in every other frippery device of fashion, and Le Nautre alike presided

over the taste of gardening in both countries. Rapin is childish in his precepts; Stevens, a century before him, delivered nearly the same in prose; and I cannot find that France, at any previous time, afforded an instance of a practice better than they have prescribed. The genius of Petrarch, I grant, is in some respect visible at Vaucluse: but who has dared to tread in his footsteps? But I do not design minutely to trace the history of French gardening. It is my purpose only to confirm the assertion of the Poet, who vindicates the art he sings to his own country; and this, I think, I have sufficiently done, by inquiring into its state upon the Continent, and chiefly in Italy, down to the time about which it seems to have had its commencement in England: but though admired by some of their travellers, who have visited this country, it is not yet adopted by them, and consequently no modern claim can come into competition with ours. Mr. Gray has asserted our originality in this particular, and Algarotti has acknowledged it.* The art is, therefore, our own, and consequently the Poem, which undertakes to impart its principles, has a right to entitle itself the ENGLISH GARDEN.

### Note C. Page 333.

In a postscript, which the Author annexed to the quarto edition of the fourth book of this Poem, in which

* See Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray, Let. 8. Sect. 5.

he gave a general analysis of the whole, and answered certain objections which had been made to particular passages in it, he thus vindicates himself for having prescribed the demolition of vistas, which had been defended as having in themselves a considerable share of intrinsic beauty: "I am," says he, "myself far from denying "this, I only assert that their beauty is not picturesque "beauty; and, therefore, that it is to be rejected by "those who follow picturesque principles. It is archi-"tectural beauty, and accords only with architectural "works. Where the artist follows those principles, vistas "are certainly admissible; and the French, who have "so long followed them, have, therefore, not impro-"perly (though one cannot help smiling at the title) "given us, in their Dictionary of Sciences, an article of "*Architecture du Jardinage.* But did Gaspar Poussin, "or Claude Lorrain, ever copy those beauties on their "canvas? Or would they have produced a pictu-"resque effect by their means if they had? I think this "single consideration will induce every person of com-"mon taste to allow that these two principles oppose "one another; and that whenever they appear together, "they offend the eye of the beholder by their hetero-"geneous beauty. If, therefore, vistas are ever to be "admitted, or rather to be retained, it is only where they "form an approach to some superb mansion, so situated "that the principal prospect and ground allotted to "picturesque improvement lie entirely on the other

" side; so much so, that the two different modes of " planting can never appear together from any given " point of view, and this is the utmost that I can con- " cede on the subject."

Note II. Verse 395.

*With stone. Egregious madness; yet pursu'd*

Although this seems to be the principle upon which this false taste was founded, yet the error was detected by one of our first writers upon architecture. I shall transcribe the passage, which is the more remarkable, as it came from the quaint pen of Sir Henry Wotton: " I " must note," says he, " a certain contrariety between " building and gardening: for as fabrics should be re- " gular, so gardens should be irregular, or at least cast " into a very wild regularity. To exemplify my conceit, " I have seen a garden, for the manner perchance in- " comparable, into which the first access was a high " walk like a terras, from whence might be taken a " general view of the whole plot below, but rather in a " delightful confusion, than with any plain distinction " of the pieces. From this the beholder descending " many steps, was afterwards conveyed again by several " mountings and valings, to various entertainments of his " scent and sight: which I shall not need to describe, " for that were poetical; let me only note this, that " every one of these diversities, was as if he had been " magically transported into a new garden." Were the

terras and the steps omitted, this description would seem to be almost entirely conformable to our present ideas of ornamental planting. The passage which follows is not less worthy of our notice. "But though other coun- "tries have more benefit of the sun than we, and thereby "more properly tied to contemplate this delight; yet "have I seen in our own a delicate and diligent curiosity "surely without parallel among foreign nations, namely "in the garden of Sir Henry Fanshaw, at his seat in "Ware-park; where, I well remember, he did so pre- "cisely examine the tinctures and seasons of his flowers, "that in their settings, the inwardest of which that were "to come up at the same time, should be always a little "darker, than the utmost, and so serve them for a kind "of gentle shadow." This seems to be the very same species of improvement which Mr. Kent valued himself for inventing, in later times, and of executing, not indeed with flowers, but with flowering shrubs and evergreens, in his more finished pieces of scenery. The method of producing which effect, has been described with great precision and judgment by a late ingenious writer. (See *Observations on modern Gardening*, sect. 14th, 15th, and 16th.) It may, however, be doubted whether Sir Henry Fanshaw's garden were not too *delicate* and *diligent* a curiosity, since its panegyrist concludes the whole with telling us, that it was "like a piece not of Nature, but of Art." See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, page 64, edit. 4th.

Note III. Verse 412.

*The wilds of taste. Yes, sagest* VERULAM,

Lord Bacon, in the 46th of his essays, describes what he calls *the platform of a princely garden.* If the reader compare this description with that which Sir William Temple has given in his essay, intituled, *The Gardens of Epicurus*, written in a subsequent age, he will find the superiority of the former very apparent; for though both of them are much obscured by the false taste of the times in which they were written, yet the vigor of Lord Bacon's genius breaks frequently through the cloud, and gives us a very clear display of what the real merit of Gardening would be when its true principles were ascertained. For instance, out of thirty acres which he allots for the whole of his Pleasure-ground, he selects the first four for a lawn, without any intervention of plot or parterre, " because," says he, " nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn." And " as " for the making of knots of figures, with diverse coloured " earths, that they may lie under the windows of the " house, on that side which the garden stands, they be " but toys, you may see as good sights many times in " tarts." Sir William Temple, on the contrary, tells us, that in the garden at Moor-park, which was his model of perfection, the first inlet to the whole was a very broad gravel walk garnished with a row of laurels which looked like orange-trees, and was terminated at each

end by a summer-house. The parterre or principal garden; which makes the second part in each of their descriptions, it must be owned, is equally devoid of simplicity in them both. "The garden," says his Lordship, "is best to be square, encompassed with a stately arched-"hedge, the arches to be upon carpenters work, over "every arch a little belly enough to receive a cage of "birds, and, over every space, between the arches, some "other little figure with broad plates of round-coloured "glass, gilt for the sun to play upon." It would have been difficult for Sir William to make his more fantastic; he has, however, not made it more natural. The third part, which Lord Bacon calls the Heath, and the other the Wilderness, is that in which the genius of Lord Bacon is most visible; "for this," says he, "I wish to be "framed as much as may be to a natural wildness." And accordingly he gives us a description of it in the most agreeable and picturesque terms, insomuch that it seems less the work of his own fancy than a delineation of that ornamental scenery which had no existence till about a century after it was written. Such, when he descended to matters of mere elegance (for when we speak of Lord Bacon, to treat of these was to descend) were the amazing powers of his universal genius.

Note IV. Verse 447.

*All that the Nymph forgot, or left forlorn.*

See Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book 4th, Canto the 10th; the passage immediately alluded to is in the 21st stanza.

For all that Nature, by her mother wit,
Could frame in earth and form of substance base
Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
Art (playing Nature's second part) supplied it.

Note V. Verse 453.

*That work, "where not nice Art in curious knots,*

See Milton's inimitable description of the garden of Eden. Paradise Lost, Book 4th, part of which is here inserted.

Note VI. Verse 481.

*Thou reach the Orchard, where the sparing turf*

The French at present seem to be equally sparing of this natural clothing of the earth, although they have done us the honour to adopt our Bowling-greens, and to improve upon them. This appears from the following article of the Encyclopedie translated verbatim.

"Boulingrin, N. S. In gardening is a species of Par-
"terre composed of pieces of divided turf with borders
"sloping (*en glacis*) and evergreens at the corners and
"other parts of it. It is mowed four times a year to make
"the turf finer. The invention of this kind of parterre

" comes from England, as also its name, which is derived " from *Boule*, round, and *Grin*, fine grass or turf. " Boulingrins are either simple or compound; the " simple are all turf without ornament; the compound " are cut into compartments of turf, embroidered with " knots, mixt with little paths, borders of flowers, yew- " trees, and flowering shrubs. Sand also of different " colours contributes greatly to their value."

Note VII. Verse 489.

*Surpassing rule and order."* TEMPLE, *yes,*

The passage here alluded to is as follows: " What I " have said of the best forms of Gardens is meant only " of such as are in some sort regular; *for there may be " other forms wholly irregular, that may, for ought I " know, have more beauty than any of the other;* but " they must owe it to some extraordinary dispositions of " Nature in the seat, or some great race of fancy and " judgment in the contrivance, which may reduce many " disagreeing parts into some figure which shall yet upon " the whole be very agreeable. Something of this I have " seen in some places, and heard more of it from others " who have lived much among the Chineses." Sir William then gives us a kind of general account of the Chinese taste; and of their *Sharawadgi*, and concludes thus: " But I should hardly advise any of these attempts " in the figure of gardens among us; they are adventures " of too hardy atchievement for any common hands; and

" though there may be more honour if they succeed well, " yet there is more dishonour if they fail, and it is " twenty to one they will, whereas in regular figures it " is hard to make any great and remarkable faults." *See* " *Temple's Miscellanies*, vol. I. p. 186. fol. edit.

Note VIII. Verse 493.

*Led to the fair atchievement.* ADDISON,

I had before called Bacon the prophet, and Milton the herald of true taste in gardening. The former, because in developing the constituent properties of a princely garden, he had largely expatiated upon that adorned natural wildness which we now deem the essence of the art. The latter, on account of his having made this natural wildness the leading idea in his exquisite description of Paradise. I here call Addison, Pope, Kent, &c. the Champions of this true taste, because they absolutely brought it into execution. The beginning therefore of an actual reformation may be fixed at the time when the Spectator first appeared. The reader will find an excellent chapter upon this subject in the Pleasures of Imagination, published in No. 414 of the Spectator; and also another paper written by the same hand, No. 447; but perhaps nothing went further towards destroying the absurd taste of clipped evergreens than the fine ridicule upon them in the 173d Guardian, written by Mr. Pope.

Note IX. Verse 503.

*Sweeps thro' each kindred vista; groves to groves*

See Mr. Pope's Epistle on False Taste, inscribed to the Earl of Burlington. Few readers, I suppose, need be informed, that this line alludes to the following couplet:

Grove nods to grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

Note X. Verse 511.

*The pencil's power: but, fir'd by higher forms*

It is said that Mr. Kent frequently declared he caught his taste in gardening from reading the picturesque descriptions of Spenser. However this may be, the designs which he made for the works of that poet are an incontestible proof, that they had no effect upon his executive powers as a painter.

Note XI. Verse 522.

*The simple farm eclips'd the garden's pride,*

Mr. Southcote was the introducer, or rather the inventor of the *ferme ornè;* for it may be presumed, that nothing more than the term is of French extraction.

Note D. Page 337.

Camden, who lived in the days of Spenser, has described Guy-Cliffe, in Warwickshire, in a manner that looks as if either the taste of his time was infinitely

superior to that of the period immediately succeeding it; or at least as if the proprietor were himself an instance of a genius very far transcending all his contemporaries. "Guy-Cliffe, nunc Thomæ de Bello Fago habitatio, et "quæ ipsa sedes est amænitatis: Nemusculum ibi est "opacum, fontes limpidi et gemmei, antra muscosa, "prata semper verna, rivi levis et susurrans per saxa "discursus, nec non solitudo, et quies musis amicis-"sima." Here is nothing fantastic and unnatural, which is the more extraordinary, as Guy-Cliffe is situated in the same county with Kennelworth, at that time the principal seat of every quaint and sumptuous departure from nature and simplicity.

Theobalds, which Hentzner has described, was laid out by Lord Burleigh, who seems to have anticipated all the absurdities we usually ascribe to a taste supposed to have been long after imported from Holland: a ditch full of water, labyrinths made with a great deal of labour, and a jet d'eau with its marble bason, constitute the principal ornaments of the place; and in a still earlier period, we learn that the beauty of Nonsuch, the delight of Henry VIII. consisted chiefly in groves ornamented with trellis work, and cabinets of verdure. "At Ulskelf, "near Towton," says Leland, "there lives a prebendary "of York, possessed of a goodly orchard with walks "*opere topiario;*" and, in the year 1538, the same author describes "the gardens within, and the orchards "without the mote" of Wresehill-Castle, the ancient

seat of the Perceys, to have "been exceedingly fair. "And in the orchards were mounts *opere topiario*, "writhen about with degrees like turnings of cokil-shells "to cum to the top without pain."

This is all that I will add to Mr. Mason's notes on this part of the subject; I had intended to have gone a great deal farther, and to have traced the history of modern gardening in England, as far as diligence would have supplied me with materials; but the subject has had the better fortune to come under the agreeable, the lively, and at the same time the accurate pen of Mr. Walpole. With all my readers I rejoice that I have been thus prevented.

# NOTES

UPON

# BOOK THE SECOND

AND ITS

# COMMENTARY.

## Note XII. Verse 10.

*Which fills the fields with plenty. Hail that Art*

THIS simile, founded on the vulgar error concerning the harvest moon, however false in philosophy, may, it is hoped, be admitted in poetry.

## Note E. Page 342.

This rule is founded in nature and reason, and its universal application has the sanction of antiquity to support it. Quintilian, though certainly defective in his taste for landscape, and even an admirer of *topiary* works, has yet in the following passage very well apologized for that regularity which he in general applauds, by making utility and profit, in these particular instances,

reasons for it. " Nullusne *fructiferis* adhibendus est " decor? quis neget? nam et in ordinem certaque " intervalla redigam meas arbores: quid enim illo quin- " cunxe speciosius, qui, in quamcunque partem spec- " taveris, rectus est? sed protinus in id quoque prodest " ut terræ succum æqualiter trahant. Decentior equus " cujus adstricta sunt ilia, si idem velocior. Pulcher " aspectu sit athleta cujus lacertos exercitatio expressit, " idem certamini paratior. Nunquam vero species ab " utilitate dividitur." *Quint. Inst.* Lib. VIII. cap. iii. *de Ornatu.*

Cicero has elegantly observed, " Nullam partem cor- " poris (vel hominis vel ceterarum animantium) sine " aliqua necessitate affictam, totamque formam quasi " perfectam reperietis arte non casu. Quid in arboribus, " in quibus non truncus, non rami, non folia sunt denique, " nisi ad suam retinendam, conservandamque naturam? " nusquam tamen est ulla pars nisi venusta. Linquamus " naturam, artesque videamus; quid tam in navigio ne- " cessarium quam latera, quam carinæ, quam mali, quam " vela? quæ tamen hanc habent in specie venustatem, " ut non solum salutis sed etiam voluptatis causâ inventa " esse videantur. Columnæ et templa et porticus susti- " nent, tamen habent non plus utilitatis quam dignitatis. " Capitolii fastigium illud et cæterarum ædium non " venustas sed necessitas ipsa fabricata est. Nam cum " esset habita ratio quemadmodum ex utraque parte " tecti aqua delaberetur, utilitatem templi, fastigii dig-

" nitas consequuta est, ut etiam, si in cœlo capitolium " statueretur ubi imber esse non posset, nullam sine " fastigio dignitatem habiturum fuisse videatur. Hoc in " omnibus item partibus orationis evenit ut utilitatem ac " prope necessitatem suavitas quædam et lepos consequa- " tur." *Ciceron. de Oratore*, Lib. III.

I might multiply quotations without end, but will close with a passage from the practical architect Vitruvius, which may serve as a comment on the above beautiful observation of Cicero: " Quod non potest in veritate " fieri, id non putaverent (antiqui) in imaginibus factum, " posse etiam rationem habere, omnia enim certâ pro- " prietate, et a veris naturæ deductis moribus, traduxe- " runt in operum perfectiones; et ea probaverunt, quo- " rum explicationes in disputationibus rationem possunt " habere veritatis." *Vitruv.* Lib. IV. cap. ii. *de Ornamentis Columnarum.*

Note XIII. Verse 119.

*Than does this sylvan despot. Yet to those*

See Book the First, line 84. See also Mr. Pope's Epistle to Lord Burlington, line 57,

Consult the genius of the place in all, &c.

A fundamental rule, which is here further enlarged upon from line 126.

Note XIV. Verse 222.

*(And that the tyrant's plea) to work your harm.*

Alluding to Milton.

So spake the Fiend, and with *necessity,*
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his dev'lish deeds.

PARADISE LOST, Book IV. line 393.

Note XV. Verse 327.

*Is curb'd by mimic snares; the slenderest twine*

Linnæus makes this a characteristical property of the fallow deer; his words are, *arcetur filo horizontali.* (See Syst. Nat. Art. *Dama.*) I have sometimes seen feathers tied to this line for greater security, though perhaps unnecessarily. They seem, however, to have been in use in Virgil's time, from the following passage in the Georgics:

Stant circumfusa pruinis
Corpora magna boum: confertoque agmine cervi
Torpent mole novâ, et summis vix cornibus extant.
Hos non emissis canibus, non cassibus ullis,
*Puniceæve agitant pavidos formidine pennæ:*
Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectore montem
Cominus obtruncant ferro.

GEORG. Lib. III. ver. 368.

Ruæus's comment on the fifth line is as follows: *linea, aut funiculus erat, cui plumæ implicabantur variis tinctæ coloribus, ad feras terrendas, ut in retia*

*agerentur*. And a simile, which Virgil uses in the twelfth book of the Æneid, v. 749, and another in Lucan's Phars. Lib. IV. v. 437, clearly prove that the learned Jesuit has rightly explained the passage.

Note F. Page 348.

I omitted in the Commentary, to take notice of the feathers which the Author has mentioned as a means of restraining deer, because in the foregoing note he seemed to think them unnecessary; and therefore I conceived that he introduced them only as a poetical embellishment, founded merely on classical authority; but I have since learned that the practice still prevails in many, perhaps all of our English forests, particularly in that of Whittlebury. It should seem, therefore, that its continuance through ages must be supported by experience of its use, and that a horizontal line without these feathers would not be a sufficient obstruction.

Note XVI. Verse 470.

*The wise Sidonian liv'd: and, though the pest,*

Abdalonimus. The fact, on which this episode is founded, is recorded by Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, Justin, and Q. Curtius; the last is here chiefly followed. M. de Fontenelle and the Abbé Metastasio have both of them treated the subject dramatically.

Note G. Page 353.

Φοβερὸς γεωργὸς ἐδενὶ, φίλῳ πᾶσιν, ἄπειρῳ ἀίμαλῳ, ἄπειρῳ σφαγῆς, ἱερὸς καὶ παναγὴς θεῶν ἐπικαρπίων καὶ ἐπιληναίων καὶ ἀλώων καὶ προποροσίων· ἴσῳ μὲν ἐν δημοκρατίᾳ, ὀλιγαρχίαν δὲ καὶ τυραννίδα πάντων μᾶλιστα μισεῖ γεωργία.

Γεωργοὶ πρῶτοι μὲν τῶν ἐκ γῆς καρπῶν τοῖς δεδωκόσι θεοῖς ἀπαρξάμενοι—γεωργῶν φιλάνθρωποι μὲν αἱ ἔυχαι, ἔυφημοι δὲ αἱ θυσίαι ἀπ' οἰκείων πόνων, ἄμοιροι συμφορῶν, ἄμοιροι κακῶν.

Maxim. Tyr. Dissertat. XIV.

# NOTES

UPON

# BOOK THE THIRD

AND ITS

# COMMENTARY.

Note H. Page 354.

THE respect Mr. Gray had for the Art of Gardening, appears in his letter to Mr. How, to which I have before referred my reader, (see Note B. p. 324) but which I shall here insert at large, because I have since been informed that a poem on the same subject has been lately published in France, and is there highly esteemed, in which the Author, like the rest of his countrymen, ascribes the origin of our gardens to the Chinese. "He "(Count Algarotti) is highly civil to our nation, but "there is one point in which he does not do us justice; "I am the more solicitous about it, because it relates to "the only taste we can call our own; the only proof of "our original talent in matter of pleasure, I mean our

" skill in Gardening, or rather laying out grounds: and " this is no small honour to us, since neither France nor " Italy have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do " at all comprehend it when they see it. That the " Chinese have this beautiful art in high perfection " seems very probable from the Jesuit's letters, and " more from Chambers's little discourse published some " years ago; but it is very certain we copied nothing " from them, nor had any thing but Nature for our " model. It is not forty years since the art was born " among us, and as sure we then had no information on " this head from China at all." *See Memoirs of Mr. Gray, Section* V. *Letter* VIII.

In the last smaller edition of Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, the reader will also find a very entertaining and important addition made to his history of Gardening on this very subject (see Vol. IV. p. 283), which puts the matter out of all doubt. Yet it is to be observed, that Mr. Gray and Mr. Walpole differ in their ideas of Chinese perfection in this art: But had Mr. Gray lived to see what he calls Chambers's *little discourse* enlarged into a *dissertation on Oriental Gardening* by Sir William Chambers, Knight, it is more than probable he would have come over to his friend's sentiments; certain it is, he would never have agreed with the French, in calling this species of gardening *Le gout Anglo-Chinois.*

Note XVII. Verse 12.

*Place I the urn, the bust, the sculptur'd lyre,*

Mr. Gray died July 31, 1771. This book was begun a few months after. The three following lines allude to a rustic alcove the Author was then building in his garden, in which he placed a medallion of his friend, and an urn; a lyre over the entrance with the motto from Pindar, which Mr. Gray had prefixed to his Odes, ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ, and under it, on a tablet, this stanza, taken from the first edition of his Elegy written in a country church-yard.

*Here* scatter'd oft, the loveliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble *here*,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Note XVIII. Verse 122.

*Let England prize this daughter of the East*

Our common laurel was first brought into the Low Countries, A. D. 1576 (together with the horse chesnut) from Constantinople, as a present from David Ungnad, the Imperial Ambassador, in Turkey, to Clusius the famous botanist. It was sent to him by the name of Trabison-Curmasi, or the Date of Trebisond, but he named it Lauro-Cerasus.

Note XIX. Verse 345.

*Deepen your dripping roofs! this feverish hour*

These lines were written in June, 1778, when it was remarkably hot weather.

Note XX. Verse 366.

*Shuts to the tuneful trifling of the Bard,*

René Rapin, a learned Jesuit of the last century, who wrote a didactic Latin Poem on Gardens, in four books, by way of supplement to Virgil's Georgics. The third book treats the subject of water, or more properly of water-works, for it is entirely made up of descriptions of jets d'eau, and such sort of artificial baubles.

Note XXI. Verse 388.

*And winds with shorter bend. To drain the rest*

See Book the Second, Ver. 50 to Ver. 78, where the curve of beauty, or a line waving very gently, is said not only to prevail in natural pathways, but in the course of rivulets and the outline of lakes. It generally does so; yet in the latter it is sometimes found more abrupt: in artificial pieces of water, therefore, sharper curves may be employed than in the formation of the sand or gravel-walk.

Note XXII. Verse 452.

*That facile mode which his inventive powers*

Mr. Brindley, who executed the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and invented a method of making dams to hold water, without clay, using for this purpose any sort of earth duly tempered with water.

## Note I. Page 364.

The method of constructing these mounds, which is called "puddling," consists only in greatly moistening and turning the soil (of whatever nature it may be) in the manner in which mortar is tempered; for thus its parts are brought closer together, and in its almost fluid state the influence of attraction is allowed to operate, to turn to each other and bring into contact those surfaces which are best adapted to cohesion, a principle so universal, that even in sand it is found so strong, as to render it, after sufficient working, water-proof. Where an unmeasurable weight of water was to be resisted, I have seen the operation thus performed; a deep perpendicular trench was dug out about four feet wide; in this, as incident to its situation, the water sprung up very plentifully, and into this the soil that was raised was again returned by degrees, being trampled and beaten, and turned with shovels and spades, exactly (as I said before) as if it were mortar, by which means it became perfectly viscous: beyond this point labour is useless; for attraction has taken place, and no more can be added. The practice, on a very confined scale, was known before Brindley, but he first developed its principles, applied it indiscriminately to every soil, and used it to great and extensive purposes, and therefore may justly be allowed the honour of having been the inventor.

Note K. Page 364.

We so seldom see the rock-work of these artificial cascades well executed, that persons of a refined picturesque taste, are apt to explode them, and to think of them as they do of artificial ruins and imitative buildings, that they ought never to be put into execution. Our Author, however, has ventured to recommend both, the one here, and the other in the succeeding book; and this, in my opinion, very justly, because the arguments against their use are founded only on that abuse which has taken away all likeness from the imitation; and, surely, that they have been ill imitated affords no reason that they cannot be well imitated; on the contrary, there is great reason to attempt a copy upon better principles, and execute it with truer taste, because there are scenes and situations in Nature, which absolutely call for such objects to give them their last and finished perfection. It is as necessary, therefore, for the gardener to supply them upon his living canvas, as for the landscape painter to display them upon his dead one; and he is capable of doing this, because he has sometimes actually done it with full effect.

Note XXIII. Verse 471.

*Rejoice; as if the thund'ring Tees himself*

The fall of the Tees, near Middleton in Yorkshire, is esteemed one of the greatest in England.

Note XXIV. Verse 492.

*A Naiad dwells:* LINEA *is her name:*

This idea was conceived in a very retired grove at Papplewick in Nottinghamshire, the seat of Frederick Montagu, Esq. who has long honoured me with his friendship, where a little clear trout-stream (dignified perhaps too much by the name of a river) gurgles very deliciously. This stream is called the Lin, and the spring itself rises but a little way from his plantations. Hence the name of this Naiad is formed. The village itself, which is situated on the edge of the forest of Sherwood, has not been without poetical notice before, Ben Jonson having taken some of his *Dramatis Personæ* from it, in his unfinished pastoral comedy, called *The Sad Shepherd.*

Note XXV. Verse 512.

*To commerce and to care. In Margaret's grove,*

St. John's College in Cambridge, founded by Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh.

Note XXVI. Verse 528.

*Who stole the gift of Thetis. Hence the cause,*

Alluding to the Ode to a Water Nymph which the Author wrote a year or two after his admission into the University. *See Ode II. in this Volume.*

# NOTES

UPON

# BOOK THE FOURTH

AND ITS

# COMMENTARY.

## Note XXVII. Verse 101.

*A time-struck abbey. An impending grove*

It was said in the first Book, Ver. 384, that of those architectural objects which improved a fine natural *English* prospect, the two principal were the *castle* and the *abbey*. In conformity with this idea, Alcander first begins to exercise his taste, by forming a resemblance of those two capital artificial features, *uniting them*, however, *with utility*. The precept is here meant to be conveyed by description, which had before been given more directly in Book II. Ver. 21.

*Beauty* scorns to dwell
Where *Use* is exil'd.

Note L. Page 369.

If we consider how Gothic edifices were originally constructed, it will appear how very defectively they have been, for the most part, imitated. In order, therefore to obviate this practice, I will here give a summary and brief description both of such as were Military and Ecclesiastical.

The GOTHIC CASTLE, or military structure, consisted in every instance of the Keep or Strong-hold, and the Court or Enclosure annexed to the Keep.

The KEEP was a great and high tower, either round or square, for the most part situated on an artificial elevation, the entire top of which it usually occupied. Advantage also was frequently taken of a naturally high situation.

If the tower was square, it often had annexed to it square projections, generally at the corners, and about mid-way between them, to act as buttresses, of which, however, they do not carry the appearance, as they exhibit a front greater than their projection, and do not diminish in their projection as they ascend. When round, I have frequently seen the Keep without any buttress whatever.

The great portal or door of entrance into the Keep, was always at the least one floor high from the ground, and was usually entered by means of an external staircase and vestibule, which was strongly fortified. This

stair-case led only so high as the portal, and the landing-place at the head consisted for the most part of a draw-bridge which was worked from within the Keep, and which, when raised, not only cut off all communication, but by leaning against and covering the portal, served exceedingly to strengthen it against an enemy that might already have taken possession of the vestibule and stair-case.

There was seldom any aperture for a considerable height from the ground; and as the apartments of the Lord or Commander of the Castle were near the top, it was only there that any aperture appeared which exceeded the size of a loop, and even there the windows were of but small dimensions.

The Keep was usually embattled at top, but the battlements have in general been defaced by time and ruin.

The wall of the COURT, or Enclosure was always connected with the Keep, and the entrance into it was usually by a great arch strongly fortified, and passing between two towers connected by the wall through which the arched-way was carried.—There was never any great arch in the Keep itself.

As the wall commenced at the Keep at both sides, it was commonly carried down the hill, and frequently comprehended not only the descent but also a part of the plain beneath.

The height of the wall, where it joined the Keep, was sometimes regulated by the height of the great portal

that led to the principal apartments, which, for the most part occupied the third story; for the stair-case, by which this was approached, was often built within the substance of the wall itself, in which case there was no other external vestibule.

Loops were frequently made in the wall of the enclosure; for it was of such dimensions as not only to contain a passage for maintaining a communication among the parts of the fortress within its thickness, but had sometimes even apartments either for confinement of prisoners, or for stores.

The reader who wishes for farther information on the subject, is referred to Mr. King's ingenious and accurate *Observations on ancient Castles*.

Ecclesiastical Buildings, or Abbies, consisted generally of the great Church, a Refectory, a Chapter-House, and a Cloyster, with the necessary accommodations of Kitchen, Dormitory, &c.

The Church was usually in the form of a cross, in the center of which rose the tower.—From east to west it was always considerably longer than from north to south.

The great west end was the place of entrance into the Church; here, therefore, the greatest degree of ornament was bestowed both on the portal and the window over it.

The lateral walls were strengthened by buttresses

which always diminished as they rose, and between every two windows was a buttress.

Within, the insulated columns ran in rows corresponding with the buttresses without.

As a cross affords two sides to each of many squares, one of these squares was usually compleated, and the other two sides were supplied, the one by the cloyster, which was frequently carried in length from north to south, and the other by the refectory and chapter-house, which stood at right angles with this cloyster, and parallel to the body of the Church from east to west

The cloyster was sometimes carried into length, and sometimes surrounded a square court; over the cloyster was the customary place for the dormitory.

None of the parts of the Abbey at all approached to the height of the Church.

The great pointed arch was an invention subsequent to the building of many Abbies, which have small round-topped windows; these, therefore, may very well be placed in the sides of the Church; but in the west end, for the most part, the pointed arch was introduced as a high ornament by succeeding architects.

There never yet was built an external column, nor an internal buttress; minature imitations of these were indeed promiscuously introduced among the smaller ornaments of the building; but the rule is invariably true with regard to the great structure itself.

The stone work of Gothic buildings was very neatly hewn and jointed; and even now their very ruins are by no means rough on the surface, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where time has made a breach, or where they have been stripped of their casing.

Though the rules of Gothic architecture have not been so diligently inquired into as those of the Greek, yet certain we may be, from the resemblance which prevails, not only in the whole, but in the parts of all great Gothic edifices among themselves, that they were constructed upon rules which it would be better for us to investigate than dispense with in favour of the silly caprices which we daily see executed under the name of GOTHIC BUILDINGS, to the disgrace of our observation and taste. I have seen a Gothic Temple, an open Gothic Portico, a Gothic Cupola, and I have seen an arched Gothic Rotunda!

Magnitude is a *sine quâ non* of Gothic architecture.

I have been forced to make use of the qualifying terms *usually, for the most part, &c.* because I cannot say that any of these rules, though general, are without, perhaps, many exeptions. I am writing, not for the benefit of the Gothic architect, but his picturesque imitator, for whom these precepts and cautions, I trust, will be found sufficiently precise.

The reader will not suppose, that by thus delineating the rules by which these two sorts of edifices were constructed, I recommend to the imitator an exact copy

of the whole of either, much less that I would wish him to execute on a small scale what can only have probability when practised on a great one. I only require a judicious selection of the parts of such buildings, and that each may be made with exactness, to occupy its proper place. A remnant of the Keep, of the great gate of entrance, or even of a single tower, with an additional length of ruined wall, will frequently answer the purpose of imitation in the military style very completely, while a single high-arched window or portal, a part of a low groyned cloister, and a few mutilated columns justly arranged within the supposed body of the church, will equally well answer it in the ecclesiastical style: But the general faults that have prevailed in these kinds of imitation are, first, that of designing too much, perhaps a whole; secondly, the executing that whole upon a pigmy scale; thirdly, the introduction of a capricious mode of ornament; and, lastly, a total neglect of the real position of the parts. The best, perhaps the only good rule that can be followed, is to copy some beautiful fragment of an ancient ruin with the same fidelity that one would copy a portrait, and happily for our purpose England abounds with such fragments; but let us ever avoid invention where our proper business is only imitation.

The description of Alcander's mansion remarkably coincides with Leland the Antiquary's account of Greenwich in its ancient state.

Ecce ut jam niteat locus petitus,
Tanquam sydereæ domus cathedræ!
Quæ fastigia picta! quæ fenestræ!
Quæ turres vel ad astra se efferentes!

Κυκνειον Ἄσμα, ver. 310.

Leland died A. D. 1552.

Note XXVIII. Verse 131.

*And fright the local Genius from the scene.*

A precept is here rather more than hinted at; but it appeared to be so well founded, and yet so seldom attended to by the fabricators of Grottos, that it seemed necessary to slide back a little from the narrative into the didactic to inculcate it the more strongly.

Note XXIX. Verse 157.

*His Galatea; Yes, th' impassion'd Youth*

Alluding to a Letter of that famous Painter, written to his Friend Count Baltasar Castiglione, when he was painting his celebrated picture of Galatea, in which he tells him, *essendo carestia di belle donne, io mi servo di certa idea chē viene alla mente.* See Bellori *Discriz. delle Imagini dipinte da Raffaelle d'Urbino,* or the Life of B. Castiglione, prefixt to the London Edition of his Book entitled, *Il Cortegiano.*

Note XXX. Verse 201.

*Irregular, yet not in patches quaint,*

There is nothing in picturesque Gardening which should not have its archetype in unadorned Nature. Now, as we never see any of her plains dotted with dissevered patches of any sort of vegetables, except, perhaps, some of her more barren heaths, where even furze can grow but sparingly, and which form the most disagreeable of her scenes: therefore the present common mode of dotting clumps of flowers, or shrubs on a grass plot, without union, and without other meaning than that of appearing irregular, ought to be avoided. It is the form and easy flow of the grassy interstices (if I may so call them) that the designer ought first to have a regard to; and if these be well formed, the spaces for flowers or shrubbery will be at the same time ascertained.

Note XXXI. Verse 218.

*Might safely flourish; where the Citron sweet,*

M. Le Giradin, in an elegant French Essay, written on the same subject, and formed on the same principles, with this Poem, is the only writer that I have seen (or at least recollect) who has attempted to give a stove or hot-house a picturesque effect. It is his hint, pursued and considerably dilated, which forms the description of Alcander's Conservatory. See his Essay, *De la Composition des Paysages. Gen.* 1777.

Note XXXII. Verse 358.

*The Linnets warble, captive none, but lur'd*

See Rousseau's charming description of the Garden of Julie, *Nouvelle Eloise, 4 partie, lett.* 11*th.* In consequence of pursuing his idea, no birds are introduced into ALCANDER's Menagerie, but such as are either domesticated, or chuse to visit it for the security and food they find there. If any of my more delicate readers wish to have theirs stocked with rarer kind of fowls, they must invent a picturesque bird-cage for themselves.

Note XXXIII. Verse 427.

*Till, like fatigu'd* VILLARIO, *soon we find*

See Pope's Epistle to Lord Burlington, ver. 88.

Note XXXIV. Verse 448.

*Tho' foreign from the soil, provokes thy frown.*

It is hoped that from the position of this river-god in the menagerie, from the situation of the busts and vases in the flower-garden; and that of the statue in the conservatory, the reader will deduce the following general precept, " that all adventitious ornaments of sculpture ought either to be accompanied with a proper background (as the Painters term it) or introduced as a part of architectural scenery; and that when, on the contrary, they are placed in open lawns or parterres, according to the old mode, they become, like Antæus and Enceladus

mentioned in the beginning of this book, mere *scare-crows.*"

Note XXXV. Verse 462.

" *If true, here only.*" *Thus in Milton's phrase*

See Milton's Paradise Lost, b. iv. ver. 248, &c.

Note XXXVI. Verse 499.

*To those that tend the dying. Both the youths*

These lines are taken from the famous passage in Hippocrates in his book of Prognostics, which has been held so accurately descriptive, that dying persons are, from hence, usually said to have the *facies Hippocratica.* The passage is as follows: Ῥὶς ὀξεῖα, ὀφθαλμοὶ κοῖλοι, κροταφοὶ ζυμωτεπλωκότες, ὦτα ψυχρὰ καὶ ξυνεσταλμένα, καὶ οἱ λόβοι τῶν ὠτῶν ἀπεστραμμένοι, καὶ τὸ δέρμα τὸ περὶ τὸ μέτωπον, σκληρόν τε καὶ περιτεταμένον καὶ καρφαλέον ἐὸν, καὶ τὸ χρῶμα τῷ ξύμπαντι πρόσωπῳ χλωρόν τε ἢ καὶ μέλαν ἐὸν καὶ πελιὸν ἢ μολιβδώδες.

Note XXXVII. Ver. 646.

*He bids them raise: it seem'd a Her mit's cell;*

If this building is found to be in its right position, structures of the same kind will be thought improperly placed when situated, as they frequently are, on an eminence commanding an extensive prospect. I have either seen or heard of one of this kind, where the builder seemed to be so much convinced of its incongruity that

he endeavoured to atone for it by the following ingenious motto:

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.

Luc. Lib. II. Ver. 9.

But it may be said, that real hermitages are frequently found on high mountains: yet there the difficulty of access gives that idea of retirement, not easily to be conveyed by imitations of them in a garden-scene, without much accompanying shade, and that lowness of situation, which occasions a seclusion from all gay objects.

## Note M. Page 369.

Cicero has beautifully expressed a similar sentiment in the following terms:

" Tum Piso: Naturâne nobis hoc datum, dicam, an " errore quodam, ut cùm ea loca videamus, in quibus " memoriâ dignos viros acceperimus multos esse versa- " tos, magis moveamur, quàm siquando eorum ipsorum " aut facta audiamus, aut scriptum aliquod legamus? " velut ego nunc moveor; venit enim mihi Platonis " (memoria *sc.*) in mentem, quem acceperimus primum " hîc (in Academiâ *sc.*) disputare solitum: cujus etiam " illi hortuli propinqui non memoriam solùm mihi affe- " runt, sed ipsum videntur in conspectu meo hîc ponere; " hîc Speusippus, hîc Xenocrates, hîc ejus auditor " Polemo; cujus ipsa illa sessio fuit quam videmus— " tanta vis admonitionis inest in locis, ut non sine causâ

"ex his memoriæ ducta sit disciplina."—*Cicero de Fin.* Lib. V. *ad init. (vide quoque quod ibid. de Carneade idem dicit.)*

My business, as an illustrator of the English Garden, properly ends here; but as the Author thought fit, in a general postscript to the first edition of his Poem, not only to assign his reasons for composing this fourth Book, in a style so different from those that go before it, but to defend the particular tale, in which he has conveyed his precepts, in a manner that I think reflects as much honour upon his heart, as the design and conduct of the story does upon his invention and judgment, I choose here to reprint the two paragraphs for the mere satisfaction of declaring my own concurrence with the sentiments they convey.

"Though this subject was in itself as susceptible of "poetical embellishment as any that preceded it, and "much more so than those contained in the second "book; yet I was apprehensive that descriptive poetry, "however varied, might pall when continued through "so long a poem; and therefore, by interweaving a tale "with the general theme, I have given the whole a nar- "rative, and in some places a dramatic cast. The idea "was new, and I found the execution of it somewhat "difficult: however, if I have so far succeeded as to "have conveyed, through the medium of an interesting "story, those more important principles of taste, which "this part of my subject required, and if those rules

" only are omitted which readily result from such as I " have descriptively given; if the judicious place and " arrangement of those artificial forms, which give the " chief embellishments, to a finished garden-scene, be " distinctly noticed, I am not without hope that this " conclusion will be thought (as Sir Henry Wotton said " of Milton's juvenile poems at the end of a miscellany) " to leave the reader in some small degree *con la bocca* " *dolce.*

" With respect to the criticisms, which may be made " on this last book, there is one so likely to come from " certain readers, that I am inclined to anticipate it; " and taking for granted that it will be said to breathe " too much of the spirit of party, to return the following " ready answer: The word *party*, when applied to those " men, who, from private and personal motives, compose " either a majority or minority in a house of parliament, " or to those who out of it, on similar principles, approve " or condemn the measures of any administration, is " certainly in its place: but in a matter of such magni- " tude as the present American war, in which the dearest " interests of mankind are concerned, the puny term has " little or no meaning. If, however, it be applied to me " on this occasion, I shall take it with much compla- " cency, conscious that no sentiment appears in my " Poem, which does not prove its author to be of THE " PARTY OF HUMANITY."

# RELIGIO CLERICI.

OR

## THE FAITH OF A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND;

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF MR. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI, 1796.

—— ἐπαγωνίζεσθαι τῇ ἅπαξ παραδοθείσῃ τοῖς ἁγίοις πίστει. ΙΟΥΔΑ. 3.

# RELIGIO CLERICI.*

## PART THE FIRST.

Dryden, if rightly of his powers I deem,
Apply'd with skill his numbers to his theme:
If 'twas heroic, then his nervous rhyme
Rose on an eagle's plume, and soar'd to heights sublime;
Or, if preceptive, then in vernal skies,
As near the ground the circling swallow flies
And skims, not touches; so his verses keep
Their march pedestrian, stoop, yet scorn to creep,
And, like his prose, perspicuous, manly, free,
Surpass it only in its melody.
Rare excellence! In this how few succeed!
How few, like him, could write a Layman's Creed,
Make logic's rules to metre's laws submit,
Blend truth with fancy, argument with wit!
Yet this he did; and in so smooth a lay,
It satisfied the nicer ear of Gray,
Who always held it as the guide supreme
Of bards employ'd on a didactic theme.

* Printed 1796, and now first published 1810.

Yet whether or from mother-wit or use,
For constant practice surely drilled his Muse,
He here succeeded may create a doubt;
A veteran's talents let not me dispute:
Yet, now, so universal is the rage
Of writing, in our most enlighten'd age,
That myriads of each sex (I scorn to fib)
Now scan so nimbly, and now rhyme so glib,
They seem to claim all Dryden's eloquence,
And leave him merely spirit, meaning, sense.

So much for introduction. Now, my friend,
Best lov'd of few remaining, condescend
To hear his senior, though of after time
Yet mere apprentice in the craft of rhyme,
Produce his creed, not laical, yet free,
He trusts, from theologic pedantry,
Which you, who know him, will believe his own,
And not put on with surplice, band, and gown.
Nor blame him, if its import be the same
With that, which bears th' Egyptian bishop's name,
Whose rigid preface though the Bard arraign'd,
He own'd " the creed eternal truth contain'd."

But here lay Dryden's error. He conceiv'd
The zealous prelate bade it be believ'd
On his own *ipse dixit,* and we find
Many good churchmen still of Dryden's mind:

Indeed so many mid a sceptic crowd,
I scarce can wonder Tillotson avow'd
His wish 'twere from the Liturgy remov'd.
Not because false; he ne'er suppos'd it so,
But if remov'd (vain hope) that it might draw,
By firmer cords of unity and love,
To one true faith, that creed who disapprove.

But why arraign the preface? if it came
From man, if scripture did not say the same;
Or if discordant from its gen'ral code,
With Dryden I'd refuse the Pharisaic load.
Yet if in Christian soil, and that alone,
The tree must spring, that by its fruit is known;
And if its root be Faith, all must agree
To take the scion from the parent tree;
No foreign stem, if grafted there, can shoot;
No truth can bloom on error's baneful root:
All hope to save it is a vain desire,
Down it is dash'd, and flung into the fire.

Methinks, I hear some pert Priestleian cry,
"Must Christians then on metaphors rely?
"The creed, you copy, tells us plain and brief,
"Endless perdition follows unbelief."

Quit then the metaphor; its meaning take;
You'll find it His who spake as no man spake.

From him, not man, I copy; and his word
Shall be the sum and substance I record,
Touching my creed; if from his word I learn,
That faith in him is my supreme concern;
If wanting that, I lose the blessing high,
His blood has purchas'd, Immortality,
What may I hope? If I from reason draw
Conclusions unsupported by his law,
Mistate, abridge the doctrines he has given,
I lose all place in my Redeemer's heav'n;
And, whether I or Athanasius speak,
The prize is lost, he purchas'd for my sake.
What then remains? the unbeliever's doom,
Endless perdition in a life to come?

Who founds his faith on Revelation's base
Must hold, that all of Adam's sinful race
Inherit death from their delinquent sire:
Yet still may christian Charity aspire,
To nurse a modest hope that those who lie
Uncherish'd by the Day-spring from on high
May still be blest, ev'n though a tenfold shade
Of Pagan darkness now involves their head;
And only those, the obstinately blind,
Will meet the doom intail'd on lost mankind.
Hence the same Charity, heart-cheering guest,
That burnt, with fervent flame, in Dryden's breast,

Inspirits mine; that Charity, which Paul
Says " hopeth all things, and believeth all,"
But this is not reveal'd: what *is* alone
The true believer dares to call his own.
More he may hope, and he that hopes the most,
Though haply by some waves of error tost,
Will steer his Christian bark from quicksands free,
Whose helm is Faith, whose sail is Charity.

This stumbling-stone remov'd, I scarce shall need
To free our Alexandrian prelate's creed
From those objectors, who conceive it meant
Purely to threaten those, who dare dissent
From Faith established, not by Heav'n but man,
And hence abjure its persecuting plan.
Alas! while man is man there will be found
Those, who on this, or any creed will ground,
Or none at all, some false pretence to draw
The scymitar; and, scorning every law
Divine or human, like the deluge, flood
Their native country with their brethren's blood.
Ask you for proof from bigot zeal? review
Charles's dread deeds on Saint Bartholomew.
Ask you for proofs from want of Faith? They're clear
In the dread deeds of Danton and Robespierre.
Weigh'd on the beam of justice, not of Bayle!
See then which separate evil turns the scale,

What, equal! Surely then Lucretius ly'd,
Who cast his make-weight on Religion's side.

But he, who duly marks th' historic page,
Will find my creed confess'd in that same age,
When Arius triumph'd now, was now subdu'd,
As emp'rors or as empresses allow'd,
When common-sense was scorn'd, and quibbling priz'd,
When myst'ry found itself more mysticis'd,
Will sanely judge a creed, whose ev'ry phrase
Was form'd to free from the scholastic maze
Well-meaning christians: might securely fix
Their faith on Scripture, not on schismatics.

Thus far, methinks, with prudent step I steer,
Nor yet can have offended L * * 's ear
With Trinity, to him a word of fear:
L * *, who learns his heresy by rote,
And would be nothing, if deny'd to quote.
Nor will I use it from its adjunct free,
But join it evermore with Unity;
Reclaim the term, he and his tribe have stole,
(With them such larceny, though great, is small)
For, this purloin'd, they but to us concede
One fragment of this mutilated creed;
A creed, to those, who take its meaning right,
That strictly keeps one Deity in sight;

Form'd as a bulwark, and a bulwark strong,
'Gainst all, on that dread theme who swerve from right to wrong;
Yet, if we leave them of that term possest,
They brand us for idolators profest,
Who to three Gods our adoration pay,
And might with Papists to God's mother pray;
While they relinquishing their former name,
Flutter on Unitarian wings to fame,
To Unitarian worship rear the dome,
And bid all half-believing Christians come,
Provided they put off their wedding vest,
Like halt and blind, to their new-garnish'd feast
Of dishes second-hand, and badly drest.

But quit we these; and while we scorn to own
Our faith refers to Trinity alone,
Yet still it holds, as Scripture held before,
One undivided, one exalted pow'r,
That in the Father and the Son resides,
And Sacred Spirit, purest, best of guides.
But wherefore holds? only as far as man
The mystic height of godliness may scan,
We may conceive God gives our mortal race
Salvation, not for merit, but from grace;
That from the Son divine Redemption springs,
That the pure Spirit, once on dove-like wings

Descending visibly, still deigns to dart
Its secret aid on each submissive heart.
Thus, though deriv'd from one exhaustless spring
Three plenteous streams redundant blessings bring,
The fountain head united with them all
We may not three, but One conjointly call.

" This too is metaphor?" Socinian, yes:
But, if a false one, prove me that it is.
Water is still call'd water, if it glide
Or in a trinal, or a single tide;
So God in Gospel language is apply'd
To all the wonders of supernal power,
That from the Sire, and Son, and Spirit show'r.

Resting on this, I first believe with Paul
One God, who is, was, shall be, all in all;
Yet, as with him I find in holy writ,
Another person, and another yet
Reveal'd distinct, the Father, and the Son,
And hallow'd Spirit; I include in one
The three distinctions, and believe all three
One comprehensive sole Divinity.
Thus on the terms, by which I was baptis'd,
That charter great, which seal'd me christianiz'd,
I take with confidence the certain road,
That leads through Scripture up to Scripture's God.

That he is One, plain Reason can descry;
And when his word presents him to the eye,
Reliev'd by faith from error, still must shine
One Being indivisibly divine.
Hence, howsoe'er the artful Arians aim
This old confession of our faith to blame,
'Twas meant to One Divinity to raise
Due adoration both in prayer and praise:
Else why does it repeat "not three, but one"
Ev'n to tautology? Why not alone
To ev'ry person of the sacred Three
Ascribe a single, disjoin'd Deity?

Too soon, alas! ev'n in th' Apostles' age
Did heresy defile the Gospel page,
Led by false science and scholastic rage.
Then rose that zeal for novelty, which made
Verbal theology a gainful trade:
Nor could a common scholar open shop,
Till he of terms had gain'd a num'rous crop
To fill his mental granary: with his hoard
Of these he first the market price explor'd,
Then 'gan to speculate, as farmers do,
Reserv'd the old and traffick'd with the new:
And, if he well could vend false eloquence,
Car'd not what famine starv'd poor common sense.

But when scholastic owl-light was withdrawn,
And real science now had past its dawn,

Divines there were, who deem'd the deed no theft
To borrow what their ancestors had left,
Yet sifted ev'ry term before they us'd,
The good adopted, and the bad refus'd;
Then stampt the first for sterling. Thus, we see,
With others they selected *Trinity;*
Nor scrupled they, if Paganish, to use
A word, that none but Deists could abuse;
A word, with *Unity* when closely join'd,
Which brief and clear the scripture truth defin'd;
That God in trinal persons, trinal ways,
His one eternal majesty displays.
" But how?"—That question soon may be dismiss'd,
When Darwin shows how he and I exist;
For, by Lavoisier taught (that sage I mean
Whom Freedom's bastards chose to guillotine)
He knows two Gnomes produced from mine or moat,
In Gallic-Greek call'd Carbone and Azote,
By secret spells allure to their embrace
Bright Oxygen, a Sylph of heavenly race,
Mix with her purity their filth and fire
To form that atmosphere we both respire
Which did they not, nor he could screw his lyre
To that high pitch, which blabs what strange amours
Are carried on in Flora's secret bowers,
Nor I unscrew my own to tones so low,
It merely gives to prose a verse-like flow,
Truths to describe, which clearly to explain
Reason's dim lamp has burnt for centuries in vain.

"A strange confession!"—But does Darwin more?
He names three fluids; he describes their pow'r
When separate; he demonstrates that they give
Conjoin'd that *pabulum* by which we live;
But how they join'd at first, and why they still
Th' ethereal void with the same mixture fill,
Let him explain, ere you demand from me
What forms the undivided Trinity.

No more of Deity, than Gospel light
Reveals, can ere be plain to Reason's sight.
Is more reveal'd, than clearly she conceives?
Calm she submits, yet piously believes.
But, though she here perceives herself confin'd,
Let none but Atheists dare to call her blind.
She still is Reason, still exerts the pow'r,
By which she fixt her premises before,
That God is truth, and this conclusion drew
Justly, that all he speaks must needs be true,
Though all not clear alike to her contracted view.
Of these what follow are in Scripture strain,
Some beyond Reason, some to Reason plain.
It says creative Power, redeeming Love,
And sanctifying Grace are from above:
It bids us duely venerate the Son,
Ev'n as the Sire; it tells us not alone
From Sire, but Son, the Comforter is sent
To man; if then by both that gift be lent,

Which only they can lend, the three combine
In one ineffable sublime design,
And are, as one, all equally divine.
It tells us that, though nominally three,
And thence call'd persons, some diversity
To two attaches. All are uncreate,
Yet is the Son's a generated state,
Before all worlds begotten by the Sire,
And thence from both thy soul-inspiring fire,
O sacred Paraclete! proceeding free
Gives thee with both divine equality,
Which, whether God or Lord we choose to call,
Must not be said of One, but said of all.

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Thus far some truths, all Christians should receive
Who hope salvation, I have try'd to give
In careless metre, not in labour'd lays;
Yet if a verse (as pious Herbert says)
" May chance to find him, who a sermon flies,
" And turn delight into a sacrifice,"
So these perus'd with candour, may dispel
Some scruples, that with almost-Christians dwell.
I trust, at least, that the impartial few
Will find that doctrine, they before thought true,
Not here disguis'd, though clad in vesture new.

## PART THE SECOND.

Of all the aberrations I can find
In the mixt memoirs of the human mind,
None so eccentric veers from common sense
As theirs, who to believing make pretence,
Who text on text adapt to systems vain,
Reject the difficult, perplex the plain,
And, weighing in false scales Redemption's plan,
Decide the Lord, who bought them, was but man;
A prophet, if you please, or somewhat more,
A sage endow'd with legislative power,
As was the son of Jethro, and inspir'd
Far as his mission, but no more requir'd:
Yet this to preach, to publish o'er and o'er,
Modern philosophy has stretch'd her power,
And doubtless will to giddier heights advance,
When she has fully fraterniz'd with France.

Give me such foes as Frederic or Voltaire,
Who wage with Revelation open war,
Or two less lively, but not less profane,
* *, M. P. and Citizen Tom Paine;
But these of sceptics the left-handed fry,
So primly liberal, so demurely sly,
Who say our faith they mean but to refine,
While at its base they try to spring the mine

Laid long ago by Polish pioneers;
These move my scorn, they cannot rouse my fears;
Firm on that faith, its heav'nly builder plann'd,
The time-proof fabric of the Church shall stand,
And ev'ry human enemy repel,
For fortified by heav'n, it braves the gates of hell.

If then in England's fruitful nursery rise
Such heresies as this of giant size,
Through which a thousand minor planters run,
Busy as day-flies in the noontide sun,
To propagate by cuttings, or to graft
On varying stocks, as suits their varying craft,
I much suspect their labour will be lost,
Now the head-gard'ner, in himself a host,
Self-exil'd wanders to New England's coast.
Vain man! the tares he in the Old has sown,
He thinks are to such full perfection grown,
Will now so little care, or wat'ring want,
L——, or L——— may nurse each plant,
When, by some lucky opposition hit,
They've over-turn'd the Church, the Test, and Pitt.

"Imprudent Poet!" says some grave divine,
"Let not a Muse so orthodox as thine
"Descend to wit or humour."—Pardon, Sir;
The readers of this age require a spur

Nicely apply'd to tickle, not to goad,
If you would wish to keep them in your road.
Pope, when he reason'd, deem'd it right to steer
" From grave to gay, from lively to severe"——
" Admit he did, the difference you must see
" Is great; his theme was mere morality,
" While yours"——I know 'tis of that torrent kind,
It quite o'erflows all bounds of human mind;
Nay, fill'd angelic minds with warm desire
Some glimpse of that high myst'ry to acquire;
But I, who other readers have in view,
Frankly confess, I do not write for you.
You can from Chillingworth or Hooker gain
Drugs, that best purge from heresy the brain;
And antidotes to errors so absurd
Prepar'd by Jones, Burgh, Cleaver, Horseley, Hurd.
But their prescriptions, Doctor, ne'er would mend
The fashionable patients I attend:
Their malady, at once both old and new,
Partakes of fever, and of dropsy too:
He, therefore, who with skill their case would treat,
Must give them med'cines that both cool and heat.
For you, and such as you, a solemn theme
Must still be handled solemn in extreme:
If controversial, heavy arms alone,
The weaver's beam, and not the sling and stone,
Must be each champion's weapon; to employ
A flash of wit, by way of *feu de joie*,

Like Warburton; you deem incongruous quite,
And, though a victor, blame the dang'rous wight,
Adhering ever to this golden rule,
A stanch Polemic must be strictly dull.
I'll not, for his trim periods, court the thief
Who tries to swindle me of my belief;
Nor the dull game of mock politeness play,
With men involv'd in Paul's anathema.
Yet I, like you, Lord Shaftsbury's rule detest,
Which sets up ridicule, of truth the test:
You surely then with safety may admit
Detected falsehood, a fair butt for wit.
Hence on my present theme, as on the past,
I sprinkle grains of salt to give it taste,
That those may read, who never redde before,
And those, who read already, may read more.

With this apology, my reverend Friend,
Perchance, Right Reverend, I my preface end,
And here assert, just as I first began,
That all, who Scripture's genuine sense would scan,
Must hold the Son of God both God and Man.
God, whom the eternal generating Sire
Did with his full divinity inspire;
First of the first of all, and last of last,
Beyond all count of future, present, past;
For merely from beginning down to end,
Our pigmy calculating powers extend,

From step to step o'er days, years, ages, climb,
Curb'd by the scant arithmetic of time;
And can but mark, by mensuration clear,
A few brief digits of duration's sphere;
Hence all we know is that with God he sprung
Before heav'n's curtain o'er creation hung,
Before the morning stars their first glad chorus sung.

True, as the turnsole to the orb of light,
The genuine Christian keeps his faith in sight,
Nor doubts the fact, because he knows the end,
For which that God did from his Sire descend,
Disrob'd himself of glory, and became
A man in substance, and a man in name;
Of woman-born, in whom each mortal eye
Saw all itself, save its impurity:
Thus, while a perfect man on earth he shone,
The perfect Deity was still his own;
Inferior only to his Sire on high
But as invested with humanity:
Thus when with heav'nly earthly we compare,
Both soul and body claim an equal share
In our formation; so in his were join'd
Terrestrial substance with celestial mind.
Hence, though both God and Man, as Christ alone
We from his birth but one Redeemer own;
That wond'rous birth, by which he man became,
While his pure godhead still remain'd the same,

Yet, by such union intimately join'd,
As in our frame, the body, soul, or mind;
They therefore, who preserve the Gospel clue,
As God and Man their sole Messiah view.

"But is such union possible?" With God
All things are possible—Take Butler's road;
Travel the path of plain analogy,
'Twill lead at least to probability,
And sure, when demonstration is deny'd,
Reason should in the next best thing confide.
Think ye, if Locke or Newton in a glass
Survey'd the reflex image of his face,
Would he from thence conclude he view'd the whole?
No, he would know he had an unseen soul
Illumining each feature, and decide
That soul, he could not from himself divide.
This granted, next suppose the soul, thus join'd
To substance, were not to that mass confin'd,
But could diffuse itself; the thoughts discern
Of other souls, their wants, their weakness learn,
And hence, with facultics of amplest reach,
Far, far beyond the puny powers of speech,
Transfuse by intuition, and dispense
All that was needful of superior sense;
In such a Newton, or a Locke you'd see
No faint resemblance of a Trinity;

Two parts of which, when nature first began,
Form'd God's own image, and was call'd a man,
But when the Word, made flesh, with mortals dwelt,
That Word alone the trinal Union felt.

Till then the world was wrapt in shades of night.
Glory to Israel, to the Gentiles light
His saving advent spread. Where'er he trod
Creation bow'd, and own'd th' incarnate God.
Celestial pow'rs his mighty mission seal'd;
Dæmons he vanquish'd, raging storms he still'd;
Gave to the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
Eyes to the blind, and sinews to the weak;
To sinners pardon, precepts to mankind,
And to each rule his bright example join'd.
In these blest works his ev'ry hour employ'd;
For man he liv'd in toil, in torments died;
Died, though his voice before its power had prov'd
To call from death to life the friend he lov'd;
Yet prompt to execute his Father's will,
Prompt the sure word of prophecy to seal
With his own blood, he pass'd through thy domain,
Dread Hades! from the grave he rose again,
Sojourn'd some space with his selected few,
Enough to prove his resurrection true,
Then on a brilliant cloud ascending high,
Sat at his Sire's right hand, the filial Deity.

Come, ye vain worldly disputants, and read
This single portion of my general Creed!
Then say, if here I paint his portrait true,
First in an earthly, then a heav'nly view;
And when each sacred feature I define,
From scripture copying closely line by line,
I am not justified, on reason's plan,
To deem my Saviour God, as well as Man,
And with him to the Sire and Spirit raise
One undivided hymn of equal praise?

Deny you this?—Then go, as you think meet,
Or to America or Essex-street;
The last is nearest, and you there may buy,
Neat as imported, ev'ry fresh supply
Of that lean faith, which suits your palates best,
Much like the food in new French kitchens drest,
*A la Republicaine;* no need to carve,
The soupe's so *maigre*, you may eat, yet starve.

For me, I wait that future day of doom
With hope, through faith, which soon or late must come,
When man's probation finally shall end,
When Christ, the King of glory, shall descend
Amply triumphant, borne on Seraph's wing;
When all Heav'n's chorus loud Hosannas sing,
When earth convulsive bursts, when Ether flames,
When the last trumpet of my God proclaims

MESSIAH present; when that Judge most just
Shall weigh the merits of the sons of dust,
Rais'd in immortal bodies, yet the same,
That some must wear to honour, some to shame,
Yet all must wear; for Death, the last of foes,
Subdu'd, Mortality's vain scene will close,
And good and bad eternally remain,
Those crown'd with glory, these consign'd to pain,
This is the faith, the sacred page reveals;
This the sole Charter of Salvation seals.

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And now, my friend, if thy severest eye
An error in my Christian creed descry;
An error but in substance, not in style,
I pray thee use thy hatchet, not thy file,
And hew it down. Let slighter faults remain.
Enough for me, if this familiar strain
Give to the general ear its meaning plain.
There are, who, more than pathos or sublime,
Love fluent verse when link'd with easy rhyme;
For these I write. Let those who write for fame,
Or trade in print, pursue their humbler aim.

TRUTH! Truth reveal'd! be thou my hallow'd theme,
And if, through vacant youth's delirious dream,
Or ev'n maturest manhood, far too long
I've wander'd, with more favour'd sons of song,

Through fancy's maze; 'tis meet my green old age
Should prompt me, or to check the tuneful rage,
Or clothe in verse truths, when ordain'd to teach
In prose, by duty I was bound to preach;
And, when those truths surpass'd all human wit,
Bid Reason modestly to Faith submit,
Holding this best of maxims still in view,
What God declares, though darkly, must be true.

Confirm'd in this, yet witless of the ways,
By which that God his inward grace conveys
To sinful souls, in many a musing hour
I've thus invok'd his salutary power—
" SPIRIT OF INWARD PURITY, control
The wild conceptions of my wayward soul!
When memory, counting long past follies o'er,
Delights to dwell on what it should deplore,
And, musing or on vain, or vicious toys,
The fruits of rising penitence destroys,
Come to thy vot'ry, come, celestial guest,
And drive the busy demon from my breast!
So shall each passion, purified by thee,
Be all dissolv'd in fervent Piety;
So shall weak reason, strengthen'd by thy grace,
The path, that leads to sure salvation, trace
Through that firm faith alone, which justifies,
In my Redeemer's living sacrifice;

Prov'd by its works, which, like the Saints above,
Abounds in acts of Charity and Love."

Thus I— Let others, who despise the strain,
And deem all aid of grace internal vain
To cure the general atrophy of mind,
Their sov'reign cure in their own reason find.
Grant, Heav'n, they may! Such cures, I fear, are rare.
Let me with David give myself to prayer;
Prayer, the true solace of the sickly soul,
When rul'd by Resignation's meek control,
Or join'd to that, the tribute of the heart,
Which, fir'd with fervour unallay'd by art,
Rolls the pure stream of gratitude along,
In prose prepar'd, or soul-expanding song,
For blessings pour'd from blessings sov'reign spring
Fir'd with such gratitude, I now will sing
What best may sanctify, and best may end
That Christian Creed, a Christian Priest has penn'd.

"Father, Redeemer, Comforter divine!
This humble off'ring to thy equal shrine
Here thy unworthy servant grateful pays
Of undivided thanks, united praise,
For all those mercies, which at birth began,
And ceaseless flow'd through life's long-lengthen'd span;
Propt my frail frame through all the varied scene,
With health enough for many a day serene;

Enough of science clearly to discern
How few important truths the wisest learn;
Enough of arts ingenuous to employ
The vacant hours, when graver studies cloy;
Enough of wealth to serve each honest end,
The poor to succour, or assist a friend;
Enough of faith in Scripture to descry,
That the sure hope of immortality,
Which only can the fear of death remove,
Flows from the fountain of Redeeming Love.

# ANNOTATIONS

## ILLUSTRATIVE AND CRITICAL,

ON THE

## FOREGOING POEM.

### PART FIRST.

Page 427. Ver. 15.

*Yet this he did; and in so smooth a lay,*
*It satisfied the nicer ear of Gray,*
*Who always held it as the guide supreme*
*Of bards employ'd on a didactic theme.*

I have often heard my friend give this eulogy to the Religio Laici in nearly the same words. My theme being strictly similar to Dryden's, I shall be more than content if my execution be found, in point of intelligibility, similar.

Page 428. Ver. 21.

*He here succeeded may create a doubt;*

I have heard my abovementioned friend, who admired Dryden even to excess, say, that he attained his excellence in versification by study and practice. Speaking of a juvenile

poem written by him, on the death of Lord Hastings, he said it was so very rude and uncouth in point of numbers, that it indicated he was endowed by no natural ear for poetical rhythm. I lately re-examined it, and find it of that species of poetry, which Dr. Johnson calls Metaphysical, but which I should rather term Pseudophysical (if I had as great a licence to coin words as the Doctor); for the Poets in vogue at that time thought it a test of excellence to combine true and natural images in a forced, a false, and unnatural manner. In this style Dr. Donne appears to have been Dryden's archetype. With respect to the Poem in question, he appears to aim at rivalling him not only in false wit and false thoughts, but in prosaic phrase, and unmetrical or ill-accented verses. In the former he even outstrips his master, as a young hound, got upon a wrong scent is said by huntsmen to throw himself more out of the chace than an old one.

Page 428. Ver. 31.

*To hear his senior, though of after time.*

Dryden died aged 67. The Religio Laici, written on Protestant principles, preceded his Hind and Panther, written when he had changed his religion. The former was published, according to the Biographical Dictionary, in the year 1682, when he was aged 51. The author of this Poem was above 20 years older at the time it was written. This chronological notice is here given in plea for the candour of the reader.

Page 428. Ver. 40.

*He own'd "the creed eternal truth contain'd."*

The paragraph here alluded to in Dryden's Poem runs thus,

Nor does it hurt my charity to find
The Egyptian bishop of another mind,
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd,
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.

We see, therefore, that it was what are called the damnatory clauses in the Confession of Athanasius, that solely offended Dryden, and which he thought ought not to have been inserted by any but an inspired person; it is the business of this Poem, from v. 63 to v. 69, to shew that they are founded on the parabolic declaration of Christ himself.

Page 428. Ver. 43.

*On his own* ipse dixit, *&c.*

So too Lord Roscommon in his commendatory Poem of the Religio Laici:

Whatever Councils have approved his Creed,
The Preface, sure, was his own act and deed.

Page 429. Ver. 46.

*I scarce can wonder Tillotson avow'd*
*His wish 'twere from the Liturgy remov'd.*
*Not because false; he ne'er suppos'd it so,*

This wish of the excellent Archbishop was expressed in a

letter to Bishop Burnet, which is to be found in the life of that prelate published at the end of the second volume of the History of his Own Times, p. 709, and also in Dr. Birch's life of the Archbishop, p. 342. The Socinians, and particularly Mr. Lindsey, boast much of having so great a man on their side, as they pretend, but cannot really think, if ever they have read the 43d to the 47th sermon of his on the divinity and incarnation of Christ; the 47th on his sacrifice, the 48th on the unity of the divine nature, and particularly p. 572, fol. ed. to the end of that discourse, which are all of them so consistent with the creed in question, and the first and second articles of our church, that I think myself perfectly supported, that he did not suppose it false, but only wished it out of the Liturgy for the reasons assigned in this passage. That the Socinians thought the sermons here referred to very unfavourable to their cause, appears from one of their principal leaders at the time, Mr. Firmin, a considerable trader in London, having procured somebody to write an answer to them. See Birch's Life of Tillotson, page 319, 320, &c.

Page 431. Ver. 120,

*Weigh'd on the beam of justice, not of Bayle! &c.*

M. Bayle wrote a treatise to prove, that superstition was more prejudicial to civil society than atheism. The line of Lucretius,

Tantum Relligio potuit suadere malorum,

is also here alluded to, as two dogmas, which the sons of equality in France have proved to be false.

Page 432. Ver. 126.

*When Arius triumph'd now, was now subdu'd,*
*As emp'rors or as empresses allow'd,*

It may not be amiss to inform those, who are unacquainted with ecclesiastical history, that the time here alluded to is the beginning of the fourth century, when the first emperor converted to Christianity, Constantine, reigned. It was then, that the sect of the Arians rose, which occasioned great commotions in church and state. On these accounts he convened a Council at Nice in Bithynia, in which the Nicene Creed, now received into our Church, was composed. Arius, the founder of the sect, was in consequence banished. He was, however, before Constantine's death, recalled, and this, as Mosheim tells us in his Eccles. History, Sect. 4th, Part. II. cap. 5, S. 13, by means of an Arian priest whom Constantia, the sister of the Emperor, had on her death-bed recommended to him. This person persuaded the Emperor to recall him from exile and restore him to his office and dignity. In consequence of this, Athanasius, the immediate successor of Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, did precisely what his predecessor, who was a violent opposer of Arius, would have done; he refused to obey the Emperor's mandate of restoration, and therefore, in his turn, was banished by a sentence of the Council of Tyre, A. D. 335, but was not like Arius ever recalled from Gaul, the place of his exile, by any of the succeeding Emperors. (See Mosheim's Eccles. Hist. Institution.

p. 186.) If, therefore, the Confession was really written by him (which I am far from asserting) it was during his banishment, with a view still farther to establish the Nicene Creed, of which indeed the latter part of his is nearly a transcript, and the former (as it seems to me) composed to controvert certain opinions, which the Arians, now victorious, had laid to the charge of the Trinitarians. However this be, I learn from the judicious Hooker, "that the Creed itself was first exhibited to "Julius, Bishop of Rome, and probably by him sent to "the Emperor Jovian, then reigning. That it was ac-"cepted by both the Eastern and Western Churches as "a jewel of inestimable price *by as many as had not* "*given up even the very ghost of belief.*"

Eccles. Pol. Book v. Sec. 42.

Page 433. Ver. 150.

*They brand us for idolators profest,*

This Mr. Lindsey has not scrupled to do in his later publications, though he was rather more reserved before he became the professed disciple and vindicator of Dr. Priestley. He however thinks he mollifies the term by adding the adjective *Christian* to it, which is absurd enough in a writer who holds the Trinity, as we conceive of it, absolutely *Antichristian.* For myself, if I am to be called an idolator, it is very indifferent to me, whether he considers me as a Pagan or Christian one: in either case he must think me either a fool or a knave.

Page 434. Ver. 185.

——————— *I first believe with Paul*
*One God, who is, was, shall be, all in all;*

I do not think it necessary to note every scriptural text or passage to which I allude, with that exactitude that is usually done in sermons. But upon this line I choose to produce three amongst several authorities which might be taken from the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

1st. In his eloquent speech to the Athenians, Acts, chap. 17, verse 22, describing to them the God to them *unknown*, he says, "in him we live, move, and have being," which is more than sufficient to prove that *God is*. That he *was* I shall only set down the first text that occurs to me, Col. chap. 1, verse 16, "all things were created by him," according to the first chapter of Genesis. But upon the assertion that he *shall be, all in all*, I take leave to be more particular. The Apostle uses these words verbatim, Cor. 15, verse 29, where speaking of the consummation of all things, and when death shall be swallowed up in victory, he tells them that the humanity of Christ, as existing while his mediatorial character existed, shall then *be subject* to the Father, who before had put all things under him. Till that momentous time we have then all scriptural reason to believe that Christ in his manhood equalizes with the Godhead, but that then the trinal personality ceases, which, according to the same Apostle's doctrine, was not to cease till after the second coming of our Saviour; for when writing

to the Colossians, chap. 3, on that subject "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, ye also shall appear with him in glory," he ends the subject with the very same expression (using only the word Christ instead of God) which he used to the Corinthians, saying, that then *Christ is all and in all.*

It appears, I think, from these two very parallel passages, that St. Paul held the second advent of Christ, and the final consummation of all things, as two distinct periods: in one, that Christ held the sovereignty as Θεανθρωπος, in the other, that this distinction ceased.

As a comment to my Poem, let me add to this note, that the lines which follow from ver. 193 to ver. 215 are intended as a concise exposition of the Confession of Athanasius in part; and that after a digression, principally historical, that exposition is resumed at ver. 277, and continued to ver. 298, where all asserted concerning the trinal union of the Godhead is concluded.

Page 435. Ver. 217, 218.

*Then rose that zeal for novelty, which made*
*Verbal theology a gainful trade:*

The interval here alluded to is from the second century to the end of the scholastic divinity.

Page 436. Ver. 234.

*With others they selected Trinity;*

This word is said to have been first brought into use

by Theophilus, Bishop of Antioch, about the latter end of the second century. When a better mode of philosophizing took place, it was retained for the reason, as I suppose, because a natural one, which I have given in the text: but Theophilus of Essex-street, zealous to bring all authorities, good, bad, and indifferent to support his own scruples, tells us that both Luther and Calvin quarrelled with the term as much as he does. But did they quarrel with the doctrine which that term implies? By no means; for he owns that "they were warm con-"tenders for what is called the doctrine of the Trinity." See Lindsey's Apology, p. 14. That it was used by Papists might be a reason, though no sufficient one, with these two reformers, for disliking the term, as it is a reason full as insufficient for Mr. Lindsey's reprobating it.

Page 436. Ver. 243.

*For, by Lavoisier taught (that sage I mean*
*Whom Freedom's bastards chose to guillotine)*

M. Lavoisier, the inventor of the new chemical system, with its terms, is said to have suffered in this manner in the reign of terror and Robespierre. For an explication of the rest of this paragraph, and to what it alludes, the reader is referred to Dr. Darwin's Botanic Garden, and Loves of the Plants, and particularly to the Notes. According to Lavoisier, oxygen, which is vital, or dephlogisticated air, according to other chemists, and azote, their phlogisticon, which destroys life and flame, together with

carbone, which they call fixed, or mephitic air, equally destructive, and the heaviest of the three, are the component parts of the atmosphere: as hydrogen, the lightest of the four, and inflammable, when combined with oxygen, compose water.

Page 437. Ver. 268.

*Is more reveal'd, than clearly she conceives?*
*Calm she submits, and piously believes.*

This sentiment is taken from Mr. Locke's opinion of the provinces of Faith and Reason. "Whatsoever (says "this philosopher) is divine revelation ought to over-rule "all our opinions, prejudices, and interests, and hath a "right to be received with full assent. Such a submis-"sion as this of our reason to faith takes not away the "landmarks of knowledge: this shakes not the founda-"tions of reason; but leaves us that use of our faculties, "for which they were given." See Essay on Human Understanding, Book IV. Chap. XVIII. Sect. 10.

Page 437. Ver. 279.

*It says creative Power, redeeming Love,*
*And sanctifying Grace are from above:*

At this verse the rest of that part of the Creed, which includes its first subject, is resumed, continued, and concluded at ver. 296.

Page 438. Ver. 301.

——— *(as pious Herbert says)*

The Rev. George Herbert was the fifth son of Richard Herbert, Esq. and brother to the famous Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He was Prebendary of Lincoln, and Rector of Bemerton near Salisbury. He was a celebrated poet in his day, of what I have called the Pseudo-physical kind, and I believe the couplet I have quoted one of the best, because the simplest he ever wrote; it is taken from the first of his collection of poems, called the Temple, whence Crashaw (a much better poet) called his miscellany *Steps to the Temple*. He lived in the former part of the last century.

# ANNOTATIONS

ON

# THE SECOND PART.

Page 439. Ver. 8.

*Decide the Lord, who bought them, was but man;*

The first part of this Poem having inculcated the scripture-doctrine concerning the divine union of three persons in the Deity, this second proceeds to draw from the sacred fount what is to be believed concerning the incarnation of the second person, herein pursuing the plan of the Athanasian Confession of Faith, which is divided in the same two-fold manner. It opens, therefore, with a reprobation of that unscriptural dogma, which asserts the absolute humanity of Christ, and rejects not only his miraculous conception, but also the manner of his purchasing our redemption by the all-sufficient sacrifice of himself, on which account he is here, in the words of the Apostle, called *the Lord who bought them.*

Page 439. Ver. 20.

* *, *M. P. and Citizen Tom Paine;*

As the former of this pair of authors is not likely to

arrive at so much notoriety as the latter has acquired, it may not be amiss, by way of a mere memorandum, here to set down, that in the year 1796 he published a long didactic poem, written on Epicurean principles, called the Progress of Civil Society, with a curious exordium, in which he declared it equal folly to attempt to determine whether the material universe proceeded from chance, fatality, or a presiding almighty mind.

Page 442. Ver. 92.

*That those may read who never redde before,*
*And those, who read already, may read more.*

This couplet is a parody on a well-known one of Parnel's, in his elegant translation of the Pervigilium Veneris:

Let those love now, &c.

# HYMNS,

AND

# SELECT PSALMS

VERSIFIED.

# HYMN

## BEFORE MORNING SERVICE.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest
Which, when he made the world, *Jehovah* blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labour cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

While impious men despise the sage decree,
From " vain deceit, and false philosophy;"
Let us its wisdom own, its blessings feel,
Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.

Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure Religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

So shall the God of Mercy pleas'd receive
That only tribute, man has power to give;
So shall he hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

CHORUS.

Father of Heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end!

# HYMN

## BEFORE EVENING SERVICE.

Soon will the evening star with silver ray
Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day;
Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,
The rites that holiness and Heav'n ordain.

Still let each awful truth our thoughts engage,
That shines reveal'd on Inspiration's page:
Nor those blest hours in vain amusements waste
Which all, who lavish, shall lament at last.

Here humbly let us hope our Maker's smile
Will crown with meet success our weekly toil;
And here, on each returning Sabbath join
In prayer, in penitence, and praise divine.

CHORUS.

Father of Heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end!

This and the foregoing Hymn are adapted to an elegant movement of Pleyel, in his Opera twenty-third. They have been also set to music by Dr. Burney and Mr. M. Camidge.

# MORNING HYMN.

I.

THAT, from refreshing sleep I rise
With health and reason blest,
Accept, great God, the sacrifice
Of thanks that warms my breast.

II.

And O! may thy assisting grace
Conduct me through the day,
Lest Passion tempt, or Vice debase,
Or Vanity betray.

III.

Correct each thought, each wish control
Save those thy laws approve,
And pour on my repentant soul
Thy pardon, peace, and love.

# EVENING HYMN.

I.

To sleep, Death's image, I resign
This night my pillow'd head,
Lord! let thy providence divine
From danger guard my bed.

II.

But should I sleep to wake no more,
Or, with to-morrow's sun,
Have life thy goodness to adore,
Father, thy will be done.

III.

This only be my constant prayer,
That, when Life's pulse shall cease,
My Soul, redeem'd by thee, may share
Thy pardon, love, and peace.

These two last Hymns and the following Psalms versified are now first published.

## PSALM I.

HAPPY the man who scorns to join
That impious race who truth deride,
Who wisely makes the law divine
His nightly study, daily guide.
Like some fair tree, ordain'd to shade
The margin of a plenteous stream,
Sublime he waves his leafy head,
His boughs with fruit maturely teem.
Compar'd with his, each sickly bloom
Of Vice and Folly swift decay,
The passing gale conveys their doom,
And whirls them, like the dust, away.
The just, who make their God their guide,
His presence only shall enjoy,
The impious, who his laws deride,
His wrath vindictive shall destroy.

## PSALM VIII.

GUARDIAN and Governor divine!
Who built thy glory's radiant shrine
  Sublime above the solar blaze;
On earth how excellent thy name,
Ev'n infant tongues, the foe to shame,
  Thou arm'st with power to hymn thy praise.
Dread Maker! when my eyes behold
Yon moon, yon planets girt in gold,
  O what is man! entranc'd I cry,
O what his son! that he should rise
So near the inmates of the skies,
  So near angelic dignity?
Thou bid'st creation own his sway,
The beasts, the birds his power obey,
  To him the savage race be tame,
The sea her scaly troops resign—
Guardian and Governor divine,
  On earth how excellent thy name!

## PSALM XV.

LORD! who may to thy love aspire,
Or hope to join thy heav'nly choir,
But he who rests on thee his trust,
Whose thoughts are pure, whose actions just,
Whose word is truth, whose open heart
Disdains the mean disguise of art,
Who, swift to praise, as slow to blame,
Guards as his own his neighbour's fame.
Despising earthly pomp and state,
He knows the good alone are great,
If Danger wakes, or Justice sleeps,
Alike, if given, his word he keeps.
No gains luxurious swell his hoard,
No guiltless blood embrues his sword,
Whom no rewards to vice allure
He, walking wisely, walketh sure.

# PART OF PSALM XVIII.

(FROM V. 6 TO V. 11.)

Beset with snares, oppress'd by foes,
My soul implor'd Jehovah's aid,
He heard; and to avenge my cause
The rigour of his wrath display'd.

Earth trembled at her Maker's ire,
Her mountains to their centre shook,
His mouth breath'd forth consuming fire,
His nostrils, clouds of livid smoke.

Downward he rush'd, in flame array'd,
He bound the heav'ns, and at his nod
Darkness and Night their horrors spread
Beneath the footstep of the God.

By Cherubs borne, in glory shrined
He rode, and mock'd the lightning's pace,
On ev'ry wing of ev'ry wind
He flew, and fill'd the whole of space.

## PSALM XLIII.

See how, assail'd by Fraud, and Force,
Thy suppliant servant lies;
With justice arm'd, to check their course,
My God, my Guardian rise!

Send forth thy Light, thy Truth reveal,
And teach my steps to gain
The summit of that sacred hill
Where shines fair Salem's fane.

There at thy altar, placed among
Thy consecrated choir,
My voice shall pour the sacred song,
My hand shall sweep the lyre.

When hopes like these, my Soul, are thine
Why bear'st thou Sorrow's load?
'Rouse thee! and hail with hymns divine
Thy Guardian, and thy God.

## PSALM LXVII.

FAR as extend the beams of day
Thou, Lord! thy mercy shalt display,
That all its saving pow'r may know,
And ev'ry tongue with praises flow.

Thy statutes learn'd, our pardon seal'd,
The wonders of thy grace reveal'd,
In every heart thy love shall glow,
From ev'ry tongue thy praises flow.

Yes, pitying Judge, paternal King,
To thee a grateful world shall bring,
From ev'ry zone that binds her sphere,
A harvest rich of Faith sincere.

## PSALM LXX.

Behold me, Lord, forlorn, distress'd,
By Rage pursued, by Power oppress'd,
By friends forsaken, foes dismay'd,
Divine Redeemer, haste thy aid.

From thee, just Arbiter of all!
Send forth thy vengeance, and appal
The sons of insolence and wrong,
Of vengeful heart and taunting tongue.

From thee, mild Minister of Grace,
Send joy to thy selected race,
Who warm'd by rapture from above
Shall magnify the name they love.

To me, forlorn, distress'd, dismay'd,
Send swiftly thy celestial aid,
And bid my soul, from sorrows free,
Divine Redeemer, haste to thee.

# PSALM XCIII.

JEHOVAH reigns! his throne sublime,
Beyond the bounds of space and time,
Is fix'd on its eternal base:
Rob'd in majestic state, he reigns,
His power this globe of earth sustains,
And mid his wonders mark'd its place.

Lo, when the floods exalt their waves,
When Ocean roars through all his caves
He speaks; no more the tempest swells.
O first, O universal cause!
Eternal Justice fram'd thy laws;
Eternal Mercy with thee dwells.

## PSALM C.

Let Earth, through all her realms, rejoice,
And ev'ry land and language raise
Its loftiest powers of verse and voice,
To sound our great Creator's praise.

For not from choice or chance we came,
But from his all-commanding word,
And he that form'd, supports our frame,
At once our Shepherd, and our God.

Haste then, where'er his temples stand,
And through the hallow'd portals throng,
There strike the harp with raptur'd hand,
There lift the universal song.

His truth, his mercy be the theme,
Which, unconfined by time or place,
Their blessings pour, in endless stream,
From age to age, from race to race.

## A COMPRESSED

# METRICAL VERSION*

OF

# PSALM CIX.

### I.

GOD of my praise, proclaim my wrongs;
For well thou know'st this wounded heart
Has foster'd those, whose faithless tongues
Their rancour at thy servant dart,
And load me, while in prayer I mourn,
With curses, calumny, and scorn.

### II.

*Seize him, some impious Judge* (they cry)
*Arraign him, Satan! on his head*
*Let vengeance fall, and instantly*
*Exalt an alien in his stead;*
*While mendicants, and far from home,*
*His widow'd wife and children roam.*

* This title is employed to distinguish this mode of versifying both from literal translation and paraphrase. See Essay on Psalmody, page 182.

III.

*Extortion, Rapine, ruthless pair,*
*Be yours to seize his wide domain,*
*Nor lenient Pity drop a tear*
*For him, or for his orphan train:*
*And, 'till oblivion blots his name,*
*Be his to bear his Parent's shame.*

IV.

*For why? rejoicing to distress,*
*He vex'd the poor, the helpless slew;*
*Eager to curse, yet slow to bless;*
*Let curses then his steps pursue,*
*Like water through his entrails spread,*
*Like oil his every bone pervade.*

V.

*Be these his vesture, these enclose*
*Each limb, and clinging gird him round,*
'Tis thus, great God, my vengeful foes
With insults dire thy servant wound:
That servant who, on suppliant knee,
Father of mercy, mourns to thee.

VI.

O hear, and heal my bleeding heart,
Ere, like the locust swept away
By sudden storm, I hence depart,
Or flitting shade at close of day:

For see, through fasting how I pine;
How swift my health and strength decline!

VII.

All that behold me, shake in scorn
Their head; but thou, benignant Lord,
Canst save the wretch howe'er forlorn;
Make then my foes thy power record;
Prove that their curse can ne'er oppress
The Man thy mercy deigns to bless.

VIII.

Cloth'd with confusion, let them fly;
While I in grateful hymns prolong
Thy praise, and fir'd with holy joy
Hail thee, the Sovereign of my song,
Whose arm shall save, whose shield secure
From wrongs the righteous and the poor.

*July* 1795.

For a defence of this interpretation, see Dr. SYKES's introduction to his paraphrase on the Hebrews.—Mr. GREEN's translation of the Psalms.—Dr. LOWTH and KENNICOT, in a note *(in loco)* to MERRICK's Version, though MERRICK himself translates it otherwise. See also an Italian Version of MATTEI, who follows the interpretation of MARINO.—See these proofs collected in the Notes to Mr. KEAT's Sermon, preached at Chelsea, April 6th, 1794.

## PSALM CXXI.

THE hills, the heav'nly hills my eyes
With zeal explore, with joy survey,
Whence God, who form'd the world and skies,
Supports my feet, directs my way.
To those who his wise dictates keep,
That God, that guardian ne'er will sleep.

No: ever wakeful, ever kind,
He still will watch his favor'd race,
No change of seasons they shall find,
For, shaded by his saving grace,
No noontide blaze shall scorch their head,
No midnight chill infest their bed.

Where'er they move, where'er they rest,
His smile of mercy, strength of pow'r,
Through life, to death, shall shield their breast,
And give new blessings every hour;
Not time itself his love can bound,
It rolls in one eternal round.

## PSALM CXXVIII.

THAT Man enjoys his Maker's smile,
Who humble, just, and good,
Contented sees his daily toil
Procure him daily food.
His Wife, like the prolific vine,
With luscious grapes o'erspread,
Whose branches o'er his mansion twine,
Shall bless his nuptial bed;
His Children, like the olives green,
Shall bloom his board around,
While, at their head, he sits serene,
With bliss paternal crown'd.
His race, a long progressive train,
Through ages shall increase,
And, bless'd by Sion's God, remain
Possess'd of Israel's peace.

## PSALM CXXX.

SUNK in the deep abyss of woe,
To thee, my God! I cry,
O, while my contrite tears o'erflow,
In pity bend thine eye!

For when thy Justice sternly frowns,
Who may behold and live?
But Mercy mild that Justice crowns,
And Mercy must forgive.

Thence, with firm faith, and holy fear,
All impious doubts withdrawn,
I wait thy saving grace to share,
As watchmen wait the dawn.

That faith, that fear, through Israel spread,
Shall dart a cheerful ray,
Till full Redemption, o'er his head,
Diffuse eternal day.

# PSALM CXXXVII.

(IN ELEGIAC MEASURE.)

CAPTIVES of Babylon, we sought the vale,
Where broad Euphrates rolls in crystal state,
Hung our mute harps upon its poplars pale,
And sat, dear Sion, weeping o'er thy fate!
While our proud victors, in opprobrious vein,
Cry'd, Slaves, arise! your silent lyres resume,
And swell your voices with that choral strain,
Which echo'd sweet in Sion's ruin'd dome!
What! to an alien ear, an alien clime,
Shall we repeat Jehovah's hallow'd song?
Ah! sooner than profane that lay sublime,
Cleave to its roots each fibre of our tongue;
Forget, my hand, each warbling chord to sweep,
So prompt thy modulating powers to own,
Or ere my Soul neglects her vows to keep,
To sing in Salem's sacred courts alone.
O think, great God, on Salem's fatal hour,
When hemm'd around by Edom's impious race!
They cried, as they beheld each falling tower,
"Raze, instant raze it to its central base!"

Blest be that future foe, by justice led,
Who Israel's woes repeats in Edom's fall,
Wreaks all her wrongs on Babylon's proud head,
And flings her children 'gainst the shatter'd wall.

York, Oct. 26, 1795.

## PSALM CL

PRAISE be to God, from earth below
Where'er his temples rise,
Praise in the heav'ns, where Seraphs glow
In holy exstacies.
His power, his might, his deeds divine,
Let sacred verse display,
While strings, and pipes, and timbrels join
Symphonious to the lay.
Fill ye the trumpet's brazen throat,
Awake the living lyre,
While, pealing with majestic note,
The organ leads the choir;
Let cymbals clear, in tuneful strife,
Their strains with louder raise,
And all that breathe the breath of life,
Join in Jehovah's praise.

END OF VOL. I.

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